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JOHN BULL'S CRIME
OR
ASSAULTS ON REPUBLICS

BY
WEBSTER DAVIS

THE
Abbey Press

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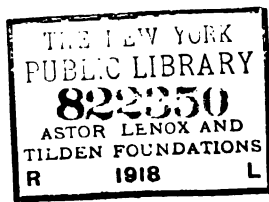
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INTRODUCTION

AFTER a hard campaign tour of six weeks in Ohio and other states during the months of September and October, 1899, my physician in Washington, D. C., advised me to take a long sea voyage, in order to get rest, as I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I immediately thought of a trip to Cape Town, South Africa, as my old friend and neighbor, Colonel J. G. Stowe, United States Consul General there, had been writing letters for two years urging me to visit him. I had been Assistant Secretary of the Interior for three years and had never taken a vacation, while the law entitled me to thirty days' leave of absence and thirty days' sick leave each year, therefore it seemed to me that I was entitled to a good, long vacation. The President said I had certainly earned it and should take it.

At that time I knew but little about the South African war. What little I had read was favorable to the British side. It was claimed by British sympathizers that the Boers were uncouth savages and that the war was waged against them for the purpose of civilizing them. It was, therefore, a war for humanity and civilization. I did not then know, as I afterwards found out, that no news favorable to the poor Boers was permitted by the British censor to pass through the mails or over the cables, and that these avenues for news-getting were abso-

Introduction

lutely under the control of the British officials. When I learned all the real facts, and the actual conditions prevailing in South Africa from actual observation, I became thoroughly convinced that no people had ever been so cruelly misrepresented as the Boers, and my sympathies went out to them in their suffering.

It is not my purpose to heap abuse upon the people of the British Empire, individually or collectively, for the masses of them are not in entire sympathy with this war. Indeed, many of the most beautiful letters received congratulating me upon the course taken since my return to America are from men and women in England. What may be written will be directed not against the British people, but against the British government—against the treaty breakers, the empire builders, the republic haters, and the liberty crushers—whose avarice, selfishness and greed have been the cause of all the sorrow and suffering that have come to the homes of untold thousands not only in South Africa, but throughout the whole British Empire.

That portion of the following pages devoted to an interview with Honorable F. W. Reitz, State Secretary of the South African Republic, is put in his own language, for the reason that the Boer side of the controversy placed before the reader in the language of the ablest scholar in the Boer Republic is much stronger than I can put it. And as this presentation covers the whole ground of the dispute it is especially desirable that the reader may grasp it as easily as possible.

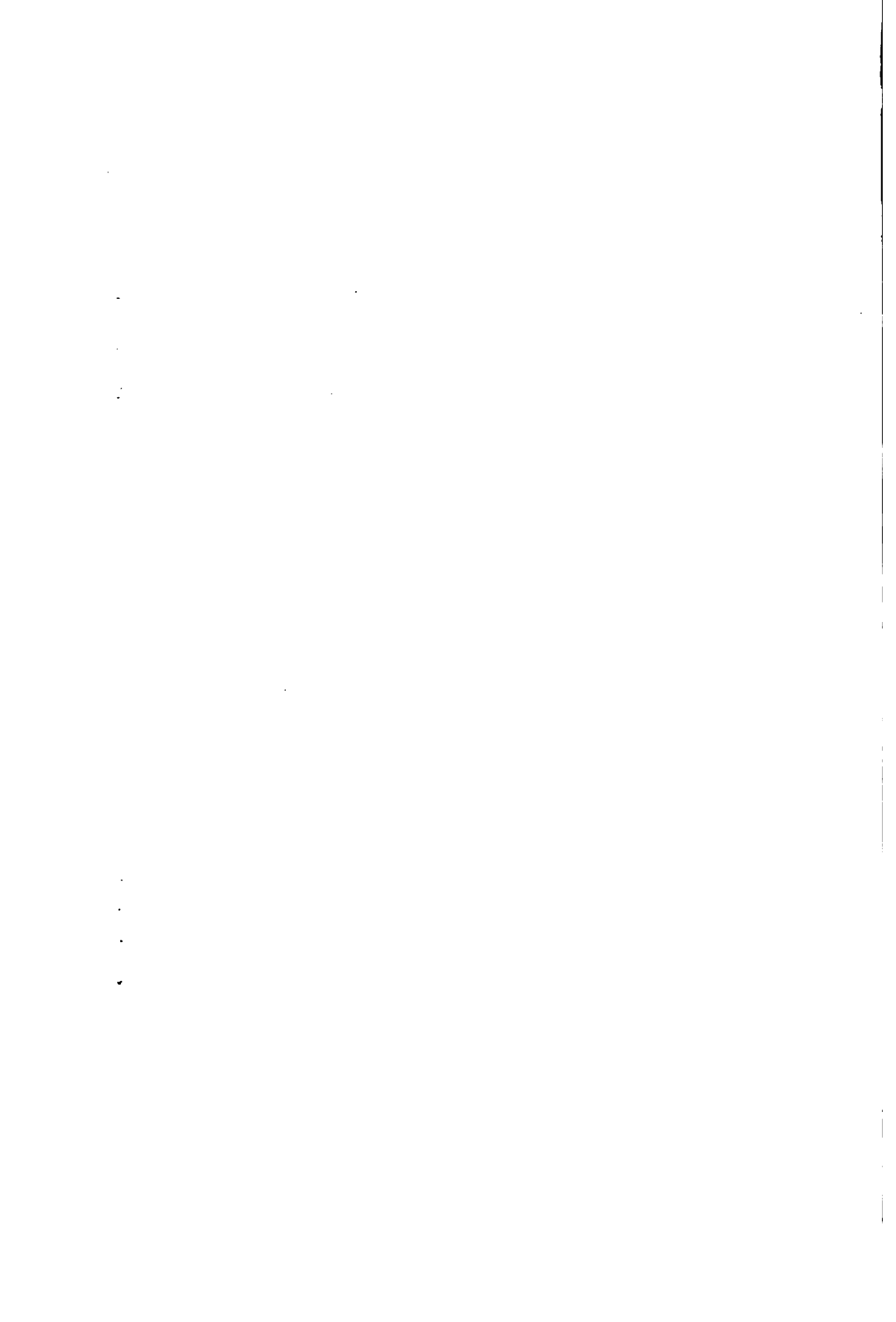
The sole purpose of this book is to present the true conditions and real facts as I saw them, in the Land of the Boers, with the hope that it may be the means of doing some good in some way for the cause of liberty, justice and equality of rights, and aid in some manner in saving two little republics from entire de-

Introduction

struction, that they may live on and on to bless the posterity of as brave a band of men and women as ever appeared on the stage of the world's great theatre of action.

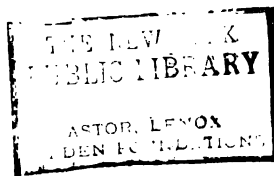
WEBSTER DAVIS.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., 1901.





A TYPICAL BOER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

WEBSTER DAVIS, in addition to being American-born, was born an American, that is, with a heart that pulsates with pure American blood and quickens to the inspiration of American sentiment. An adherent of the doctrine that all men are created equal and that no government is good enough to govern another without that other's consent, it was natural that he should lift his eloquent voice and pen in behalf of the mighty farmers of South Africa, who have been making the same fight and against the same power that our Revolutionary sires made for America a century and a quarter ago.

Mr. Davis would have been, perhaps, more in pocket, and certainly more in political favor, after his trip to South Africa, had he remained, with the administration and his party leaders, in a state of innocuous desuetude on the Boer question. But being of that type of men who have the courage of their convictions and do not surrender them for temporary profit and place, and having by personal investigation assured himself of the righteousness of the Boer side of the South African controversy, he freed himself of all embarrassing political entanglements and associations in order that he might think, speak and act as his conscience dictated. In this he showed himself to be an American in fact as well as in name—to the manner born as well as native here.

Biographical Note



MR. DAVIS VIEWING BULLER'S ARMY FROM SPION KOP.

It requires high moral courage to follow, as he did, dictates of conscience to the extent of alienating the good will of a great politi-

cal organization in which he had found much preferment and held the promise of a prosperous and honorable future.

Although he gave up his place as First Assistant Secretary of the Interior and lost the emoluments of that office, we believe he thereby gained the respect and confidence of the American people, because in so doing he was acting in accordance with his convictions.

Whatever the reader's judgment may be regarding the conclusions arrived at in these pages, he must surely commend Mr. Davis's conscientious course and admit that he has made out a prima facie case for straightforwardness that entitles his word to be taken as truth in the statement of facts contained in these pages.

Concerning Mr. Davis's ability for the task in hand his publishers would remind the public that, in addition to "having been on the ground," Mr. Davis is a self-made young man, an eminent example of what energy, perseverance, native aptitude

Biographical Note

and indomitable character can do for one in our wholesome American environment even under the most perverse adversity.

He has met with many trials in his half completed career, his pathway having been beset with all the obstacles that befall the struggler after ideals and success, all of which he has surmounted one by one, and still possesses the intellectual force and courage necessary for the battles yet to come.

All this is due to his parentage, early life and education. He is a Pennsylvanian by birth—born at Ebensburg, Cambria County, less than forty years ago. When a mere boy, Webster (he was most fittingly named for the distinguished orator) went to Missouri, where as farmer boy, clerk, shoemaker, and in other laborious capacities, he contributed to the support of his family and managed to partly educate himself, finally making his way to Lake Forest University—paying his expenses while in this institution by night work.



MR. DAVIS AND ESCORT ON TOP OF SPION KOP.
the Michigan University, at Ann Arbor.

A f t e r leaving Lake Forest, he chose the legal profession as his vocation, taking up the studies thereof with a law firm. He afterwards took a course at the Kansas State University, which he supplemented by graduation from the law department of

Biographical Note

He then settled at Kansas City, Mo., beginning the practice of his profession, in which his ability, genial personality and sturdy intellectual force brought him into prominence and public favor.

Having a genius, though, for oratory, and the legal profession affording but a limited outlet for the same, he took to public speaking. His charming style, his cogent argument, his dramatic delivery, his telling climaxes, his brilliant and eloquent perorations, his powerful though well modulated and melodious voice and his splendid physique at once placed him in great demand; and to-day there is, perhaps, in this country, no more inspiring, convincing or pleasing orator than the Hon. Webster Davis.

In 1892 Mr. Davis was nominated for Congress by the Republicans in a hopelessly Democratic district, and although he was defeated he reduced the majority against his party by one-half.

In 1896 he came within three votes of receiving the Republican nomination for Governor of Missouri.

In 1894 he was chosen by his party as their candidate for Mayor of Kansas City and elected by a majority of 7,000. While Mayor he established many reforms, among them being the reduction of gas from \$1.60 to \$1 per 1,000 cubic feet, and by the encouragement of competition it fell shortly thereafter to 50 cents.

When Mr. McKinley was nominated for the Presidency in 1896, he got no abler support than that given him by Mr. Davis's orations throughout the middle states, and in recognition of his great services the President made him a member of his official family. His efficiency and conscientious fulfilment of his duties as Assistant Secretary of the Interior are matters of wide repute.

Biographical Note



MR. DAVIS SEES UNBURIED BODIES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS
ON SPION KOP.

As to his estrangement from the McKinley administration on account of their attitude on the Boer question, and of his forever renouncing the Republican Party and joining the Democratic Party, whoever may have become his enemy

therefor, none can consistently withhold from him commendation for conscientious action.

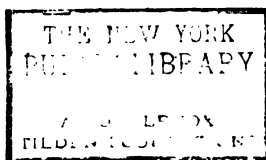
Certainly, the party he has left has every reason to envy the party he has newly joined, in which organization he must prove a valuable and useful factor as a democratic republican, a believer in government by the consent and participation of the governed.

Our advance orders on this work have been so extensive as to very nearly exhaust the first edition and make necessary the immediate preparation of a second, consequently the success and large sale of this publication is assured.

THE PUBLISHERS.



BOER FATHER AND SON—NOTED SCOUTS.



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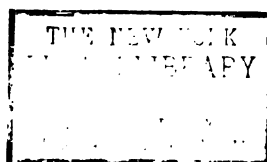
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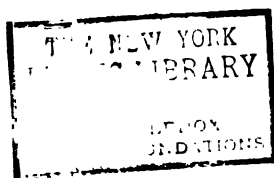


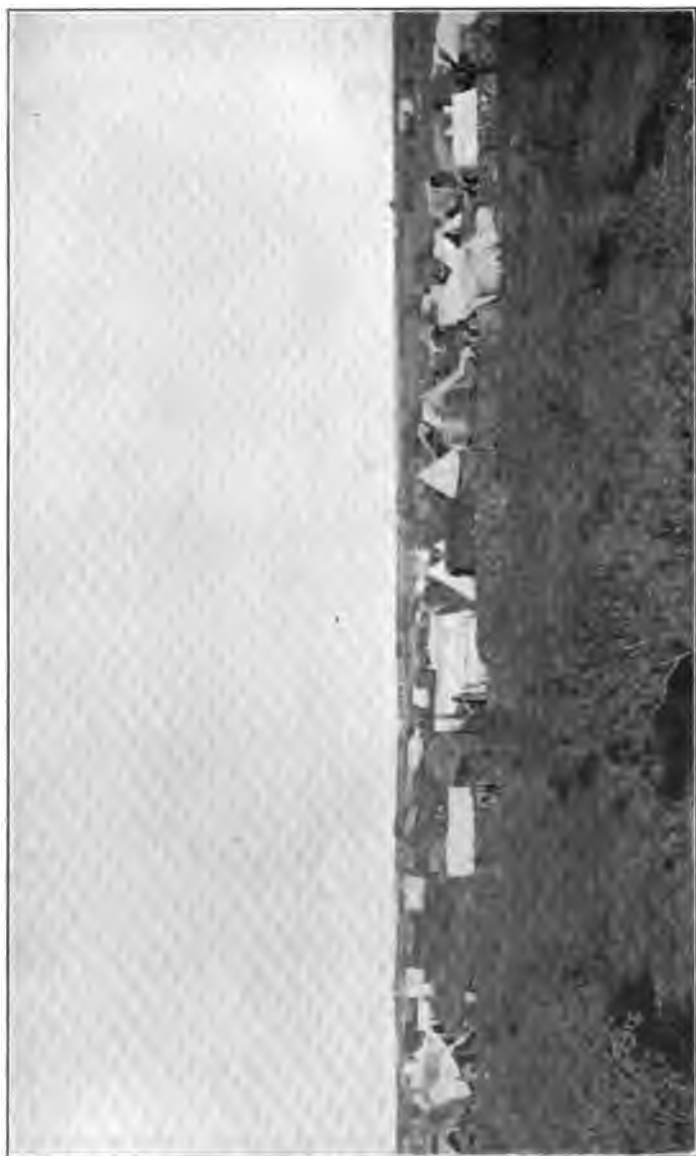
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BOER LAGER NEAR MAPEKING.

JOHN BULL'S CRIME

CHAPTER I.

Voyage to South Africa. Visit to England's metropolis. Impressions of British thought. America's seeming complicity in the Boer war on account of rumored Anglo-American alliance. Reception by British at Cape Town. Observations on their troops and military equipment. Boer prisoners of war take heart at meeting an American direct from America. Their parting word is, "May God spare you to return to America and tell the great people of the greatest republic in the world how we, the citizens of the two smallest republics in the world, are suffering for liberty and independence."

ON December 6, 1899, I sailed from New York on the American Steamer St. Paul. After an uneventful voyage of eight days we landed at Southampton, England. As passage on an outgoing steamer for Cape Town could not be secured for several days, I visited London. In that great metropolis of England, at that time, the people generally seemed very much excited over the news that the papers were publishing from South Africa, and reports issued daily by the war office were not at all satisfactory to them. In the clubs, in the hotel lobbies, on the streets, in fact, everywhere, could be heard a strong murmur of disappointment, dissatisfaction and distrust. Oftentimes such expressions of disapproval were heard as, "I wonder if our soldiers are going to let the

Boer savages whip them?" and "Is it possible that Buller is going to allow the heathen to eat him up blood raw?" and "I am afraid this is a terrible mess our government has got us into, and it looks as though we were in a very bad piece of business." These and many other similar expressions indicated that the British people, in the lesser walks of life especially, were not entirely pleased with the way things were going. Another thing that was very noticeable was the seeming effort on the part of the London people to make it appear that they were counting much upon the friendship of the United States government in their war against the citizens of the two little South African republics. They seemed to be in great fear that some of the great powers of Europe would intervene in behalf of the Boers, and to them it seemed that there was no place to look to for sympathy but the United States of America. The speeches that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had made contained many references to the friendly relations existing between the British Government and the Government of the United States. Indeed, it had been asserted by Mr. Chamberlain that there was an understanding between the two governments. This, of course, made the people think that the people of the United States were their friends and supporters and sympathizers in their unholy war. They seemed not to expect any sympathy from any other country in the world, hence they looked upon all Americans with great favor. But, notwithstanding that feeling toward Americans, they were so egotistical and overbearing that an American could not converse with them more than a few minutes at a time without being insulted by them, because of their domineering ways. Unconsciously they would refer to the United States and its people as inferior. In fact, you would think, in listening to their references to certain



BOER ENVOYS.

C. H. WESSELS.

A. D. W. WOLMARANS.

ABRAHAM FISHER.

J. M. DE BRUYN.

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parts of our own country and to its people, that we were more or less in a savage state, and that we were scarcely superior to the Boers.

The night before leaving London, at the request of some American friends, I visited the Empire Theatre, and there, between the acts, witnessed a most singular spectacle. An American actress, who seemed to be quite well known to the English nobility, was requested to recite "The Absent Minded Beggar." On the stage, standing immediately behind her, were two squads of soldiers, one in the American uniform, the other in the British uniform. At the head of one squad was the British flag, at the head of the other was the American flag. At the close of her recitation the actress stepped back behind the two flags and tied their corners into a knot, while the audience arose to their feet and, led by the orchestra, sang with great enthusiasm "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia."

To me that scene was not an inspiring one. For, when I remembered that my ancestors fought and died to make my flag the flag of the greatest republic in all the world, and fought against the same monarchy that endeavored to make that Union Jack, which appeared on this occasion tied to my flag, rule triumphantly over my republic as a British colony; and when I remembered that this American flag, now joined with the British flag, the symbol of tyranny and oppression, had always been regarded heretofore as the emblem of freedom and as the banner of a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," and that to liberty-loving people everywhere its stars had always appeared as the morning stars of God and its stripes as beams of morning light, it seemed to me that it had a tendency to make it appear that the people of

our republic were in sympathy with a monarchy in its efforts to crush two little republics modeled and patterned after our own republic, and which was endeavoring to rob and murder the men and women and children of those two little republics, who were making the same fight for liberty, for home, for justice and for equality, and for republican form of government, as our fathers made in the time of the Revolution, when in 1776 they performed deeds of valor that wedded their names to glory and undying fame.

Being exceedingly anxious to reach Cape Town at the earliest possible moment, I secured passage on the first steamer bound for Cape Town, which happened to be the British steamer Mexican. On the Mexican were several American passengers, some who had been for years in the employ of the British capitalists in South Africa and who were returning to their places of employment after a visit to their homes in America. The rest of the passengers, with the exception of two Dutch families whose homes were in Cape Colony, were all Britishers.

The Mexican proved to be the worst steamer on the Union Line of steamers plying between England and South Africa. The captain and his associate officers assured us, however, that, though she was very old, she was seaworthy, that she had stood many storms in her time.

Passing through the Bay of Biscay we encountered a very rough sea, which appeared for a time almost too much for this ancient vessel. The passengers were tossed about like lemons in a torrent, and all were very seasick.

Among the British passengers were many sons of the British aristocracy who were going to South Africa to enlist in the various regiments and to seek commissions in the army.

Among them was the son of an English baron whose chief distinction was that he was the husband of Lily Langtry, the actress. He, too, was going to war.

After a few days we approached the Madeira Islands. It was getting dark as the vessel passed the first islands of the group, which are known as the Desertas, and which are uninhabited. Passing by these, we came into one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, and approached Funchal, the chief city of the Madeiras. It presented, indeed, a rare and beautiful sight. The city seemed to appear as a magnificent semi-circular panorama, the houses apparently being one upon the other, reaching from the water's edge to the summit of the mountain that composed the backbone of the island. Thousands of lights sparkled here and there. We cast anchor and did not land until the next morning.

The islands known as the Desertas appeared like huge rocks rising perpendicularly out of the water. One of them had the appearance of a great table. In fact, it was as level on the top apparently as any table. These islands have no inhabitants on them with the exception of a rare species of mountain goat which are found there occasionally. The only islands of the group inhabited are Madeira and Porto Santo. Madeira is the largest of the group, and is about thirteen miles wide and thirty miles long. Its highest mountain is six thousand and one hundred feet.

The islands abound in beautiful scenery, and as you approach from the east the scenery seems to change continually like a wonderful panorama. The islands belong to Portugal, and they are said to contain about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Funchal, the capital, has a population of about thirty thousand. It is a very picturesque town, situated in a

spacious and vast amphitheatre of which the blue sea forms the floor.

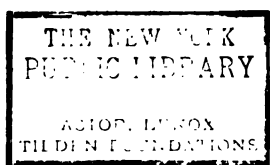
On the arrival of the vessel a great number of little boats plied by half naked boys came off from the shore to meet it, and for a shilling offered to carry us to the shore. Many of the little boats came alongside of the steamer loaded with all sorts of souvenirs manufactured in that city and for sale by the half naked natives. Among the articles offered for sale by these boys were embroidery, lace, jewelry and most beautiful wicker chairs, many of which were purchased by the passengers to use on deck of the vessel during the remainder of the voyage. Many naked little boys were in the boats, and for pennies or sixpences, which were thrown by the passengers into the sea, would dive for them, and amid the shouts of the passengers would in a few seconds return to the surface of the water holding up the coins in their hands. On the shore were many bazaars where various kinds of Portuguese manufactures were on sale.

The most interesting object to visit in the city was the Church Nossa Senhora de Monte, to which the narrow railway leads from the water's edge. The church is situated near the top of the mountain, and the view from that point is extremely fine. The church is very old, and it is almost a work of antiquity. It was built by the Catholics.

One of the most interesting modes of travel in Funchal is by a small sled with two seats, drawn by a couple of bullocks and driven by two small half clad native lads, one of whom whips the bullocks, the other standing on the rear part of the sled guiding it and also plying the brakes as it goes down the hillside over the roadway, over the streets, covered as they are with small cobble stones. It was, indeed, a unique way of traveling.



STREET-CAR OF FUNCHAL, CAPITAL OF MADEIRA ISLAND.



The marketplaces were filled with tropical and other fruits, and the public gardens were beautifully laid out.

Madeira is known throughout the world as a great health resort, and many of the English aristocracy spend their winters there.

One of the most obnoxious things encountered there was the large number of beggars. Old beggars, middle-aged beggars and young beggars, the lame and the halt and the blind, would fairly cling to one's clothing as they passed along the thoroughfares, following in great crowds and begging for alms. If a coin was thrown to one it seemed as though a thousand other beggars sprang into existence from the very cobblestones in the streets. The truth is that all visitors were so harassed by these unfortunate creatures that they were all glad to return to the Mexican.

On the evening of the next day after our arrival at Funchal we proceeded on our way and touched no other point until we reached Cape Town. After a two weeks' voyage we entered Table Bay and anchored at Cape Town.

I spent eight or nine days there visiting the city and suburbs, and found them most delightful. It being the summer season, of course the weather was quite warm, and the heat in the city was almost unbearable, but in the suburbs, amid the groves, flowers, trees and shrubbery, it was very delightful.

Table Bay, which is one of the most beautiful bays in the world, seemed almost covered with great English warships and transports, this being the port where nearly all the British soldiers were landed. The first object of special attraction upon entering Table Bay is the famous Table Mountain. This mountain enables Cape Town to rank with Naples, Rio Janeiro and San Francisco in beauty and grandeur. It seems to furnish

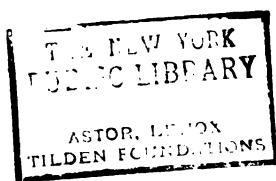
a great background for the city, rising solitary and alone to the height of three thousand five hundred and eighty-two feet. Its sides are cut with ravines, while vegetation covers its entire surface. Many varieties of wild flowers, the most beautiful in Africa, grow upon its sides and summit. The head of the mountain greatly resembles the head of a majestic lion. It is therefore called Lion's Head, whilst the tail is known as Devil's Peak. One of the strangest phenomena ever witnessed is the tablecloth upon Table Mountain. This is caused by the clouds hovering upon the summit of the mountain and lapping over its crest in such a peculiar manner as to represent a great tablecloth spread carelessly over its top. Around its base are several beautiful drives of many miles in extent.

The City of Cape Town is very much like many of our American cities of the same size, that is, fifty thousand. About one-half of the population are of European extraction. A large proportion of them are Malays and Negro natives.

Of the suburbs of Cape Town probably the most interesting is Stellenbosch, which is an ancient city of about six thousand inhabitants. With the exception of Cape Town this is the oldest settlement in South Africa. Van der Stael settled there in 1681 and named it after himself and wife, whose maiden name was Bosch. The people who settled in that city were the pioneers of civilization in South Africa, and they waged a continuous warfare against Bushmen and Hottentots. It is a typical old Dutch settlement. In the center of the town there is a large common. The city is famous for its magnificent oak avenues. Majestic oak trees over two hundred years old line all the upper streets of the city. The houses are old-fashioned, in fact, quite ancient, with very small panes of glass in the windows. The roofs, many of them, are made of thatch.



BRITISH ARMORED TRAIN AT MAE KING.



There are several colleges and institutions of learning located in this town. The city and community are noted for the splendid fruit produced thereabouts. It is especially famous for its production of strawberries.

Another place that is especially interesting in the vicinity of Cape Town is the suburb known as Rondebosch. It has a population of about thirty-five hundred and is situated five miles from Cape Town. In this little city are to be found the most attractive villas and mansions found in South Africa. Numbered among them is Grootteschuur, the residence of Cecil J. Rhodes. It was originally an old Dutch farm house, which was purchased by Rhodes and remodeled after the old Dutch style. The extensive grounds are composed of parks, which are filled with all kinds of deer, elk, antelope, and in fact almost every variety of wild beast to be found in South Africa. It is a veritable menagerie or zoological garden. The great trees, hundreds of years of age, rise majestically, like sentinels standing guard over this picturesque country place. Flowers and shrubbery of every variety known in South Africa grow about in great profusion, while gravel driveways and walks, sparkling springs and shady nooks, with here and there a herd of cattle, make it one of the most picturesque homes in the world.

Another place of interest near Cape Town is Robben Island, situated at the mouth of Table Bay, which is famous because of its being the place where the great lighthouse is situated, and also because several of the great native chieftains in the past were kept here in captivity, the most eminent of which was the chief known as Linksh, who was drowned while attempting to escape from the island. Of late years Robben Island has been used as an asylum for lunatics and lepers. During my

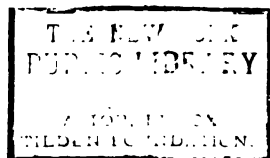
visit there I saw over eight hundred lepers, most of them negroes. They are cared for by the Cape Colony government.

Another interesting point near Cape Town is Simon's Town, some twenty-five miles from the Cape. It is the headquarters of the Cape and West Coast naval squadron. It has a large bay, and at the time of my visit was filled with British war-ships and transports. In company with the United States Consul General, I visited the British fleet at that town, and was entertained by Admiral Harris, who was in command.

While there we visited some three or four hundred Boer prisoners, who were imprisoned on the Transport *Catelonía*. These were the first prisoners captured by the British. Chief among them was Colonel Shiel. As these were the first Boers I had ever seen I noticed them carefully. Most of them were stalwart men, towering above six feet in height, broad shouldered, and without surplus flesh. They all wore heavy beards and were poorly clad in cheap farmers' garbs. They appeared to me like plain, honest, kind-hearted farmers, almost exactly like the farmers we see in the western part of our own country. They seemed very modest and rather timid in the presence of the British officers. Their eyes filled with tears and their faces lighted up with a hopeful expression when I was introduced to them as an American. And when I left the vessel I noticed that they were crowded together in the old hulk very much as sardines are packed in a box, and their food was certainly not of the best. And when I looked upon these men who had been accustomed to the broad veldt and the pure air of the Transvaal and Orange Free State homes, their custom as it were to live in the pure air, in the open field, without knowing what it was to be crammed in close quarters, it seemed to me that it must be almost impossible for them to endure long their close captivity.



GENERAL LUCAS MEYER, PROMINENT BOER COMMANDER.



And as I left the prison vessel to enter the steam launch to go to shore, many a stalwart Boer grasped me by the hand and said: "May God spare you to return to America and tell the great people of the greatest republic in the world how we, the citizens of the two smallest republics in the world, are suffering for liberty and independence." And even after we had landed at the railway station and boarded the train to return to Cape Town, as we sped away at a rapid rate, until our train disappeared out of the sight of the captive ship, we saw the hands of the Boer prisoners extended out of the port holes waving us a last farewell.

In the Cape I was treated very cordially by the British officials. I found Sir Alfred Milner, the British Governor of Cape Colony, a most able, affable, genial gentleman. He impressed me as being a man of great ability, and an exceedingly clever diplomat. His frankness was especially notable. I had the pleasure of being his guest at a public dinner and was shown every courtesy by him. He also honored me with an invitation to meet Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, who arrived in Cape Town the day before I left it. The American residents of the city also tendered me a public banquet at the City Club, at which Sir Alfred Milner and the Lord Mayor of Cape Town were guests, and publicly extended me a cordial welcome to the city.

While there I also had an opportunity of seeing much of the British army. I met many of the distinguished commanders and many of the now famous troops. Among them was a regiment of Uitlanders encamped near Stellenbosch under command of Colonel Seymour. Colonel Seymour invited Consul Stowe and myself to visit the camp, which we did and took dinner with them. We found them a jolly lot of fellows, mostly

British and a few Americans among them, most of them from Johannesburg. They were men who had been employed in the mines at Johannesburg, most of them as superintendents and high officers in the employ of British companies who owned the large mines there. These Americans were friendly to the British cause, for, in fact, they were in the employ of the British, some of them receiving large salaries. Colonel Seymour was reported to be receiving a salary of \$50,000 a year to superintend the mines of a large British company. These Americans, of course, because of their being in the employ of Britishers, were ardent sympathizers of the British cause. They were drilling every day and preparing to go to the front. I understood they were to construct bridges for the troops to cross from Cape Colony into the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Colonel Seymour was a most affable gentleman, a typical American. A brother of his, of New York City, was once Commissioner of Patents at Washington. I felt very sorry to see this splendid American engaged in assisting the British in their unholy war. I am sorry to note that in the last few months the newspapers report that the Colonel was killed in a battle on Modder River.

After a very interesting and pleasant sojourn in Cape Town, I took leave of Consul General Stowe and his family, who had been very kind to me during my visit, and took passage on the steamer Dunnottar Castle, the ship that a few days before had brought Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener to South Africa, and started for the Transvaal.

I had been advised by the British officials and the American residents of Cape Town not to attempt to go to the Boer country. They said I would surely be killed if I made the attempt, for, said they, the Boers cannot speak the English



"RABBIT HOLE," HIDING PLACE OF BADEN-POWELL DURING BOMBARDMENT OF MAEFKING.

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language and they will not let you cross the border of their country, because when they find you can speak the English language they will not only refuse to let you cross the border, but they will probably kill you, because they are very savage. I concluded that I did not like to return to America without seeing something of the Boers, so I determined to endeavor to make them a visit. At this point I wish to say a word in behalf of Consul General Stowe. Before taking my departure I telegraphed a request to the state department at Washington to permit General Stowe to accompany me to the Transvaal. I did this for the reason that the Consul General had informed me that he had not had a vacation since he had been in South Africa and under the laws was entitled to a vacation. He had been working hard and had been ill for several weeks before I landed there, and I felt that he was very much in need of a rest, and I concluded also that there could be no possible objection to the government permitting him to accompany me on a visit to Pretoria. The request was promptly denied by the Secretary of State. In this connection I desire to say that in my judgment our nation ought to be ashamed of its treatment of our consuls in South Africa. For instance, at Cape Town, the business of the United States ranks second to that of Great Britain, and our consul is compelled to work almost night and day in order to attend to that business, and in addition thereto he is besieged by throngs of Americans who are stranded in the country who come to him for aid. For all this work the consul general is paid but \$3,000 per annum, and is not even furnished with a house to live in.

And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the business transacted at the United States consulate ranks next to that of Great Britain, and while our consul receives but \$3,000 per

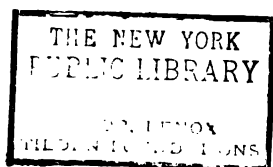
annum without house rent, the consul of the little country of Belgium receives nearly twice as large a salary as our consul. And not only is this true of Belgium, but it is true of many of the other small countries. The same thing is true at Pretoria and Lorenzo Marquez. There the Belgian consul and the Italian consul and several other foreign representatives receive twice as much salary as our own representatives, and are also furnished houses to live in, the rent being paid by their respective governments.



CANNON KOP AT MAFEKING.



COMMANDANT TRICHARD AND STAFF AND HIS SON, 12 YEARS OF AGE.



CHAPTER II.

Natal and its natives. Facts of interest concerning Durban. Arrival at Lorenzo Marquez. Courteously invited by the Secretary of State of the South African Republic to visit Pretoria in President Kruger's private car. Enthusiastically greeted as an American on crossing border line between the Portuguese and Boer territory, at Komatipoort—with a succession of ovations at stops en route and at Pretoria.

THE first port reached on the eastern coast of Africa was Port Elizabeth. At the landing I was met by Mr. Chebord, United States Vice Consul, and the mayor of the city, who conducted me to the City Club, where the chief business men of the city had assembled to tender me a welcome to the city and also a dinner. After the dinner I was driven by the mayor and the vice consul over the city and was shown many objects of interest, among them being the public buildings, large mercantile establishments, beautiful parks, and the city museum, in which was a vast collection of very curious productions of South Africa. Possibly the most interesting place visited was that part of the city known as the native quarters, which consists of innumerable huts fashioned somewhat after the style of the wigwam of the American Indian. In these quarters was assembled a vast multitude of black men, women and children, most of them being almost naked and living in filth and wretchedness.

Port Elizabeth is a very attractive place and much business is carried on there. In 1896 the customs receipts were more than nine hundred and thirty-four thousand pounds sterling,

and the imports amounted to almost nine million pounds sterling. I was told by the mayor that five or six thousand emigrants were landed in the bay in 1820. The sandy shores and bleak hillocks at that time were covered only by a few huts built around the small block house, Fort Frederick. From that day the port has grown steadily, and by the energy and enterprise of its inhabitants has earned the title of the Liverpool of South Africa.

After a very pleasant day spent here we went on to the Port of East London, where, after a few hours' stop, we sailed on to Durban.

The first object of special interest on approaching Durban by sea is the expansive harbor works, which were commenced in 1857 with a view to the removal of the bar which obstructs the entrance to the port and of deepening the bay itself. The bar caused by the sandy bottom of this part of the coast is perpetually changing, and heavy seas have always a tendency to lessen the depth of the water. The principal works are the Innes Breakwater and the North Pier. The former extends from the foot of the bluff to a distance of 1800 feet into the sea exclusive of shore works, and overlaps the end of the North Pier, which starts from the extremity of the Point. The total cost of all these works and buildings connected with the port up to the present time amounts to almost one million pounds sterling. That this expenditure was necessary is proven by the fact that during the year 1895 four hundred and thirty-five steamers and eighty-three sailing vessels entered this harbor.

The town of Durban and its suburbs is among the most pleasant of places to live in, the climate being very healthful, though at times the heat is intense. Yet in the Winter months the thermometer averages about seventy-four degrees. The

streets of the city are well paved and well lighted. The residence portion, situated upon the hills, was indeed exceedingly attractive. Almost every variety of fruit known to tropical climates is produced in this vicinity—the mango, rose apple, pineapple, banana, custard apple, soursop, pawpaw, guava, grenadilla, amatungula, loquat, shaddock and maartje. Berries of every description are also produced. Pears and apricots grow in large quantities.

There are many local industries, chief among them being the large institutions where jams and preserves are made, and they have won a great reputation for their excellence.

The public buildings, museums, libraries, churches and schools are large and expensive.

One of the chief objects of interest in Durban is the large number of Zulus called ricksha boys, each of whom takes a position like a horse in the shafts of a two-wheel cart called the jinricksha and carries a person all over town for a sixpence or a shilling. These boys are among the finest specimens of physical manhood I have ever seen. Their forms are almost perfect. They average about six feet in height, stand erect and straight as an arrow, and are natural athletes. They can travel almost as fast as an ordinary horse, and it is a strange sight to see them speeding along the streets in great numbers, with their heads covered with tassels, plumes, and ostrich feathers, with their brown bodies entirely naked with the exception of a small breech clout.

As a number of passengers, together with myself, were riding in the jinrickshas along the principal streets of Durban about five o'clock in the afternoon, we approached a large jam and preserve factory, and we noticed that the native laborers, who were all Zulus, were just quitting their work and were

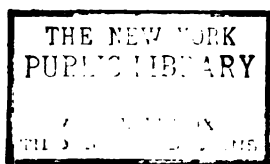
emerging from the large building in great numbers. In a few moments some hundred or hundred and fifty of them stopped in the street close to the building from which they had emerged and suddenly began a Zulu war dance. They formed a ring, and while the majority of them began to sing a strange Zulu war song, one by one some dozen stalwart Zulus entered the circle and began to dance. It seemed like pandemonium turned loose as the swarthy black men swung around the circle with eyes apparently on fire, red lips dripping foam and their white teeth gleaming like polished ivory, forcing their great bodies into all sorts of contortions, finally falling prostrate upon their faces in the dust. Then others would take their places and go through the same ordeal, while all the time the surrounding Zulus were filling the air with their strange song and clapping their hands.

After witnessing this scene for some time, one of the English bystanders threw a shilling high in the air, that it might fall in the midst of the Zulus. Then there was such a good natured rush for the shilling by the natives that for a time they were lost in a cloud of dust as they scrambled on the earth heedless whether or not they would crush each other to death as they struggled to possess the shilling. Finally a swarthy young fellow with a broad grin held his hand above the rest with the shilling tightly gripped between his thumb and finger, announcing to the bystanders that he was the victor. Then other bystanders threw shillings, sixpences and pennies for some time, until becoming weary of the sport we turned away.

After a short visit to the British colony of Natal, I took passage on the German steamer *Hertzog*, which a few days before had been overhauled by the British warships who were looking for guns and ammunition supposed to be carried by the *Hertzog*



BOER SQUAD IN CHARGE OF CANNON.



for the Boers, and the following day I arrived at Delagoa Bay. The bay was full of British warships, which were closely guarding the entrance to the harbor. The British officials seemed very alert and watchful, and it was impossible for any person to go into or out of the harbor with so much as a collar box without their knowing its contents. Lorenzo Marquez is a Portuguese possession, and is the home of the Portuguese Governor, and also at this time was the residence of the Governor General of the Portuguese territory in South Africa. It is noted chiefly as being one of the hottest places in South Africa, and one of the most unhealthful, because of the lack of drainage and the swampy territory surrounding, which cause malarial, typhoid and, in fact, all kinds of South African fevers to be epidemic during the Summer season, many deaths occurring daily.

I received a hearty welcome by the Portuguese officials. Shortly after my arrival at the hotel, I was visited by the consul of the South African Republic located there and shown a telegram from Honorable F. W. Reitz, Secretary of State of the South African Republic, dated at Pretoria, inviting me to become the guest of the government during my visit to the republic, and stating that if I accepted the invitation, President Kruger would send his private car to Lorenzo Marquez the next day to convey me to Pretoria. As I had already accepted the hospitality extended me by the British and Portuguese officials, though it was distinctly understood that I was not traveling as a United States official, but simply as a private citizen in search of health and recreation, I concluded, therefore, that there could be nothing improper whatsoever in accepting this invitation. I accordingly told the consul that I would be ready to leave the next day.

At the appointed time I boarded the President's car at the railway station, and found it an elegant one, well stocked with provisions, and in charge of a stalwart Dutch porter, who accorded his only passenger the best of treatment on the journey. Passing through the Portuguese territory, the first town we reached in the land of the Boers was Komatipoort, which is situated on the border line between the Portuguese territory and the South African Republic.

As the train came to a stop, being seated on the observation part of the private car at the extreme rear end of the train, I looked ahead and saw a large crowd of people, men and women, standing on the platform and anxiously looking into the car windows of the coaches ahead of mine. Presently I saw them hastening to the President's car. The head man, a large farmer with heavy beard, said:

"Are you Mr. Davis from America?"

"I am," I said.

"I am the Field Cornet of this district," he said, "and these are the Boers and their families who are yet at home, and they have come to the station to bid you welcome to their country."

Before he had spoken so kindly, I confess I was a little bit worried, for I noticed some of the men had rifles in their hands and some had rifles strapped on their backs. I remembered what the British officials had said in Cape Town, that the Boers were savage, and that, if I could speak English only, they would probably kill me. When I saw these stalwart men, I began to fear my time had come. So that, when the Field Cornet spoke to me in the language with which I was familiar, I was greatly astonished, and immediately inquired if he and his companions were real Boers. He laughed and said that they were, and immediately commenced to introduce me to the men

and women who crowded up to shake hands with me and welcome me to their country. Imagine my surprise when I found that they all spoke my language as well as I did. They were not savages, as I had been led to believe they were, but they were simply plain, kind farmers, just like the farmers I had been accustomed to all my life. They said they were glad to see a man from America. They said they were passing through a terrible ordeal; that they had sent their loved ones to the front and many were soon to follow, to fight and die for their independence and for their beloved republic. They seemed very confident of success and were boasting that their young republic was going to imitate the great republic in America, and that some day the Republic of South Africa would be famous like the Republic of the United States of America.

After a stop of some half hour or more, the train sped on its way, and at every station at which the train stopped during the day I was accorded the same reception by the men and women who had assembled to welcome me that I received at Komatipoort. It seemed that some one had sent the information from Pretoria to the people along the railway line that a citizen of America was on his way to visit their country, and the people seemed to so love the Republic of the United States of America and its people, because they knew that the people in America had gone through the same struggle the Boers are passing through now, and against the same British aristocracy, that they felt sure that any one coming from America was their friend and would sympathize with them in their struggle.

About six o'clock in the evening, after an all day ride through the hot African sun, we neared the loftiest range of mountains in the Transvaal, about midway between Pretoria and Delagoa Bay. As there is no twilight in South Africa,

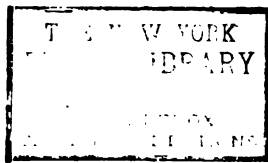
the darkness of night comes on there suddenly. Just as it was getting dark we approached a little village nestling at the foot of the mountain range. It was, indeed, a pretty spot. On one side, stretching far away toward Komatipoort, was the broad veldt with much the appearance of our expansive western prairies. Then came the majestic mountains rising almost abruptly like a great wall. And amid the trees and flowers blooming everywhere, and by the side of a mountain stream, almost at the foot of one of the most picturesque of waterfalls in South Africa, was the little city called Watervalonda, meaning the city located at the foot of the falls. Here the train stopped for the night, as an order had been issued that no trains should travel during the night, because of the fear of bridges being destroyed by British agents. At this station I was met by a large number of people and given a most kindly greeting. I was conducted to the hotel nearby, where a splendid supper had been prepared for my especial benefit, the hotel keeper having received a telegram from Secretary Reitz requesting him to entertain me. Here I met with a most agreeable surprise, for I found the hotel keeper a kind, jovial American who had lived in the Transvaal for many years and was a most enthusiastic sympathizer and friend of the Boers.

Early the next morning the train started for Pretoria. By many wonderful curves we succeeded in reaching the mountain top, passing through some of the most picturesque scenery that I had ever beheld, rivaling in beauty the marvelous scenery of our own Rocky Mountains. On the summit we came to another little city, called Watervalboven, meaning the city above the falls.

Our course then lay through mountains, picturesque hills and fertile valleys, and then over the broad expanse of veldt, passing



BOER RED CROSS CAR.



through many prosperous looking towns and cities, wherever the train stopped receiving the same welcome from the people, and at many places witnessing sad scenes which called to mind the awful suffering and hardships of war. I remember at one station I noticed especially an old farmer whose hair and beard were as white as snow, with eyes that seemed fierce looking. With a nervous step he walked to and fro on the long station platform with two bandoliers of cartridges thrown over his shoulders, and his trusty rifle in his hand. Noticing that his white slouch hat had a very wide band of new crape around it, I hailed him and said:

"My friend, why do you wear the crape around your hat?"

His eyes filled with tears, and he said:

"My dear son Jan was killed yesterday in battle on the Tugela River and I am going to take his place."

Then he walked away.

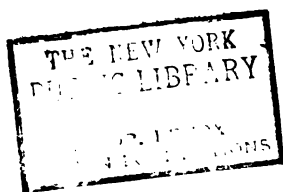
About four o'clock in the afternoon at the city of Middleburg my car was boarded by a dozen gentlemen, the one in the lead introducing himself as Mr. W. J. Hollis, United States Consul at Lorenzo Marquez, but who was then acting consul at Pretoria instead of Consul Macrum, who had lately returned to America. Consul Hollis introduced me to his companions, who were all Americans from Pretoria and Johannesburg, who had been appointed a committee to meet me and escort me to Pretoria. My delight knew no bounds at meeting these jovial Americans in the Transvaal, so many thousands of miles away from the land of their birth. I found that they had been in that country many years. Most of them had prospered among the Boers, and every one of them was an enthusiastic outspoken champion of the Boers. They seemed as glad to meet me as though I had been a member of their own family,

and I had been so long among the British, German, French, Italians and natives that my joy at meeting these typical Americans was indeed very great.

At Pretoria we were met by the officials of the government, and some twelve or fourteen hundred people, men and women, had assembled at the station to welcome us to the capital of the South African Republic. Secretary Reitz and the other officials had arranged to escort me to the hotel as their guest, but Consul Hollis and his charming wife insisted that, being an American, I must be their guest at the consulate. The officials then accompanied me to the consulate, and after placing a carriage at my disposal and making arrangements to meet me next morning, when I was to proceed to pay my respects to President Kruger, we shook hands all around in the good old-fashioned American way and they took their departure.



BOERS PREPARING SUPPER.



CHAPTER III.

Interview with President Kruger. The Boer side of the controversy.

England's policy of a century toward the Boers one of duplicity, greed and treachery. Secret continuous arming of the Kaffir races by the British, in violation of solemn treaties, and inciting them to attacks on the Boers in order to seemingly justify British interference, which was always a disguise for a territory grabbing intention.

THE next day, in the company of Mr. Groebler, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, I called upon President Paul Kruger. As the President refrains from the use of the English language, Secretary Groebler acted as interpreter. After a pleasant greeting, the President said to me:

"One hundred or so years ago the people of the United States Republic were compelled to fight the same British nation to secure their liberty that we are now fighting, hence your people ought to sympathize with this little sister republic which has dared to fight a mighty power to maintain its own independence.

"The main question in dispute between this government and that of England was in regard to the franchise. I have always been willing to have this question and others settled by arbitration, but England has always declined arbitration. At the very start we wanted the President of the United States of America to intervene as arbitrator. Nothing would please us better, and we would be perfectly satisfied to abide by his decision. The franchise law adopted by the legislature at the commencement of the present year would, according to the

existing lists of field cornets, give the vote to fifty thousand new electors; and, as there are only thirty thousand of the older inhabitants on the voters' lists, this would immediately have given a superiority in numbers to the new population. Instead of accepting this, the British nation has declined and forced us into war by bringing thousands of troops into South Africa and up to our borders with the avowed object of forcing us to do whatever it considers right.

"During this century there are three stages which characterize the relations of the British government with our people. The first stage began in 1806 and lasted to the second half of the century. During this period British policy toward our people is marked by a simple contempt. 'The stupid and dirty Dutch' was the simple idea then prevalent in the British mind respecting our little people. According to the hypocritical nature of British policy, however, this contempt was expressed in terms of the loftiest ideas then prevailing in the civilized world. A sentimental philanthropy then ruled in the civilized world and was used by the British government to represent the Boers to mankind as the oppressors of the poor, peaceful natives, so amenable to religion and civilization, and in every respect men and brothers. If it should appear inexplicable why the power that under the treaty of Utrecht stood forth as the unblushing champion of negro slavery distinguished itself in South Africa by a nauseous love for the native, then the explanation is that in this latter case it was not so much love for the native as hatred and contempt for the Boer which characterized its South African policy. As a result of that hatred toward the Boer, concealed under that simulated love for the native, the natives were used as police against us, were furnished with weapons of war and ammunition, and incited to fight us and,

where possible, rob and murder us. As a result of that hatred our people were obliged to bid farewell to Cape Colony with all that they loved and cherished, and to seek a refuge in the unknown wildernesses of the North, and as a result of that hatred our people had to continue their crusade of martyrdom over South Africa until every part of South Africa's soil was to be reddened with the blood, not so much of able-bodied men, as of murdered women and children.

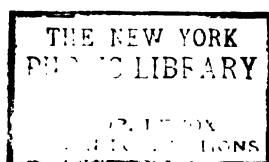
"The second stage lasted till 1881. During this period the basis of British policy toward us was not so much simple hatred of the Afrikander (history had already shown that that hatred was powerless to keep the Afrikander down); on the contrary it had contributed greatly toward dispersing the Afrikanders as the ruling race over the whole of South Africa. In a moment of apathy and thoughtless disinterestedness England had entered into treaties (1852, 1854) with the Boers by which they were placed in possession of certain wild and seemingly useless parts of the country. The basis of the policy of the second stage was a feeling of remorse over this mistake and a firm resolve to forestall the consequences thereof. The wild and useless parts assigned to the Boers proved to be very valuable after these Boers had opened them up to civilization; they ought therefore again to sparkle as pearls in Her Majesty's crown in spite of the treaties entered into with the Boers. This was the disguised object. As to the means employed, innate hypocrisy caused these means to be partly disguised and partly open, and the one kind of means to differ essentially from the other. The disguised means was to arm the Kaffir races against us in an unprecedented manner, in spite of solemn treaties and promises, and to incite them to attack us. If this policy was successfully carried out, then England could conceal

her true object and means, and openly come forward for the preservation of peace and order and for the maintenance of civilization in this part of the world, and could annex the republics on such false pretences. As regards the Orange Free State, this policy was a failure, as the above burghers of the neighboring republic, after great trouble, succeeded in defeating Moshesh, notwithstanding the unlawful stoppage of their arms and ammunition by the British government. England was in that case compelled to rest satisfied with the protection of her Basuto interests and the prevention of all the advantages which the Boers might have derived from their victory, and with the openly illegal annexation of the diamond fields.

“As regards the South African Republic, her burghers were unfortunately not careful enough to guard against this insidious policy of the enemy. The Transvaal Boers had defeated the mightiest Kaffir tribes, and therefore never for a moment dreamed that the small Kaffir wars, into which they were drawn by the English inciting the Kaffirs, and which were not immediately put down by every possible means, would be used as a pretext to annex their country to the British Empire. Thus the Magato war and the Secucuni war dragged on to the endless satisfaction of Sir Theophilus Shepstone and his principals. And thus the annexation came about with the ‘extension of Her Majesty’s jurisdiction and protection over the South African Republic, by which means alone unity of purpose and action could be secured, and a beautiful prospect of peace and prosperity for the future could be opened up.’ In these words of Shepstone’s annexation proclamation we see in all its hideous nakedness the Hypocrisy which gave a secret fatal stab to the Boer Republic and then publicly came forward as the disinterested good Samaritan!



PRESIDENT KRUGER'S CARRIAGE AND BODY-GUARD.



" The third stage in our history is characterized by the combination of the old well-known policy of fraud, with the new forces of capitalism, called into being by the mineral wealth of the South African Republic. Our existence as a people no less than as a state is at present threatened by this unparalleled combination of powers and forces.

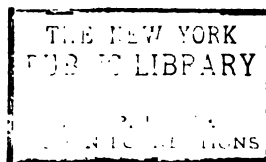
" But we shall continue the struggle against the overwhelming British odds so long as a single Boer still lives to wield a gun."

There can be no doubt but that President Kruger is the proper man for the present crisis. The week before I met him he was at the front in Natal praising the burghers for the great things they had done and exhorting them to still greater efforts in the future. After his visit to the burghers of the Transvaal in Natal he then visited the burghers of the Free State strongholds, and inspired them with confidence wherever he went. His speeches gave the keynote to the presidential mood and presidential mind and left no room for mistaking the set purpose and the steadfast spirit that possessed the head of the state. On the 13th of October, 1899, the president put his hand to the plow and there is not to be any turning back. He started out to defend his country's independence. The vigor, determination and confidence of President Kruger was very impressive. Despite his seventy-six years of age, despite all the stress of stormy seasons of the past, with all his manifold responsibilities, he appeared at that time buoyant and confident, and his strong patriotism and courage seemed to fire the imagination even of his enemies, and inspired all the burghers to their best efforts. The effect of his visits to the laagers and to the Boers fighting in the trenches was that there was renewed federal activities, reinvigorated camps and a movement which

presaged fresh purposes. At Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, President Kruger received a magnificent ovation, though his visit occurred but a short time after the surrender of poor Cronje. He is a man of few words, but they are ever weighty. In his speech at Bloemfontein on this occasion he expressed in half a dozen words his great determination when he said: "This far and no farther."



BRITISH ARMORED CAR.

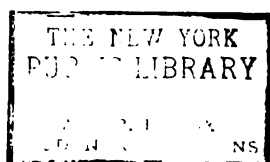




OOM PAUL KRUGER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.



MRS. PRESIDENT KRUGER.



CHAPTER IV.

Pretoria—Its inhabitants, architecture, fortifications and defenses. Plan to surrender city and retreat to mountain fastnesses—thence to maintain guerilla warfare—contemplated from the date of the breaking out of hostilities. Boers slandered and their institutions misrepresented in order to excite sympathy for England's unspeakable and inhuman assaults on the republics. Principal newspapers printed in English and English almost universally spoken among the Boers. British Uitlanders alone found fault with Transvaal government—American, French, German and other Uitlanders being well satisfied with Boers' laws and their administration of justice. Their kind treatment of British soldiers—testimony of British officers and others as to this fact. Falsity of the charge that Boers had used gold to purchase sympathy of other countries, and that President Kruger has \$15,000,000 stored away in Holland banks. Impossible to ship gold from Transvaal without British knowledge.

I FOUND Pretoria one of the most attractive and interesting of cities, containing a population of about fifteen thousand. It was situated on the northern slope of the valley formed by the Aapies River, a small tributary of the Crocodile River, rising near the town. The city is beautifully laid out in parallelograms, the streets being of equal width throughout, and in many instances lined with magnificent willows, which, planted originally as fencing posts, have thriven amazingly in the damp soil. Vegetation of all kinds was luxuriant. Upon every hand could be seen the most delicious fruits and flowers, of almost every variety, filling the air with their sweet perfume. The climate is especially favorable to

fruits and flowers. The heat during the day was sometimes quite intense, but the nights were almost always delightfully pleasant. Surrounding the city is a range of hills affording almost a natural fortification. On the summit of these hills at the four corners of the city were forts containing many modern guns and millions of rounds of ammunition. It would seem that these forts would be absolute protection to the city against the assaults of an enemy however strong, for they commanded a view of the country for many miles around, the country being void of wood or shrubbery. Later, however, the Boers did not attempt to hold the city when the British army approached it. There is no doubt but that the Boers could have withstood a long siege, but it was understood long before the British crossed the Modder River that in case they should reach Pretoria the Boers would not attempt to hold the city, thereby giving the British army a chance to hem them in it and thus cut off their escape or their chance of retreating to the mountains in the northern part of the Transvaal, for the Boers were shrewd enough to know that the British outnumbered them ten to one, and if they were cut off from access to the mountains the result might be disastrous. They relied upon their ability to continue the struggle indefinitely whenever it became necessary for them to flee to the mountains, for there a small handful of Boers, accustomed as they were to the rough country, would be more than a match for the British legions.

The public buildings of the capital are magnificent. The state house is an imposing structure, while the new court building just nearing completion was indeed grand. It was built of native white granite and marble and cost about \$2,000,000. It appeared very much like the new Congressional Library building at Washington, D. C. The churches and schools were

first class in every particular. The schools were public and private, and the churches were of all denominations. The hospitals and asylums were also up-to-date. In fact the whole appearance of the city was equal to that of any city in the United States.

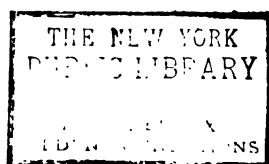
The private residences were neat and comfortable, containing all the modern improvements. These, together with the electric lights, gas, water works, street cars, workshops, parks and marketplaces, and the general appearance of the people, made one feel as though he were in one of the prosperous cities of America.

I found the Boers possessing the very characteristics which we most admire in our own people, namely, the good nature, the generous spirit, the kindheartedness, the affection for their families and their frank and manly independence. The British press, the British officials, the British sympathizers in our own country, have told and published innumerable lies about the Boers, and have done it purposely in the hope of creating public sentiment in America in favor of the course pursued by the British government against them. The intention has been to manufacture sympathy for the British cause in order that it may be known throughout the world that the people of the greatest republic in existence lend their moral support to Great Britain in its inhuman war against the Boers. These maligners and traducers have endeavored to make it appear that the laws in the two South African republics are oppressive, that the Boers have abused Englishmen in a shameful manner, that they have tried to prohibit the English language from being spoken within the borders of the two republics, that the Boers had jambokked many English residents to death before the beginning of the war, that they insulted women and that they treated

their prisoners with barbarity. Those and many other atrocious lies were told about the burghers. From personal experience and observation I know these charges to be absolutely untrue. During my travels throughout the two republics, meeting the people in the public places, in their offices, in the hotels, in their homes, in villages and cities, and on the farms, and mingling with the soldiers on the march, in the camp and on the battlefield, I met but few persons who could not speak the English language. Almost all of those who did speak it spoke it quite as well as the citizens of our own country. I found them clean and neat in their appearance—their homes in as perfect order, as clean and as comfortable and as convenient as the homes of Americans. Sitting at their tables, attending their little dinners in our honor, even private dinners as well as public dinners given by officials of the government, we found the men and women in evening dress, and when all the guests besides myself were Boers, yet I would not hear a single word but English spoken during the whole evening. I found many of them cultured and refined. Some of them were authors, some had written books, some had written poems, some had produced excellent paintings, many were artists, many were fine musicians, and it was indeed a very common thing to find in camp and on the battlefield many a stalwart Boer with long hair and long beard, apparently rough and uncouth, who surprised me by telling me that he was a graduate from one of the great English universities. Noticing their beards I asked them why so many of them wore whiskers, and one of them answered: "We do not have time to get our hair cut or to be shaved, for we are busy all the time fighting for our lives and our homes against the savage native or the still more savage Britons, fighting to save our country and to save our independence." And thus



BOER RED CROSS WAGON.



frequently among these brave and chivalrous men of the mountain and veldt would I be surprised so agreeably.

And yet these are the kind of men whom the British press and the American sympathizing press would have us believe are untutored savages. The two leading newspapers of the Transvaal, the Volksstem, at Pretoria, and The Standard and Diggers' News, at Johannesburg, are published in the greater part in English, and they are bright and newsy papers, and to my mind much better papers than the papers of England. It appeared to me, while I was passing through London, that the English dailies, as compared with the American newspapers, were very inferior publications. One had to wade through two or three pages of advertisements on the outside of the paper in order to get to the news, which was hidden away in the middle of the paper. It was difficult to find anything of interest. You could scarcely find a line of news about the United States. But when I went to the Transvaal and saw these two papers I have just mentioned, I found the arrangement of news in the papers much more attractive and much more pleasing than in the dailies of London, and the fact of the matter is that I could get, even during those times, when the British cables were keeping news out of that country that was of much importance, more news in those papers about my own country than I found in the English dailies. I must commend the Boer papers of the Transvaal for their energy and enterprise, and I do believe that the editorials that appeared in those papers will rank far above those of the London dailies and will compare very favorably with the editorials in the columns of the best American newspapers.

As to the general laws of the two republics, I can say they are most excellent and will compare favorably with the laws of our country. They certainly guarantee to every citizen

freedom, justice and equality of rights, and this is all that any man or woman should want in any country. The truth of the matter is that any man who desired to obey the laws of those republics could get along quite as well as if he were a citizen of our own republic. The laws were only harsh toward those who violated them and did not want to treat their neighbors right, who did not want to live in a peaceable manner or who did not want to do unto others as they would be done by. The laws were conceived in a liberal spirit, the mining laws especially so. The only complaint to be heard anywhere on the part of the people residing in the two republics as to the laws of those republics came from the British Uitlanders. They were the people who were causing all the trouble. Their mission there seemed to be to find fault with the laws, with the government, with the officials, in fact, with everything and everybody who were in that country besides themselves. We heard no complaint from German Uitlanders, French Uitlanders, or American Uitlanders, and there were many such in that country. On the contrary, we found the German, French and American Uitlanders, and, in fact, Uitlanders from every country except Great Britain, in the ranks of the Boer army, fighting for the Boers, believing as they did in the justness and right of the Boer cause, and the Boer soldiers themselves were no better soldiers, no braver, no more sincere and no more valiant on the battlefield than these same Uitlanders, namely, the German, French and American Uitlanders. General Joubert himself said to me at Hoofdlaager, near Ladysmith, that among the best soldiers in his army were the Americans, the French, the Germans and other Uitlanders, who had entered his army for the purpose of fighting for the cause of the Boers.

I also saw much of the Boers' treatment of British prisoners.

It was indeed a sad sight to witness the reception accorded to the British prisoners as they arrived train load after train load at Pretoria from the battlefields on the Tugela and Modder rivers. Whenever a train load of prisoners was expected to arrive at Pretoria, men, women and children who still remained in that city congregated at the railway station; and after the train arrived the doors of the cars were opened and the prisoners emerged from them, the burghers removing their hats as the prisoners stepped upon the platform, and not a jeer, not a word of derision, was heard from one of them,—but perfect silence reigned, and many a tear rolled down the cheeks of men and women who stood upon the platform and saw the sons of British fathers and mothers marched up the street four abreast to be placed where they were to remain so long as they were prisoners of war. The conduct of the Boers was most humane, most unusual. At the place where the prisoners were confined they were given the kindest treatment. Those who were ill or wounded were given the best medical attention; surgeons and nurses were ever ready to care for them. All the prisoners were given nice clean beds and fresh pure water. The food was nicely prepared, abundant and wholesome, and the quarters in which they were lodged were clean and healthful, affording them plenty of light, plenty of fresh air, all of which are very essential in a South African climate. Books were furnished them in large numbers from the Boer library, and, strange to say, these books which were furnished by the Boers to the British prisoners were all English books, not Dutch books, and yet they came from the Boer library, where it would be supposed that all the books were printed in the Dutch language, since so many liars had said that the English language was not permitted to be spoken in the two South African republics. In

these prison quarters were grassy lawns and shade trees and beautiful grounds whereon the British soldiers were permitted to play the games they had been accustomed to in England. And the British officers who were prisoners were made comfortable in the largest public school building in Pretoria, which had been set apart for their comfort. They seemed, indeed, more like first-class boarders than like prisoners of war. One of these officers said to me himself, while interviewing him, that he was perfectly satisfied to remain there until the end of the war. "For," said he, "this is good enough for me, much better than being hard at work in camp or on the battlefield, and to tell the truth, I am tired of this whole business. I do not like to be compelled to fight these kind-hearted, God-fearing people."

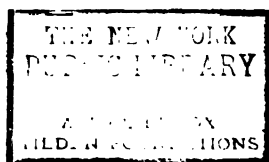
Major Nugent, who was one of the wounded English officers captured by the Boers at Dundee, wrote a letter to his wife from Pretoria, where he was in a hospital, among other things saying, "I must say, and I don't say it because the Boers may read it, that nothing in the world can exceed the kindness they have shown toward us. They have done everything they can do for us. We have been moved out of camp into the town of Dundee, into the houses. I have a little room to myself and a comfortable bed, sheets, etc. The Boer magistrate in charge of the town since they captured it has told the senior medical officer that anything they have will be provided for us as far as possible. We are all right."

Again, Mr. Bennett Burleigh, an Englishman, writing to the London Daily Telegraph, November 29th, 1899, bore testimony to the sympathy and charity of the Boers in the following language:

"More than once Boer leaders and simple burghers have re-



BOER FORT AT MAPEKING.



spected not only the property of prisoners, but the adverse opinions of those opposed to them. With real delicacy they have striven to lessen the hardships incidental to military occupation and the stern demands of war. Homesteads have frequently been held secure. Even the liberty of private persons, non-combatants, has at times been left considerably intact. Again and again they have treated our wounded in the most generous manner, treating wounds on the principle of first come first treated, and furnishing those who fell into their hands with not only necessities, but little luxuries, such as tobacco, etc. It is gratifying that even what has almost degenerated into a racial war has not quite dammed the flood gates of human sympathy and charity for others. General Joubert has done many kindly acts, and whenever he or his doctors have been unable to treat our wounded they have sent them in to us, as they did after the action fought the other day near Beacon Hill."

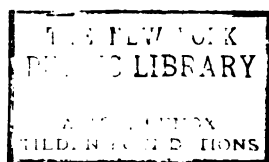
These testimonials from British subjects ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of those who wilfully and maliciously make false charges and accusations against the kind-hearted and Christianlike Boers.

Another charge made against the Boers is that they have used vast amounts of gold for the purpose of buying the sympathy of people of other countries, and that President Kruger has fifteen million dollars in gold stored away in the banks of Holland to his credit. Every one knows, who was in position to learn anything about the true condition of things in that country, that only a few years ago there was but \$3.75 in the treasury of the South African Republic. Every dollar that could be saved over and above the actual expenses of operating the government (and the officials, by the way, since the commencement of the war, have been working on half pay, that is,

they declined to take from the government but half the salaries they are entitled to under the law) was invested in guns and ammunition. Large amounts of provisions and supplies were also purchased and stored in places of safety in the mountains, preparatory to the war which they momentarily expected since the Jameson raid, and which they knew was to come sooner or later. Prior to the discovery of gold the revenues of the republic were very small. And since gold was discovered, in 1886, all the mines were in the control of British capitalists and exclusively operated by them, as the Boers did not have the capital necessary to develop them; and since the beginning of the present war eight or ten great British warships have carefully guarded Delagoa Bay, the only inlet and outlet to the two Boer republics. And the British officials have carefully examined the baggage of every man who went into or came out of those republics. Of course, on the surface of things, it is made to appear that the Portuguese officials are in charge of the custom house at Lorenzo Marquez, but every one knows that England has a mortgage on Portugal for more than it is worth, and British officials do just as they please at Delagoa Bay, and they know who and what goes into or comes out of the Orange Free State or the Transvaal. It would be an impossibility for any one to smuggle even an ounce of gold out of these republics. Who ever heard of any gold passing by an Englishman without its being discovered? Even President Kruger's baggage to the minutest detail was carefully inspected when he passed through Delagoa Bay on his way to Europe. President Kruger sat in his office in Pretoria day after day and gave money out of his own pocket to the widows and orphans of the burghers killed at the front, with which to purchase the necessities of life; and he told me himself that at the rate the demands for help were



BOERS IN TRENCHES AT MAPEKING.



being made upon him then it would be but a few months until all his private means would be gone.

These charges are cruel in the extreme. It would seem that the untold misery and suffering caused in countless homes—the tears shed by wives and mothers as they wept over loved ones slain in battle, the heartaches of multiplied thousands of men and women who followed the beloved Boer General Koch, who had been killed in battle, to his last resting place in Pretoria, and the anguish of the brave men who, though seriously wounded, lay in the hospitals praying for their speedy recovery in order that they might return to join their comrades ere the next battle—ought to be sufficient to satisfy the venomous horde of republic haters without resorting to the most shameful lying.

That the war waged against the Boers is an unjust war will be conceded by any fair minded person who will read carefully and impartially the statement of the causes that gave rise to it in the next few chapters.

CHAPTER V.

Boer case as set forth by Mr. F. W. Reitz, Secretary of State of the South African Republic. Struggle of a century against British territorial encroachments and violations of conventions. Britishers' boast of civilization in South Africa a mere cloak to hide their spirit of annexation and piracy. To wait until the Dutch have penetrated the wildernesses, conquered the wild beasts and savages and established civilized government for themselves, and then to take advantage of their numerical weakness and rob them of the results of their toils and hardships and force them again and again into unexplored wilds to begin anew the work of republic building—this has been the brutal, thievish, cowardly policy of England. Incited savages to seditious movements repeatedly, encouraging them to murder Boers and ravish their women. Forced Boers to accept £90,000 in compensation for the seizure of diamond fields with a daily output greater in value than that sum. Treaties, annexations and suzerainty.

OF all the statesmen of the two Boer republics none is so well qualified to state the Boer side of the case in the South African controversy as Mr. F. W. Reitz, Secretary of State of the South African Republic, and a former president of the Orange Free State. In an interview with him, he said to me :

“ The struggle which has now lasted almost a century, which began with the forcing of a foreign ruler upon the Dutch population of the Cape of Good Hope, is rapidly nearing its end; we have reached the last act in the great drama fraught with such tremendous issues for the whole of South Africa; we have arrived at that point at which it must be decided whether all the sacrifices which our fathers and ourselves have laid upon

the altar of liberty have been in vain, whether all the blood of our people by which, as it were, every part of South Africa is consecrated has been shed in vain; or whether, by God's grace, the copestone shall now be placed upon the building that our forefathers began with so much suffering and sorrow. The hour has come when it shall be decided whether, by vindicating her liberty, South Africa shall enter upon a new and grander period of her history, or whether our people shall cease to exist, shall be extirpated in the struggle for that liberty which it has always valued above all earthly treasures, and South Africa shall in future be governed by soulless gold kings acting in the name and under the protection of an unjust and hated government 7,000 miles away. The allegations of humanity, civilization and equal rights, upon which the British government bases its actions, is nothing but a cloak for that hypocritical spirit of annexation and piracy which has always characterized her actions in all her relations with our people.

"After thirty years of English government it was conclusively proved that it brought no salvation, but rather oppression, for the Boer. His elementary rights were violated and without the least security; his situation was intolerable in the British colony, which had then as its northern boundary the Groot River. It was therefore decided to sacrifice home, property and the possessions that yet remained after the Kaffir devastations and to quit the British jurisdiction. Lieut. Governor Stockenstrom was first consulted, but he said that there was no law to forbid his leaving the Colony and settling elsewhere, and if such a law existed it would be a tyrannical law which could not be put into force.

"The Cape Attorney-General Oliphant, consulted by Lord Charles Somerset, gave the same advice, saying that the emi-

grants were apparently resolved to go to another land and not to consider themselves any longer as British subjects (as was taking place daily in the emigration from England to North America), that the government was powerless and could do nothing to stop the evil.

"Now, outside the British jurisdiction lay the countries north of the Orange River and east of the Drakensbergen, and as far as was known at that time these countries were inhabited by barbarians. But rather than remain any longer under British rule our fathers resolved to risk the dangers of the wilderness and there purchase from the Kaffirs a stretch of land and establish an independent society.

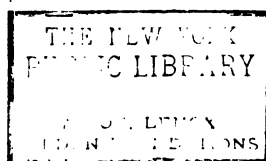
"After untold hardships and much suffering at the hands of the Zulus, the Republic of Natal was founded by our fathers.

"But the history of this republic was destined to be a short one. The British Colonial office was on the trail of our people. At first the British government resolved to effect a military occupation of Natal, because, as Governor Napier wrote to Lord Russell, the Secretary of State, on June 22d, 1840, 'it was evidently the fixed determination of Her Majesty's government not to extend her possessions in Africa.' The military occupation was simply intended to oppress and harass the Boers, as Governor Napier declares with brutal frankness in his despatch to Lord Glenelg of January 16th, 1838. In other words, the intention was to prevent the Boers from obtaining ammunition and from establishing an independent republic. By this means he considered that the emigration would cease.

"Again, on April 10th, 1842, Lord Stanley instructs Governor Napier to cut off the Boers from all communication and to inform them that the British government would assist the barbarians against them and treat them as rebels.



THE FAMOTS "LONG TOL" MAFKING.



"The military occupation was resisted by us and the English troops were on two occasions beaten off. More of them, however, were drowned in their flight than perished from our bullets.

"Later on Commissioner Cloete was despatched to annex the young republic, as a reward to the Boers for their services in reclaiming it for civilization. Not without powerful protest from our side did this annexation take place. On February 1st, 1842, the Volksraad of Maritzburg under the chairmanship of Joachim Prinsloo, wrote to Governor Napier as follows:

" 'We know that there is a God who is ruler of heaven and earth and who has the power and the will to protect the weak against their oppressors. To Him we entrust the righteousness of our cause. If it is His will that we, our wives and children shall be totally extirpated, we shall humbly submit to such a fate. We will not challenge the might of England, yet we cannot allow that might shall triumph over right, without having made every effort in our power to resist such might.'

"When our noble leader Andries Pretorius, who had ridden on horseback to Grahamstown, hundreds of miles distant, in order to acquaint Governor Pottinger with the true state of affairs, and was sent back unheard, reached the Drakensbergen, he found almost the entire population trekking away over the Drakensbergen—away from British authority. His own wife lay dying in her wagon; his daughter was leading the oxen and had been painfully gored by them. And this was but one instance out of innumerable others.

"Sir Henry Smith, who had succeeded Pottinger as Governor, described the condition of these trekking Boers as 'a state of misery which he had not seen equalled except in Mas-

sena's invasion of Portugal. The scene was truly heartrending.

"Thus had we fared at the hands of the British government in connection with the founding of Natal.

"We trekked away over the Drakensbergen to the Orange Free State, where some of us remained, while the others trekked northwards across the Vaal River."

"After this compulsory emigration from Cape Colony, how long were the Boers permitted by the British government to rest in peace, without being further molested?" I asked of Secretary Reitz.

"Only a short time," he answered, "for the British government soon appointed an official to preside over the Orange Free State known as a British Resident.

"Pretorius, however, gave him forty-eight hours to quit the republic. Thereupon Sir Harry Smith collected an army, consisting chiefly of colored troops, against us and fought a battle with us at Boomplaats on August 29th, 1848. After the battle, which was a very tough one, a Boer, called Thomas Dreijer, was caught by Smith's colored troops, and to the shame of the English name was butchered by the English Governor for no other crime than that, having been a British subject many years before, he now dared to fight against the Queen's flag.

"Another murder and atrocity put to the account of England.

"In the meantime Sir Harry Smith had also annexed the country under the name of the Orange River Sovereignty, on the pretext that four-fifths of the inhabitants favored British rule and were only intimidated by the threats of Pretorius.

"Not long after this, however, the British Resident involved

himself in difficulties with Moshesh, the great and astute paramount chief of the Basutos. The Resident invoked the assistance of the Boers, but, of the thousand called out only seventy-five responded. The English troops got the worst of it. As the Resident wrote to his government, the existence of the Orange River Sovereignty now depended on Andries Pretorius, the man on whose head Sir Harry Smith had put a price of two thousand pounds. Earl Grey censured Sir Harry Smith and the Resident Warden, and recalled the latter, saying in his despatch of December 15th, 1851, to the Governor, that the British government had annexed the land under the representation that the general body of inhabitants were in favor of such a measure, that, if the inhabitants were unwilling to support the authority of the British government, which was established solely for their benefit, then there was no reason for the maintenance of such authority. When the British government retired from the sovereignty it was, however, to be clearly understood that no wars, however bloody, which might arise between the various native tribes and the white communities in a state of independence beyond the colonial boundaries would be considered as constituting a ground for interference.

“ In other words, as Froude puts it, ‘ In 1852 we discovered that wars with natives and Dutch were expensive and useless, that sending troops out and killing thousands of natives was an odd way of protecting them. We resolved to keep within our territories, not meddle beyond the Orange River, and leave natives and Dutch to settle their differences.’ And again, ‘ Grown sick of enterprises which led neither to honor nor peace, we resolved to make the Orange River, in 1852, the boundary of British responsibilities. We made formal treaties with the two Dutch States, binding ourselves not to interfere

between them and the natives and leaving them either to become a barrier, or, as we considered most likely, to sink in an unequal struggle with warlike tribes by whom they were infinitely outnumbered.'

"The administration of the Free State cost the British taxpayer too much. Besides, there was an idea that if the Boer were given rope enough he would hang himself.

"A new Governor, Sir George Cathcart, was sent out with two special commissioners to carry out the new policy, and a treaty was entered into between England and the Free State by which complete independence was guaranteed to the Free State, and the British undertook not to interfere with native races north of the Great Orange River.

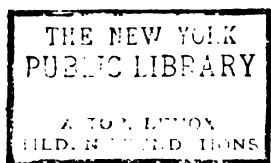
"As Cathcart says in his letters, 'The sovereignty bubble is at an end,' and 'The foolish sovereignty farce is over.'

"It must not be forgotten that as long as the Free State was English territory it included the tract of country now known as Kimberley and the diamond fields, that English mortgages under the Orange Free State Sovereignty had been issued for the ground in question as belonging to the Sovereignty, and that the tract of country formed part of the jurisdiction of a Sovereignty magistrate, and that therefore this, at the retrocession of the Free State, formed part of that territory.

"The convention between England and the Free State was not fifteen years old before it was broken by the English. Though they had solemnly undertaken not to interfere in native affairs north of the Groot River, yet, when the Basutos had murdered and robbed the Free Staters, ravished their women and committed innumerable acts of violence, and the Free Staters had succeeded, after three years of warfare, in severely chastising them, the English interfered in favor of the Basutos



HOWITZER IN THE BOER PORT.



in 1869. In the Aliwal convention, however, they again promised not to interfere.

"The ink of this treaty was scarcely dry before diamonds were discovered in that part of the Free State between the Groot and Vaal Rivers, to which reference has already been made. Instead of frankly confessing that it (the British government) was the strongest, and therefore demanded the ground in which the richest diamond mine in the world was situated, the hypocritical allegation was resorted to, that the true cause for the seizure of this ground from the Free State was that it belonged to a native, notwithstanding the fact that this assertion was proved and adjudged to be false, even in the English law courts.

"There was an idea, says Froude, that the richest diamond mine in the world should not be lost to the British Empire. The ground was taken from the Boer, 'and since then the Boer in South Africa can rely on English promises less than ever before.' This business, Froude, who died before the Jameson invasion, calls 'perhaps the most discreditable page in British colonial history.'

"Afterward, when Brand went to England, the government pleaded guilty and paid a paltry ninety thousand pounds as compensation for seizing the richest diamond fields in the world, where almost daily diamonds in greater value than this sum are dug up. But in spite of the Free State convention, in spite of the repeated promises in the Aliwal convention, the Free State had yet to suffer a third scandalous breach of the convention from England. Tens of thousands of guns were imported through the colony to Kimberley, and there sold to the Kaffirs, who surrounded and threatened the two Dutch republics. General Sir Arthur Conynghame, the English com-

mander in South Africa, says that under his rule four hundred thousand guns were in this way sold to the Kaffirs. Protests from the Transvaal and Free State were of no avail, and when the Free State made use of its rights and stopped wagons loaded with guns on the way to the Free State, it was moreover forced to give compensation to the British government.

“ ‘The Free State,’ says the English historian Froude, ‘paid the compensation under protest with an old fashioned appeal to the God of righteousness, whom, strange to say, they considered a reality.’

“The history of the following decades was to give even greater point to this sarcasm.”

At this point the Secretary controlled his emotions with great difficulty, for he had once been honored with the highest office in the gift of the Boers of the Orange Free State, and his love for them and their republic was exceedingly strong.

Three of his stalwart sons, one but sixteen years of age, were then fighting on the Modder River as members of a Free State commando. In response to my request to give me some facts as to the early settlement of the Transvaal or South African Republic, he said:

“The Boers first found the Transvaal overrun with the warriors of Moselikatze (the Matabele king, father of Lobengula).

“When he heard of the approaching emigrant Boers he sent an impi to extirpate them. They murdered a few whites who had wandered away from the rest, but were defeated at Vechtkop by a small laager under Sarel Celliers, where the Boer women also distinguished themselves by deeds of heroism.

“Shortly afterwards the emigrant Boers crossed the Vaal river and, after two battles, succeeded in driving Moselikatze

and his barbarians across the Limpopo River into Matabeleland. After the annexation of Natal Andries Pretorius had also come to the Transvaal and lived there peacefully as Commandant-General, notwithstanding the price placed on his head by Sir Harry Smith. The British Resident in the Free State, which then still belonged to England, had however to confess to the English Governor that the fate of the Free State was in the hands of this same Pretorius, to whose influence it was due that Moshesh had not extirpated the British soldiers. It had been determined in England, as Froude says, to leave the Afrikanders and Kaffirs in peace beyond the borders in the hope that the Kaffirs would exterminate the Afrikanders.

“ The colonial office was therefore glad, says the English Member of Parliament, Molesworth, when the Governor, in 1851, received a letter from Andries Pretorius, Commandant-General of the Transvaal Boers, in which he offered in the name of his people to enter into negotiations with the British government with the object of forming a treaty of peace and friendship. The price on his head was at once cancelled, and when Harry Smith had been recalled in dishonor, Governor Cathcart was sent out by Earl Grey to recognize the independence of the Boers. The Aberdeen ministry, which immediately followed, declared through its spokesman in the English House of Commons: ‘ They regretted that they had ever crossed the Great Orange River. Lord Grey had done this for the sake of Sir Harry Smith, though the latter knew better and had also a different opinion, as the Boers were opposed to British rule.’ This policy was confirmed by the almost unanimous voice of the British House of Commons.

“ Thereupon the proposal of Pretorius was accepted and the two assistant high commissioners, Hogge and Owen, sent out

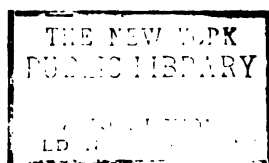
with Governor Cathcart, held a conference with the delegates of the Boers at Sand River in the Free State, which resulted in the signing of the Sand River convention by both parties. In this convention, as later in the Free State convention, the Transvaal Boers were secured in fullest measure against interference or intervention on the part of England, either with them or with the natives north of the Great River, while both sides bound themselves not to provide these natives with arms or ammunition. The British commissioners reported that the acknowledgment of the independence of the Transvaal Boers had several advantages, as it would secure their friendship, prevent their alliance with Moshesh, and guarantee that no slavery should exist and that criminals should be extradited.

"On May 13th, 1852, Sir George Cathcart, the Governor, in a proclamation expressed his satisfaction that one of the first acts of his administration was the approval of this Sand River convention. In June, 1852, the British colonial secretary also approved of the convention.

"But England's word could not be relied on even in a convention solemnly approved and signed by her. When the diamonds were discovered in the Free State, scarcely seventeen years after the signing of this convention, England claimed part of the Transvaal territory adjacent to that taken from the Free State. It was decided to have recourse to arbitration. The arbitrators differed and the umpire, Governor Keate of Natal, gave his award against the Transvaal. It then appeared that the British arbitrator had purchased 12,000 morgen from the Kaffir chief Waterboer for a mere song and that Governor Keate had already received Waterboer as a British subject, in direct opposition to the convention. Even Dr. Moffat, who



FUNERAL OF GENERAL KOCH—THE FLOWER-LADEN CASKET.



was no friend of the Boers, protested against this in a letter to the London Times, because the territory in question had always belonged to the Transvaal.

“ But this was only one of the breaches of the convention. When the four hundred thousand guns were sold to Kaffirs at Kimberley, according to the account of Conynghame and Moodie, the Transvaal government protested strongly in 1872 to the Cape High Commissioner, but they had to content themselves with an impudent answer from Sir Henry Barkly.

“ And to crown all the deeds of infamy committed by England, Shepstone, on April 12, 1877, annexed the Transvaal. Lord Carnarvon, to complete his South African confederation policy, sent Sir Bartle Frere as Governor to Cape Town. He also sent Shepstone to the Transvaal to annex the country, provided the consent of the Volksraad or of the majority of the inhabitants was obtained. The Volksraad protested against the annexation. The President protested. Out of a possible population of eight thousand burghers, six thousand and eight hundred protested, but all in vain.

“ Bishop Colenso declared that ‘ the sly, underhand way in which the Transvaal has been annexed appears to me to be unworthy of the English name.’

“ The Free State expressed her heartfelt regret at the annexation.

“ Even Gladstone expressed his sorrow and acknowledged that in the Transvaal England was placed in the position of the free subjects of a kingdom coercing the free subjects of a republic to accept a citizenship to which they were averse.

“ But everything was of no avail.

“ Sir Garnet Wolseley declared: ‘ As long as the sun shines the Transvaal will remain British territory,’ and again ‘ that the

Vaal River would sooner return to its source over the Drakensbergen than England would give up the Transvaal.'

"Shepstone's principal reasons for the annexation were that the Transvaal could not conquer Secucuni and that the Zulu nation threatened to overwhelm the Transvaal. As regards Secucuni he had a little earlier prayed for peace and had been made to pay a fine of two thousand head of cattle by the republic. As regards the Zulu nation the menacing danger had never been felt by the Republic. Four hundred burghers had broken the Zulu power in 1838 and crowned Panda, the father of Ceteywayo, in 1840. Sir Bartle Frere, in a letter to Sir Robert Herbert on January 12th, 1879, admits that it had appeared strange to him that the Zulus had so long left Natal unmolested, until he found that the Zulus had been time after time completely crushed by the Boers in the time of Dingaan. Shortly before the annexation a small patrol of Transvaal burghers had pursued the paramount chief Umbeline into the heart of Zululand. But Colenso shows what a treacherous stalkinghorse the Zulu trouble was. There was a dispute lasting several years between the Transvaal and the Zulus concerning a strip of land on the border which had been in possession of the Boers and had been inhabited by them since 1869. Before the annexation, when Shepstone was still in Natal, the matter had been referred to him and he had given his verdict in favor of the Zulus and against the Boers. There could thus be no reason for a Zulu attack upon the Transvaal. But Shepstone was scarcely ruler in the Transvaal before he proclaimed it British territory, and he then found that the evidence in favor of the contention of the Boers was so strong that the Zulus had no claim to the land in question. The Governor of Natal, Bulwer, appointed a border commission who decided in favor of the

Zulus, but Shepstone was furious against this award and Sir Bartle Frere and the High Commissioner followed him blindly. In consequence of this, England sent an ultimatum to the Zulus, and the Zulu war followed, which has done incalculable harm to the English name in South Africa among the natives.

“We thus see that Shepstone’s two principal motives were without foundation.

“It was, of course, difficult for the Secretary of State to abide by his instructions, ‘to annex, if the majority of the people were in favor of such a measure,’ in face of the fact that six thousand eight hundred out of the eight thousand burghers had protested against it; but without any semblance of reason both Shepstone and Carnarvon declared that the signatures to the protesting petition had been obtained by intimidation. The case was, however, exactly the reverse. When the meeting was held at Pretoria to sign the petition, Shepstone had the cannons directed at the assembled multitude. And not content with this, he published a proclamation warning and threatening those who should sign the petition.

“When it was pointed out what a gross violation of the Sand River convention the annexation was, Sir Bartle Frere said in 1870 that if we wished to go back to the Sand River convention we might as well go back to the creation!

“It must also not be forgotten that the ground which according to the Keate verdict in 1870 fell outside the republic was now incorporated with the Transvaal as belonging to the Transvaal.

“There were also other things which had been wrong under the republican rule of the Transvaal, but which were perfectly right under the British rule. In the Secucuni war against the republic the British High Commissioner had protested against

the use by the republic of Swazies and volunteers against Secucuni's people. Under British rule the war was continued first with troops, but when they were beaten by the Kaffirs an army of Swazies and volunteers was levied. How great the number of Swazies thus employed must have been can be judged from the fact that five hundred Swazies were killed. The atrocities committed by the Swazie allies of the English at this time were horrible.

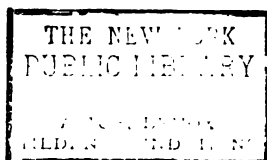
“Colenso, who had the opportunity for judging, in dealing with the consequences of the annexation of the republic, says: ‘The Zulu trouble, as well as the war with Secucuni, is the direct result of that unfortunate annexation of the Transvaal, which would have met us half way if we had not taken possession of the land as a lot of freebooters, partly by trickery and partly by bullying.’ And in another place: ‘And thus we annexed the Transvaal, and that deed brought in its train as its Nemesis the Zulu trouble.’

“That it was always the intention of the British government to make use of the Zulus to crush the Transvaal at the proper moment is evident from a letter written by Sir Bartle Frere, the then High Commissioner, to General Ponsonby, in which he says: ‘It is a fact that when the Boer republic was a rival and a half hostile power, it was a weakness in Natal to pat the Zulus as we pat a tame wolf which only devours our neighbor's sheep. It is true, we always said, “Don't,” but now that both flocks belong to us we feel a bit perplexed when we must check them.’

“And again in a letter to Sir Robert Herbert: ‘The English were well inclined to help the Zulus against the Boers. It was a shock to us to find out how close to the wind the predecessors of the present Natal government had sailed in supporting the



BOERS AND NORDENFELD-MAXIM.



Zulus against the Boers. John Dunn declares that he furnished Zulus with guns with the knowledge of the government. [Thus here was also a breach of the Sand River convention.] It is undoubted that in Natal sympathy was strongly in favor of the Zulus against the Boers, and what is still worse, it is so to-day.'

"Under these circumstances the annexation took place. The English did not scruple to make use of Kaffir allies against the Boers as they had done at Boomplaats. And in every way we tried to bring home to the British nation the gross injustice that was done here, but even the High Commissioner, while he heard the words uttered from our bleeding hearts, wished that he had brought artillery with him to disperse us, and misrepresented and slandered us without ceasing.

"We had hopefully said that our people believed that if the Queen of England and the English nation knew that a people was being oppressed in the Transvaal they would never permit it.

"But now we were forced to say that we could no longer talk to England, as there was no one there who heard us. With confidence in the Almighty God of Right and Justice we girt our loins for a seemingly hopeless struggle, firmly convinced that whether we won or whether we perished, the sun of liberty would rise out of the morning clouds in South Africa. By the omnipotence of God we were victorious, and our liberty again seemed secure for a time.

"At Bronkhorst Spruit, at Langsnek, at Ingogo and at Amajuba God gave us the victory, though in all these battles the British troops were more numerous and better equipped than ourselves. After these victories had added new strength to our arguments, the British government decided, under the leader-

ship of the never-to-be-forgotten Gladstone, to nullify the annexation and reinstate us in the possession of our violated rights.

“A simple minded person would think that the only proper way to effect this retrocession would have been for the British government in future to stick to the terms of the Sand River convention. If the annexation was in itself wrong, and not only because it had been followed by the Boer victories, then it ought to have been abolished with all its consequences and a *restitutio in integrum* of that republic should have taken place; in other words, the Boers should have been placed in the same position they had occupied before the annexation. But what happened? With a magnanimity which the English press and orators never weary of holding before our eyes, they gave back our land, but the violation of the Sand River convention was not nullified. Instead of sovereign liberty, we were allowed internal government with the reservation to Her Majesty of the suzerain power over the republic. This took place in the Pretoria convention, the preamble of which gave self-government to the ‘Transvaal State’ with the distinct reservation of the suzerainty, and the articles of which tried to establish a *modus vivendi* between that self-government and the suzerainty. Under this twofold administration the republic was for three years governed by two heterogeneous principles, that of representative self-government and that represented by the British Resident. This system of course could not work in practice. The settlement of 1881 also does not seem to have been intended as a final one. Above all, the suzerainty was a monstrosity that could not be reconciled with practical reality. With the approval of the British government, therefore, a republican deputation repaired to London in order to get the status of the re-

public altered and to obtain a new convention instead of that of Pretoria. They proposed to return to the position under the Sand River convention, and that would have been the only honest and statesmanlike settlement. The ministry, however, which (according to one of the witnesses on the British side, the Rev. D. P. Faure) stood in unwholesome awe of the British Parliament, refused to accede to this and made a counter proposal, which was eventually accepted by the deputation, and the terms of which are therefore to-day of the greatest importance. That draft law comprised the Pretoria convention with certain alterations which were intended to make it acceptable to the deputation. The preamble in which self-government, with the reservation of the suzerainty, was given to the republic was altogether struck out by Lord Derby, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, and in this way, as a matter of course, the suzerainty also fell away when the draft proposal was eventually accepted. To make it still more tangible that the status of the Transvaal was placed on another basis, the name 'Transvaal State' was altered into 'South African Republic' the name it had borne under the Sand River convention. All the articles in the Pretoria convention which gave the British government any authority to meddle in the internal affairs of this republic were struck out.

"As to foreign affairs a great, one may say a radical, alteration was made. The Pretoria convention stipulated, in Article II., that 'Her Majesty reserved to herself the control of the foreign relations with the said state, including the making of treaties and the regulation of diplomatic and consular agents in foreign parts.' For this was substituted Article IV. of the London convention, which ran as follows:

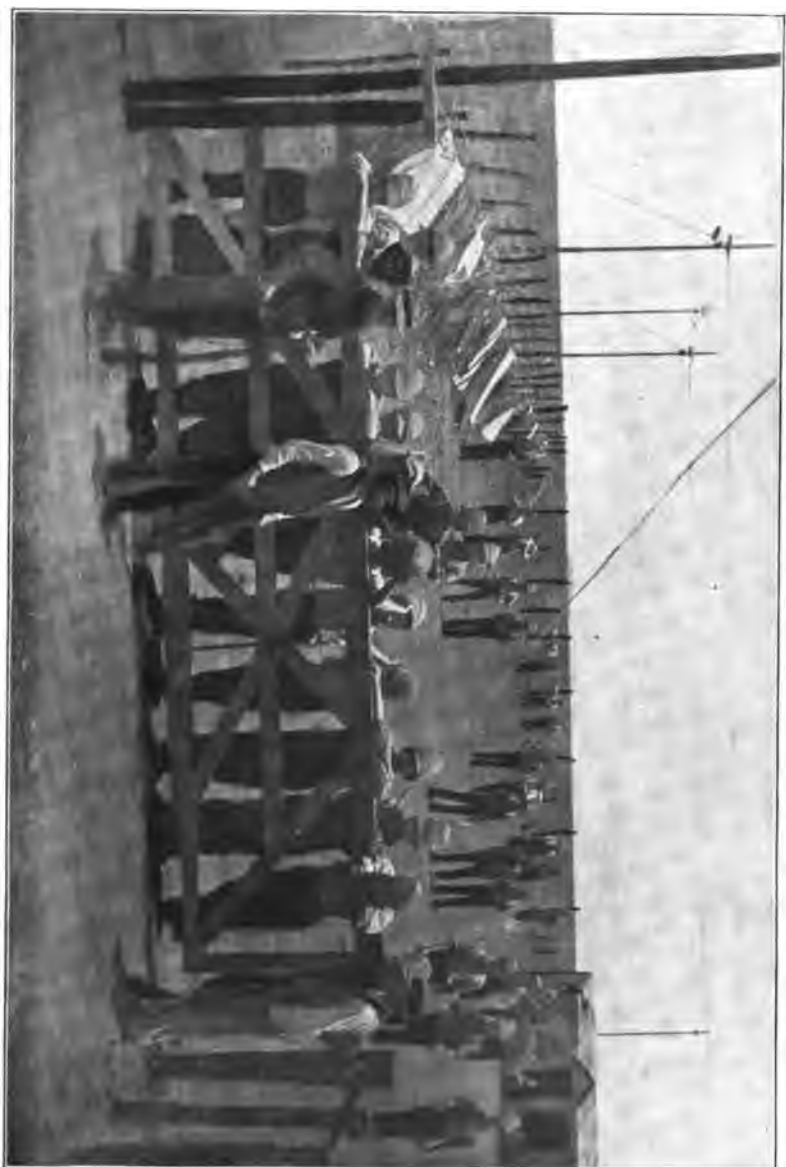
" 'The South African Republic will conclude no treaty or

engagement with any state or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the republic, until the same has been approved by Her Majesty the Queen. Such approval shall be considered to have been granted if Her Majesty's government shall not within six months after receiving the copy of such treaty (which shall be delivered to them immediately on its completion) have notified that the conclusion of such treaty is in conflict with the interests of Great Britain or of any of Her Majesty's possessions in South Africa.'

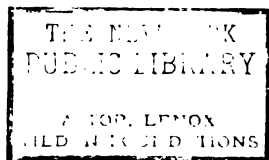
" Thus the right of the British government to control all our foreign relations and to carry on all our diplomatic intercourse by means of our treaties and conventions after they were completed, and then only in the interests of Great Britain or Her Majesty's possessions in South Africa.

" It was this Article IV. which gave the semblance, but only the semblance, of truth to Lord Derby's declaration in the House of Lords that, though he had dropped the 'suzerainty,' its substance remained. It would have been more correct to say that by the disappearance of the suzerainty the South African Republic could no longer be called a half-sovereign state; that it had emerged as a free, independent, sovereign, international state, the only limit to its sovereignty being the one mentioned in Article IV. Sovereignty need not necessarily be absolute. Belgium is certainly a sovereign international state, though it is bound to a position of permanent neutrality. In this category of states, whose sovereignty is definitely limited in this or that respect, but is nevertheless indispensable, the South African Republic also falls."

After this narration of the true facts concerning the laying of the foundation stones of the Boer republics by one who is most



BRITISH PRISONERS IN BARBED WIRE ENCLOSURE.



competent and reliable, it would seem that no fair-minded person could for a moment refrain from sympathizing with the Boers, who love liberty and independence, and who feel that the two little republics are their country, that they have a personal proprietorship in their history, and who are jealous of their rights and want their children and their children's children to be the inheritors of a glorious heritage, bequeathed to them by ancestors whose blood and tears cemented together the stones of these republics.



MR. DAVIS AND ESCORT ASCENDING SPION KOP AFTER BATTLE.

CHAPTER VI.

British charge of incompetence of Boer government and laxity of its administration in gold fields disproven. Does not suffer by comparison with other governments, and compared with its critics shows to advantage. Boers' innate sense of justice and amply-demonstrated capacity for self-government. Untrue that they were cruel toward natives. Spirit of capitalism as incarnate in freebooters of the Cecil Rhodes type alone responsible for difficulties. Ceaseless clash of the two policies in South Africa—that of the Boers, based on liberty and national sentiment, and that of the English, founded on financial interests and imperial jingoism. The suzerainty in dispute. Just and moderate proposals of the Boers for arbitration. Chamberlain's insolent reply. His presumptuous claims and unreasonable demands, notwithstanding treaty stipulations. Lane and impotent pretence for grievance over the so called Lombard, Edgar and Amphitheatre cases.

IT had been frequently alleged by those in sympathy with the British side in the South African struggle that the Boer government was very lax and weak in its administration of the territory in which the gold fields were located, that property and life were very insecure, that the mine owners were compelled to pay exorbitant taxes, that the black natives who worked in the mines were treated in an extremely cruel manner, in fact, that they were treated as slaves. These and many other charges have been made by those who were either absolutely ignorant of the true conditions or wilfully desired to malign and misrepresent the Boer government.

We have all read of the great excitement that has prevailed in all localities when gold has been suddenly discovered. To California, in 1849, when gold was discovered, people flocked

from all corners of the earth, and for a time no government whatsoever seemed to exist. So it was in Australia and in Alaska. In conversation with persons who mined in all these countries we found that every one of them who were in South Africa maintained stoutly that the gold fields of the Witwatersrand, in the Transvaal, were the best administered mining territory in the world.

But it is exceedingly poor taste on the part of the Britishers to censure the Boer government, when it is a well known fact that the diamond fields of Griqualand West, which were directly administered by the British government, were one continuous scene of crime and anarchy. With the discovery of gold in the Transvaal, the people of that republic entered upon a new stage of its history.

From a condition of great poverty the South African Republic was to become in a few years a rich and prosperous state, and a land in every respect adapted to rouse the avarice of the capitalist and speculator. In a few years the South African Republic occupied the first place in the ranks of the gold-producing countries of the world. The barren veldt of the past was covered with large cities, inhabited by a speculating and industrial population collected from all the corners of the earth. The Boers, who had hitherto been shepherds and hunters, were now called upon to take upon themselves one of the most difficult tasks in the world, namely, the administration of government of the great mining population which had suddenly risen among them under the most unusual circumstances. And how have they fulfilled this task? Olive Shreiner, who, in her brilliant pamphlet recently published gives evidence of a deeper insight into the true state of affairs in South Africa than any other writer on South Africa, says about this:

“ ‘ We put it to all generous and just spirits, whether of statesmen or thinkers, whether the little republic does not deserve our sympathy, the sympathy which wise minds give to all who have to deal with new and complex problems, where the past experience of humanity has not marked out a path—and whether, if we touch the subject at all, it is not necessary that it should be in that large, impartial, truth-seeking spirit in which humanity demands we should approach all great social difficulties and questions? ’

“ We put it further to such intelligent minds as have impartially watched the action and endeavors of the little republic in dealing with its great problems, whether, when all the many sides and complex conditions are considered, it has not manfully and wonderfully endeavored to solve them? It is sometimes said that when one stands looking down from the edge of this hill at the great mining camp of Johannesburg stretching beneath, with its heaps of white sand and debris mountain high, its mining chimneys belching forth smoke, with its 70,000 Kaffirs, with its 80,000 men and women, white or colored, of all nationalities, gathered here in the space of a few years, on the spot where fifteen years ago the Boer's son guided his sheep to the water and the Boer's wife sat alone at evening at the house door to watch the sunset, we are looking upon one of the most wonderful spectacles on earth. And it is wonderful; but, as we look at it, the thought always arises within us of something more wonderful yet—the marvelous manner in which a little nation of simple folk, living in peace in the land they loved, far from the rush of cities and the concourse of men, have risen to the difficulties of their condition; how they, without instruction in statecraft, or traditionary rules of policy, have risen to face their great difficulties, and have sincerely



HOLLANDER CORPS AT PRETORIA.

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endeavored to meet them in a large spirit, and have largely succeeded. Nothing but that curious and wonderful instinct for statecraft and the organization and arrangement of new social conditions which seem inherent as a gift of the blood to all those peoples who took their rise in the little deltas on the northeast of the continent of Europe, where the English and Dutch peoples alike took their rise, could have made it possible. We do not say that the Transvaal Republic has among its guides and rulers a Solon or a Lycurgus; but it has to-day among the men guiding its destiny, men of brave and earnest spirit who are seeking manfully and profoundly to deal with the great problems before them in a wide spirit of humanity and justice. And we do again repeat that the strong sympathy of all earnest and thoughtful minds, not only in Africa, but in England, should be with them."

All who have investigated the matter declare that the taxes in the gold fields of South Africa are less than in the gold fields of any other country in the world.

The charge that the black natives were cruelly treated by the Boers was absolutely without foundation. They were treated just like any member of the family. They were well fed and were paid a reasonable wage for their labor. If any of them were treated cruelly it must be that that treatment was received at the hands of British agents, for Britishers were operating the mines entirely. British capital and British agents were in entire control and employed all labor, hence the British were responsible for the treatment of all black natives who labored in their mines.

Desiring to know the facts from the Boer standpoint as to the exact conditions prevailing in the gold fields that gave rise to the bitter controversy concerning them, I took occasion to

ask Secretary Reitz to give me a correct statement on this very important matter. He said that the whole question had already been discussed quite fully in a pamphlet recently published entitled "A Century of Wrong," and with which he had something to do, but that he would gladly set forth the real facts again, which he proceeded to do as follows:

"The natural inequality of mankind finds expression in the different kinds of influence which one man can possess and exert over another; this influence may be religious, moral, political or purely material. This last (material) sort of influence usually takes the form of money—the monetary nexus as an English writer has expressed it. An unusual collection of this kind of influence leads to so-called capitalism, just as an unusual collection of political influence leads to tyranny and an unusual collection of religious influence to hierarchical despotism. This capitalism threatens to become as dangerous to mankind in our time as the political tyranny of the old Eastern world and the religious tyranny of the middle ages were in their respective times.

"In a country full of rich mines, as in South Africa, capitalism has as a matter of course a great natural function to fulfil. Unfortunately it has from the very commencement tried to exceed its natural limits, to obtain political influence and in this way to make all other forms of power and influence subservient to its designs.

"The spirit of South African capitalism has its incarnation in Mr. C. J. Rhodes, who succeeded in bringing about the amalgamation of the thousand and one conflicting interests of the diamond fields into one large corporation, of which he was himself the head. Though he had perhaps no unusual natural genius for politics, yet he was irresistibly drawn in that

direction, and by means of his financial influence, in addition to a double share of the elasticity of conscience common to his class, he succeeded in obtaining for himself the post of Prime Minister of the Cape Colony and the support of the Afrikaner party in all its power and solidarity. The Afrikanders of the Cape Colony believed in him, because they were fully convinced of the great necessity of the co-operation and fusion of the white races in South Africa, and he, a loyal Englishman, possessing the fullest confidence of the colonial Afrikanders, seemed to them the very person to realize their ideal.

“A thoughtful spectator of this brotherhood of Afrikanerdom and capitalism could have foretold that a breach would occur sooner or later. For Afrikaner policy is based on a deeply rooted and truly national sentiment, on a pure political conviction, which could never become subservient to financial interests.

“On the other side was the so-called jingoism—a form of party politics without any solid or real faith, which busies itself in using big words and playing with high-sounding ideas and principles, a policy which always appeals to motives of self-interest, of illegal annexation of what belongs to others, a policy which springs from that spirit of brag so deeply rooted in human nature—a policy, in fact, in direct conflict with the true spirit of religion, with the æsthetic sentiment of mankind and with the sentiments of humility and moderation which form the natural basis of all morality.

“Here then was an opportunity for establishing a lasting alliance, between capitalism with its tremendous material influence, but without any exalted ideas or principles, on the one side and jingoism, poor, empty, soulless, but with a rich store of high-flown ideas and principles and selfish inclinations, on the

other side. The one was just suited to supplement the other, and thereby enter into a natural alliance, which is now becoming a menace throughout the world to the greatest and most lasting interests of mankind. That capitalistic jingoism is the tree from which poor South Africa is at present plucking such bitter fruit.

“Mr. Rhodes, with that treacherous duplicity which is the abiding characteristic of British policy in South Africa, worked openly in the fullest sympathy with the Colonial Afrikanders, while in secret he was plotting with jingoism against the Afrikanders and the South African republics. In the Cape Colony he had the Afrikanders in his power. He would now try to obtain the same influence—not so much for himself personally as for capitalism, with which his own interests were identified—in the South African Republic with its rich gold mines. If he succeeded in doing this, he would have gained his personal object, and capital would be crowned absolute despot of South Africa.

“With his eye fixed on this purpose, he and other capitalists began to set on foot a political agitation against the republic in Johannesburg in 1892. In a place like Johannesburg, where much liquor is consumed, where minds are always in a state of excitement, on account of the high altitude and the rush of business, and where there is just that measure of real grievances calculated to give the semblance of truth to imaginary grievances, it was easy enough to bring about a political fermentation in a very short time by the lavish use of money.

“Such was the beginning of the National Union movement, which began in Johannesburg in 1892, and whose followers almost exclusively consisted of creatures and instruments of the capitalists and a small number of honest blockheads and en-



BOERS SHIPPING HORSES TO THE FRONT.

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thusiasts who, of course, do not think deep enough to penetrate the purpose and tendency of such movements and are generally found on the wrong side. The capitalists certainly kept themselves altogether in the background so that the movement might appear to be a popular one. The capitalists of Johannesburg, however, were too theatrical, and their thirst for notoriety was too great to be suppressed forever. And thus it came about that in the course of a few years they took their natural place at the head of the opera-bouffe agitation.

"They commenced by undermining the Boer policy through the lowest and dirtiest means, so that they might in this way obtain control of all the legislative and administrative power in reference to the mines. They had persuaded themselves and the world that the Boers were a corrupt lot and they therefore at once resorted to bribery to effect their object.

"Thus Lionel Phillips wrote to Beit in London, on June 10, 1894:

" 'I don't, of course, want to meddle in politics, and as to the franchise, do not think many people care a fig about it.'

"And again, on the 16th of June, 1894:

" 'I may here say that, as you, of course, know, I have no desire for political rights, and believe as a whole the community is not ambitious in this respect. . . .

" 'The bewaarplaatsen question will, I think, be settled in our favor, but at a cost of twenty-five thousand pounds. . . .

" 'It is proposed to spend a good deal of money in order to secure a better Raad, but it must be remembered that the spending of money on elections has by recent legislation been made a criminal offence, and the matter will have to be carefully handled.'

"And again, on July 15th, 1894:

“ ‘ Our trump card is a fund of ten to fifteen thousand pounds to improve the Raad. Unfortunately the companies have no secret service fund. I must devise a way. We don't want to shell out ourselves.’

“ Here we get a peep behind the curtains and see how already in 1894 the capitalists tried to degrade and to destroy our public life by means which did not even stop at the criminal laws of the land, to say nothing of elementary morality.

“ And have they been successful? Are the people and the Volksraad as corruptible as they thought and as they still wish to persuade the world? Their failure is the best and most convincing answer to this.

“ If bribery on a great scale was not able to secure the triumph of capitalism over society, then there yet remained the other trump card of political jingoism. The High Commissioner was sounded by Mr. Phillips. And what was the answer of Sir Henry Loch, Her Majesty's representative in South Africa? In the same book of secret correspondence we find the following letter, dated July 1st, 1894, to Wernher, another member of the gigantic firm of Wernher, Beit & Co. :

“ ‘ Sir Henry Loch (with whom I had two long private interviews alone) asked me some very pointed questions—such as: What arms we had in Johannesburg, whether the population could hold the place for six days until help could arrive, etc., etc.—and stated plainly that if there had been three thousand rifles and ammunition here, he would certainly have come over,’ and so on in the same strain. Sir Henry Loch has corroborated these assertions by openly boasting of his plans to make an attack on the South African Republic two years later in the House of Lords.

“ And all this happened while he was the guest of our gov-

ernment and was engaged in friendly negotiations concerning the interests of British subjects. To such a low level British policy in South Africa had then already sunk! Within two years, however, a yet deeper abyss was to reveal itself.

“The secret conspiracy of capitalists and jingoes to overthrow the Republic now began to grow rapidly, for just at this critical period Mr. Chamberlain became Secretary of State for the Colonies. In the secret correspondence of the conspirators continual reference is made to the colonial office in Downing street in a way, which, taken in connection with later disclosures and later suppression of the truth, has left the public over the whole world under the impression that the colonial office was cognizant of, if not accessory to, the mean attack on the South African Republic.

“It is not necessary to go into the details of the Jameson invasion. The world has not yet forgotten how the administrator of a British territory, in execution of the purpose of a conspiracy at whose head stood the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, entered the South African Republic with an armed body of troops in order to assist the capitalistic revolution of Johannesburg in overthrowing the Boer government; how that invasion and that revolution were frustrated by the vigilance of the Boers; how Jameson and his band of robbers were handed over to the English government for trial, though the Boers had the power and the right to shoot them down as robbers; how the whole lot of Johannesburg capitalists pleaded guilty to high treason and sedition; how, instead of confiscating all their possessions according to the law, and in this way giving the final blow to capitalism in South Africa, the government of the South African Republic pardoned them (a magnanimity which they repaid three years afterward by setting on foot a still

more dangerous agitation against the republic); how at the instance of the Afrikaner party in the Cape Colony an inquiry was held into the causes of the raid; how that inquiry degenerated into a base attack on the government of the deeply injured South African Republic, and how finally when the truth was at the point of being revealed and the conspiracy traced to its source in the British cabinet, the commission suddenly decided not to publish the compromising documents.

" Here we see to what a depth the grand old traditions of the British constitution had sunk, under the influence of the ever increasing and all-devouring money spirit and in the hands of a sharp-tongued wholesale merchant, who, like Cleon of old, posed as a statesman!

" Treachery and violence had not succeeded in attaining their object, and therefore, as Mr. Rhodes openly boasted before the above mentioned commission of inquiry, ' constitutional means ' would be employed to make capitalistic jingoism master of the situation in South Africa.

" It was, therefore, only to be expected that such a treacherous attack on the republics would thoroughly rouse the colonial Afrikanders and bring new forces into the political arena. To show the character of the feeling roused by the Jameson raid, I wish here to quote a few sentences from an article which appeared a few months after the invasion in *Ons Land*, the organ of the colonial Afrikaner party, an article which undoubtedly expressed the feeling of the Afrikanders:

" ' Has Providence not overruled the painful circumstances of South Africa since the beginning of this year to a higher purpose? Who can doubt this?

" ' The stab which was intended to paralyze Afrikanerdom in the republics once for all has sent an electric shock to the



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national heart. Afrikanderdom has waked up with an earnestness and a consciousness which we had not observed since the glorious War of Independence, in 1881. From the Limpopo to Cape Town the second Majuba has sent a new inspiration into our people and awakened a new movement. Through the whole of South Africa a new feeling has gone throbbing through our people. The faint and enervating imperialism, which was already beginning to make our national blood thin and meagre, is gradually disappearing in the fresh air which is now blowing about our people. Many who had become tired of the slow progress of the national idea and had surrendered themselves to imperialism have become converted and have asked themselves what imperialism has accomplished in South Africa. Bitterness and race hatred, indeed. Since the days of Sir Harry Smith and Theophilus Shepstone and Sir Bartle Frere until the days of Leander Jameson and Cecil Rhodes imperialism in South Africa has been accompanied by a policy of blood and deceit. Whatever the good fruits of imperialism may be elsewhere, in our country its constant tendency in all these years has been to force our national life and national character into foreign grooves, and to consummate that force with blood and tears. . . . Truly, Afrikanderdom over the whole of South Africa finds itself at present at the most critical moment of its existence. Now or never: now or never must the foundation of an all embracing nationalism be laid. The iron is glowing and the hour for striking has come.

“ ‘ The partition wall has disappeared. Let us now stand firmly together. The danger is not yet past; on the contrary, Afrikanderdom has never been more in need of a policy of colonial and republican union. And now that the psychological moment has come, now that our people over the

whole of South Africa have awakened, now that a new flame has been lit in our hearts, let us lay the cornerstone of a truly United South Africa on the foundation of a pure and all-embracing national sentiment.'

"Language like this frightened the jingoes, not because it was disloyal, which it obviously was not, but because it was an indication that the Afrikanders had been awakened, and that this defeat of the jingoes has opened the way for still greater defeats in the future. A policy of annexation of the republics, for instance, would in future have to reckon also with the colonial Afrikanders. For some time the jingoes hoped that under an altered redistribution scheme they would secure the majority in the Cape Parliament. The general election of 1898, however, gave the Afrikaner party a small majority, which was later on increased under a redistribution scheme which the jingo opposition had been strong enough to force on the government.

"Instead of frankly recognizing that this Afrikaner victory was a natural consequence of the Jameson raid, the jingoes, not only in South Africa, but also in England, began to scream that the authority and prestige of England was menaced in South Africa; that, unless a striking display of British power was soon made, South Africa would speedily be lost to England, and that this menace to British authority originated with the republican propaganda which they alleged the South African Republic had begun to spread in South Africa. As long as the South African Republic would not bow before British authority, but with national pride carried its youthful head high, the other parts of South Africa would be tempted to follow this pernicious example, and there was thus no security for British supremacy on this sub-continent. The South African Repub-

lic must be humbled and bent in the dust; thereby the Afrikaners in other parts of South Africa would, as a matter of course, relinquish their alleged hope of a greater republican South Africa.

“But how could this humiliation be brought about? And how could it be brought about through those ‘constitutional means’ which the failure of the Jameson conspiracy had made necessary?

“The new Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa knew well enough how to devise ‘constitutional means’ for humiliating the South African Republic.

“For was there not the burning question over the suzerainty, to which the South African Republic itself had given rise, and in the following manner?

“After the Jameson raid, and with a view to removing some of its causes, the Legislature of the South African Republic had passed certain laws—as, for instance, a law for the expulsion of dangerous persons, a law whereby persons without means, or suffering from diseases, could be prevented from entering the country—which the British government considered to be a breach of Article XIV. of the London convention. Article IV. of the London convention was similarly alleged to have been broken by the conclusion of several extradition and other treaties with foreign powers. On May 7, 1897, the government of the South African Republic replied to these charges in a very important despatch which, after fully setting forth the reasons which induced that government to differ from Her Majesty’s government, concluded with an appeal to arbitration as the fittest means of deciding the dispute. The words of the government of the South African Republic were as follows:

“ ‘ While the government of the South African Republic respect the views of Her Majesty's government, they nevertheless feel confident of the correctness of their own contentions, and therefore wish to propose to Her Majesty's government the principle of arbitration, with which the first Volksraad of the South African Republic also agrees, in the hope that the proposal will be accepted in the same spirit of conciliation in which it has been made. They feel all the more confidence in making this proposal because the arbitral principle has already been laid down in the London convention, in the only case in which, according to their opinion, a difference could at the time of its completion have been anticipated, namely, with reference to Article I.; because, further, arbitration was proposed by Her Majesty's government and accepted by this government with regard to the dispute under Article XIV. of the convention over the so-called Coolie question which was settled by arbitration; because the Right Honorable Secretary of State for the Colonies favors the same principle in his despatch of September 4th, 1895, to the High Commissioner in Cape Town, in which he says: “ After 1886 as time went on the manner in which this law was interpreted and worked gave rise to complaints on the part of the British government, and as it seemed impossible to come to an agreement by means of correspondence, the Marquis of Ripon took what is the approved course in such a case—of proposing to the South African Republic that the dispute should be referred to arbitration. This was agreed to.’

“ ‘ And, finally, because the arbitral principle in cases like these appears to the government to be the most impartial, just and satisfactory way out of an existing dispute, and because one of the parties to a convention cannot, on any principle of fair-



SOME OF THE SIEGING BOERS NEAR LADYSMITH.

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ness, expect that his interpretation shall be accepted by the other party as the only valid and correct one.

“ ‘ And although this government is fully convinced that a just and impartial decision is perhaps more likely to be obtained in South Africa than elsewhere, yet considering the contradictory elements, interests and aspirations which are to-day asserting themselves in South Africa, and with a view to avoiding even the appearance of wishing to influence a decision favorable to itself, they wish to suggest that the President of the Swiss Republic, who can be considered as standing entirely outside the question and not to be animated by sympathy or antipathy for either party, be invited to appoint a competent jurist as arbitrator, as has often been done in the case of international disputes. This government would have no objection to the arbitrator being subjected to a time limit and wish to give the assurance in advance that they will with the greatest pleasure submit to any decision which might unexpectedly be given against them.

“ ‘ The government repeats the well-meant wish that this proposal may be acceptable to Her Majesty’s government, and, as the allegations of breaches of the convention appear to be believed in South Africa and bring and keep the public mind in a state of tension, this government would be pleased if Her Majesty’s government could come to a speedy decision on this matter.’

“ To this Her Majesty’s government answered that under the convention of 1884, taken in connection with the preamble of the convention of 1881 (which it considered to be still existing), the South African Republic was under Her Majesty’s suzerainty, and that it was inconsistent with that subordinate posi-

tion of the South African Republic to submit to arbitration questions arising between the South African Republic and the suzerain power on the interpretation of the convention of 1884.

“To prevent all misunderstandings as to this amazing answer I repeat the words of the British despatch:

“‘Nineteenth—Finally, the government of the South African Republic propose that all points in dispute between her Majesty’s government and themselves relating to the convention should be referred to arbitration, the arbitrator to be nominated by the President of the Swiss Republic.

“‘Twentieth—In making this proposal the government of the South African Republic appear to have overlooked the distinction between the conventions of 1881 and 1884 and an ordinary treaty between two independent powers, questions arising upon which may properly be the subject of arbitration.

“‘Twenty-first—By the Pretoria convention of 1881 Her Majesty, as sovereign of the Transvaal territory, accorded to the inhabitants of that territory complete self-government subject to the suzerainty of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, upon certain terms and conditions, subject to certain reservations and limitations set forth in thirty-three articles, and by the London convention of 1884. Her Majesty, while maintaining the preamble of the earlier instrument, directed and declared that certain other articles embodied therein should be substituted for the articles embodied in the convention of 1881. The articles of the convention of 1881 were accepted by the Volksraad of the Transvaal State, and those of the convention of 1884 by the Volksraad of the South African Republic.

“‘Under these conditions, therefore, Her Majesty holds toward the South African Republic the relation of a suzerain who has accorded to the people of that republic self-govern-

ment upon certain conditions, and it would be incompatible with that position to submit to arbitration the construction of the conditions on which she accorded self-government to the republic.'

"In its famous reply of April 16th, 1898, the Government of the South African Republic proved irrefutably that the preamble of the convention of 1881 had disappeared, that Lord Derby had himself substituted a draft convention in which the preamble of 1881 was struck out, and that by the final acceptance of that proposal the suzerainty had for good ceased to exist. Now that there was therefore no suzerain relation, for this as well as for other reasons, between the two countries, and the objection to arbitrate over mutual differences had disappeared, the South African Republic repeated its request to the British government for arbitration on mutual differences.

"But that was, of course, just what Mr. Chamberlain did not want. He objected to arbitration because it would probably lead to the defeat of the British and not of the republican government; for, as we have already shown, the suzerainty question had been expressly brought forward by him for the purpose of being used as a 'constitutional means' to humble the South African Republic. In his answer to the arguments of the South African Republic, Mr. Chamberlain could thus only persist in his assertion of suzerainty, though he made no attempt to refute the argument concerning Lord Derby's striking out of the preamble of the Pretoria convention. It was clearly his opinion that Lord Derby had sacrificed this suzerainty by his stupidity and thoughtlessness in 1884, even as Lord Grey had let the South African Republic go in 1852, and therefore it was now necessary for him, by a great show of power and immovable determination, like Shepstone in 1877, to attempt to

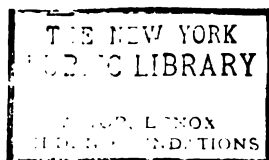
bluff the republic in order not to be deprived of this eminent 'constitutional means.'

" His assertion in this despatch that both the suzerainty of Her Majesty and the right of the South African Republic to self-government depended on the preamble of the Pretoria convention, and that, if the preamble had disappeared, our right to self-government had likewise disappeared, was clearly also intended to bully the government of the South African Republic; but in other respects, it was quite correct. Therefore the government of the South African Republic replied that they no longer claimed the right to self-government under that preamble nor by the convention of 1884 (since that said nothing about self-government), but simply by their right as a sovereign international state. In other words, according to their contention, it was a necessary implication of the convention of 1884 that the South African Republic was a sovereign state and should derive its right from that source, that it was therefore considered unnecessary to say anything concerning its rights in the convention of 1884. In that answer, which is not only judicially and historically correct, but is moreover based on simple common sense, our High Commissioner was clever enough to find a 'defiance' to Her Majesty's government, though even in that answer the government of the South African Republic submitted to the London convention, as they had done hundreds of times before this.

" This is the whole history of the suzerainty dispute between the two governments. The South African Republic had asked for arbitration in certain disputes, and England, with Chamberlain acting as spokesman, refused because a sovereign power cannot be expected to settle disputes with her vassal by arbitration, and because, according to the new principles screwed into



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international law at Birmingham, she must be judge in her own dispute with others. The position occupied by the South African Republic in this remarkable correspondence is supported by the actions of Lord Derby at the time of the negotiations concerning the conventions, and also later in a cablegram in which he summarized the contents of this convention to the High Commissioner for the information of the two republics, which were as follows:

“ ‘ High Commissioner, Cape Town, to British Resident, Pretoria:

“ ‘ Twenty-eighth—Please inform Transvaal government that I have received the following from the Secretary of State: Begins, February 27th. Convention signed to-day. New South Western Boundary as proposed, following Trade road. British Protectorate country outside Transvaal established with delegates’ consent. They promise to appoint Border Commissioner inside Transvaal co-operate with ours outside, Mackenzie British Resident. Debt reduced to quarter million. Same complete internal independence in Transvaal as in Orange Free State. Conduct and control diplomatic intercourse foreign government conceded. Queen’s final approval treaties reserved. Delegates appear well satisfied and cordial feeling between two governments. You may make the above known.’

“ This contention is further also confirmed by the positive declarations of Lord Rosmead and the Rev. D. P. Faure, that it was distinctly understood when the London convention was made that suzerainty had disappeared, to say nothing of the evidence of the Transvaal deputation.

“ While the two governments were engaged with this ques-

tion, the capitalists of course were also busy keeping their fire burning. Rhodesia was not only an unexpected failure, but was in short richer in Kaffir wars than in paying mines. The capitalistic groups which had the greatest interest in the Witwatersrand were also most interested in Rhodesia, and it very naturally seemed advisable to them that their Transvaal mines should be responsible for the obligations of their undertakings in Rhodesia—a settlement which could, however, only be carried out by a political fusion of the two countries.

“To accomplish this object a constant agitation had to be kept up in Johannesburg, so that the English shareholders living at a distance might be prepared for the day on which the annexation of the Transvaal by ‘constitutional means’ was to take place.

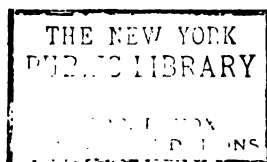
“The argument that was calculated to find easy credence among these European shareholders was that on account of the maladministration of the South African Republic a state of affairs existed on the gold fields which was very detrimental to the financial interests of the mining industry; in other words, considered from this point of view, the so-called ‘Uitlander grievances’ were an inexhaustibly rich and paying mine.

“This agitation emanated, at first, directly from the capitalists and became in the course of 1897 so serious that the government resolved to appoint a commission of officials and mining magnates in order to institute a searching investigation into the alleged financial grievances. As regards the government, the principal findings of the commission were as follows:

“First, that the price of dynamite (85 shillings per case of 50 pounds) under the existing concession was too high and that



TUGELA RIVER BRIDGE.



a reduction was desirable, either by means of cancelling the concession or by testing the validity thereof in a court of law.

"Second, that the tariffs of the Netherlands South African Railway Company for the conveyance of coal and other articles were too high, and that it was also desirable to expropriate the company.

"Third, that the customs dues on necessities of life were too high and that in consequence the workingman's expense of living at Johannesburg was too high.

"Fourth, that strict measures ought to be adopted to prevent the theft of gold, and that the law on total prohibition of sale of liquor to native laborers had to be applied much more stringently, and that it was also necessary to apply the pass law (whereby native labor is controlled) more carefully.

"Fifth, with a view to carrying out the recommendations in four the commission suggested that an advisory board be appointed for the Witwatersrand, to advise the government with regard to the application of the laws in question.

"In how far have these recommendations been carried out?

"First, as regards dynamite it appeared that the existing concession could not with any measure of success be challenged in a court of law, and neither government nor Volksraad was willing to cancel, without consent of the contracting party, a contract solemnly entered into and under which enormous sums of money had been spent. The mining industry, as a matter of course, worked heart and soul for the cancellation, even without adequate compensation, but the public did not yet know, what has leaked out within the last few months, that the De Beers Corporation had itself formed the intention of erecting dynamite factories in South Africa, and that the agitation of the capitalists on this point was simply intended to obtain

for themselves the control of this important source of income. Of Mr. Chamberlain's interest in the well known ammunition and explosive firm of Kynoch, the public are very well aware, although one hesitates to assume that the South African policy of the Secretary of State for Colonies is influenced by considerations of a private financial nature.

"Both government and Legislature of the South African Republic have adopted the wiser course of lessening the price of dynamite to such an extent that it is at present about equal to European market price increased by a protective tariff of twenty shillings per case.

"Here it may be noted that Mr. Chamberlain, knowing how unpopular the dynamite concession is in the South African Republic, has not hesitated to inform the government of the republic in a menacing tone that the concession is in conflict with the London convention.

"The answer of this government was so crushing that this circumstance, in addition to the fact, which only became known later, that some of the most important English and European jurists had given it as their opinion that the concession was in no way in conflict with the convention, has prevented Mr. Chamberlain from returning to the subject. I mention this matter to show how every trifle is resorted to in order to discover a ground for humiliating the South African Republic.

"Second, as regards the Netherlands South African Railway Company, the capitalists seem to have changed their opinion since the time of the industrial concession, and now think that the administration of the company is as reasonable as can be expected, and that expropriation has thus become unnecessary. Perhaps, too, they think that, from their point of view, it would be better that they themselves should buy the shares,

and that thus the mining industry instead of the government should become masters of that source of income.

"As regards the railway tariffs these have been so far lowered in accordance with the recommendation of the Industrial Commission that no complaints are any longer made, and therefore we come to the conclusion that all cause for complaints has disappeared.

"The lowering of these rates in addition to the removal of customs duties from almost all necessities of life has brought about a change of about seven hundred thousand pounds in the state revenues of the last year, an enormous sum compared with the total of the state revenues in the South African Republic.

"This is a proof of how eager the government of the South African Republic is to remove grievances as soon as they are clearly convinced that they really exist.

"Third, as regards the administration of the liquor law, pass law and gold theft law, neither the government nor the Legislature has felt at liberty to recommend the formation of an advisory board on the Witwatersrand. They have penetrated deeper to the root of the evil, and have made such changes in the administration of the laws that no signs of dissatisfaction are any longer apparent. On the contrary, we no longer hear of gold thefts, and the representatives of the mining industry have repeatedly expressed their satisfaction with the administration of the pass law, and more especially the liquor law.

"In this liquor law we have a proof of a good administration. The nature of the liquor law is such that it is one of the most difficult laws that a government can ever be called upon to carry out, and the measure of success attained by this government and its officials has proved irrefutably that the

accusations of incompetent administration so often brought against the government of the South African Republic are devoid of all truth, and are only intended to calumniate and injure it. Thus, for instance, a combined meeting of the Chamber of Mines, the Chamber of Commerce and the Mine Managers' Association, the three most powerful and most representative bodies on the Witwatersrand gold fields, passed the following two resolutions on August 17th last, which were:

"First, 'This combined meeting, representing the Chamber of Mines, Chamber of Commerce and the Mine Managers' Association, again records its decided approval of the liquor law as it now stands, and is of opinion that prohibition is not only salutary for the natives in their own interests, but absolutely essential to the mining industry for the conservation of its labor.'

"Second, 'This meeting hereby places on record its appreciation of the efforts to put down the illicit liquor traffic, which has been made by the detective department of this state since that department was placed under the control of the State Attorney, and is of the opinion that the success which has thus far attended those efforts amply disproves the contention that the liquor law is unworkable.'

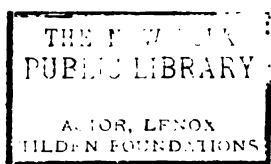
"The first motion was carried by an overwhelming majority, and the second unanimously.

"Compare this declaration of the representatives of the mining and commercial interests of the Witwatersrand with the assertion repeated by Mr. Chamberlain in his great grievances-despatch of May 15th last: 'Stringent application of the liquor law has not yet taken place and the law is simply evaded and liquor sold to the natives on the mines in unlimited quantities.'

"When Mr. Chamberlain wrote these words they were abso-



A FREE STATE COMMANDO AT LADYSMITH.



lutely untrue, but almost all of his grievances are of this imaginary stamp.

"The result has thus fully shown that the government was correct in its opinion that it was better to change the administration of laws about which complaints were made than to introduce a principle of which no one was able to predict the consequences and final results.

"The agitation in connection with the report of the Industrial Commission was followed by a great calm. If it were not that the Swazieland trouble gave cause for suspicion, we might readily have thought that there was no cloud on the horizon. The two governments were seemingly on very good and friendly terms, and some of us had already begun to think that the period of brotherly co-operation between the two white races in South Africa had finally dawned, and that the cursed Raid and all its consequences of race hatred and discord were at an end. Certain circumstances, however, indicated that the calm was not peace, but that on the contrary the enemy was engaged in making a final attempt to bring affairs to a crisis.

"The South African League, a political organization, which originated in the race hatred to which the Jameson raid had given birth, and at whose head, to place the capitalistic connection in its truest light, Mr. Rhodes himself stands, began to agitate against the government in an unheard of manner toward the end of last year. The Executive Committee for Johannesburg was such that at first no notice was taken of his movement. The chairman was a prizefighter, the secretary a former socialistic demagogue from London, etc., etc. It soon became evident, however, that the movement was not alone aided by the capitalists and strongly supported by the mines, but was also in a mysterious way connected with London and

Cape Town, a connection which the events of the last months have made still clearer. Meetings were called, petitions full of grievances drawn up and sent to Her Majesty, and propaganda made in the press, which all went to prove that a well organized campaign was set on foot against the republic.

“ As the government of the South African Republic has, in an official despatch, set forth the tendency of the agitation and the connection of the British government therewith, I wish to repeat their weighty words :

“ ‘ But this government wishes to go further. Even as regards those Uitlanders who are British subjects, they are a small minority who, under the pretext of imaginary grievances, have continued secret propaganda of race hatred and used this republic as a basis to set on foot a revolutionary movement against this government. Concerning this minority, ministers of Her Majesty have so forcibly set forth the true state of the case that this government, whose only object is to set things in their true light before Her Majesty's government and the world, and not to make groundless accusations, here wishes to repeat the words of these ministers—ministers of the Cape Colony, well acquainted with local circumstances and capable of judging :

“ ‘ ‘ In the opinion of ministers, the persistent action, both beyond and within this colony, of the political body styling itself the South African League, in endeavoring to foment and excite, not to soothe and allay, ill will between the two principal European races inhabiting South Africa, is well illustrated by these resolutions, the exaggerated and aggravated terms of which disclose the spirit which informs and inspires them.

“ ‘ ‘ His Excellency's ministers are one in their earnest desire

to do all in their power to aid and further a policy of peaceful progress throughout South Africa, and they cannot but regard it as an unwise propaganda, hostile to the true interests of the empire, including this colony as an integral part, that every possible occasion should be seized by the League and its promoters for an attempt to magnify into great events minor incidents, when occurring in the South African Republic, with a prospect thereby of making racial antagonism more acute, or of rendering less smooth the relations between Her Majesty's government or the government of this colony and that republic."

" ' The cause of race hatred is not so strong in South Africa, however, that a body with this propaganda, striving toward a revolutionary goal, would be able to exert great influence in this sub-continent; and it is constantly being asked why a body so insignificant in itself and its principles and as regards its members can yet enjoy such a measure of success. The answer is that this body relies on the protection and support of Her Majesty's government in England and that both its members and its press organs openly boast of the influence which it exerts over the policy of Her Majesty's government. This government would pay no attention to such assertions, but when they see that the ideas of this body are constantly echoed in the addresses of members of Her Majesty's government, when they see that bluebooks are compiled comprising to a great extent memoranda composed by members of the South African League, and the false articles and reports of the press organs of this body, which thereby acquire an official character, then this government can easily understand why so many of Her Majesty's right-minded subjects in this sub-continent come under the wrong impression that the policy followed by the

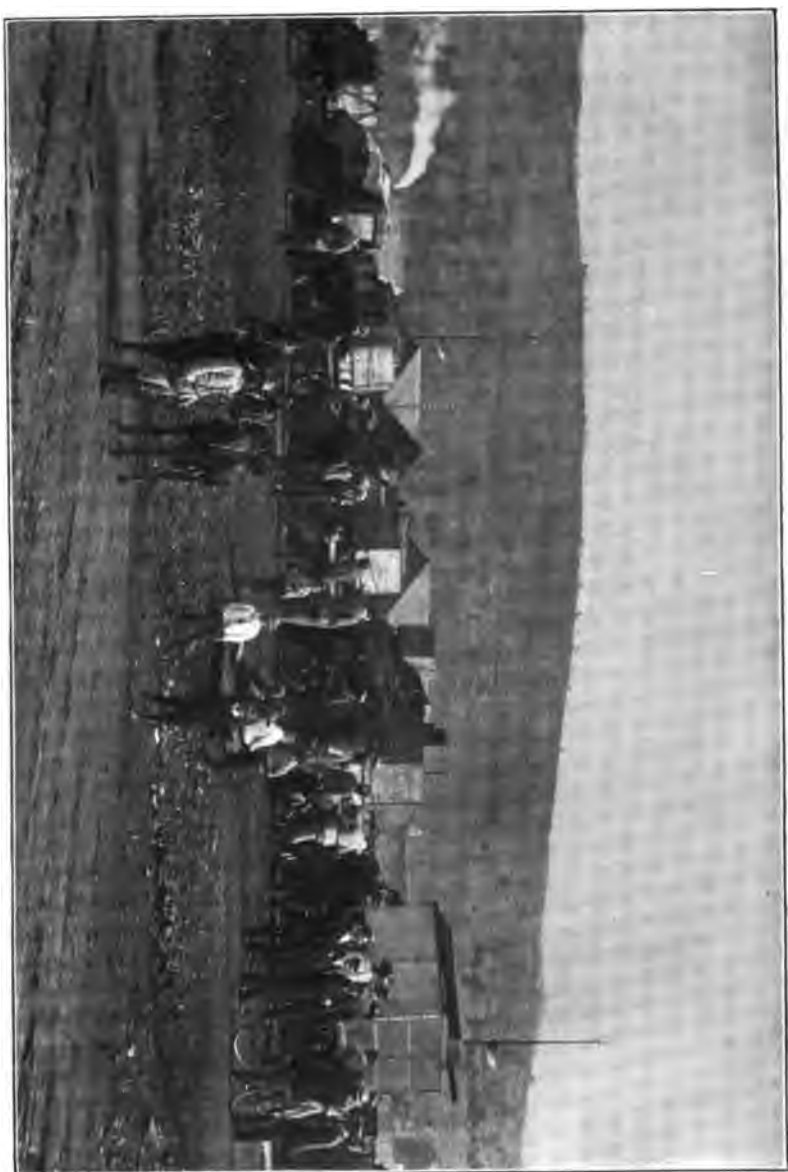
South African League is approved by Her Majesty's government and is thus destined for the welfare and prosperity of the British Empire in general.

“ ‘ If this wrong impression can be removed and the fact become known that the South African League, as far as the South African Republic is concerned, is an organization whose object is to cause bad blood and revolt and to undermine the independence of the country, then this body will soon lose its influence and the strained relations at present existing between the two governments will soon disappear. Then, too, the Afrikaner republics and the Afrikaner population of this sub-continent will no longer fear that the interests of the British Empire necessarily mean the downfall of those republics and the extermination or enslavement of that population; then, too, both parts of the white race in South Africa will return to that brotherly co-operation and fusion which had at least begun before the treacherous conspiracy at the end of 1895 again roused the passions on both sides.’

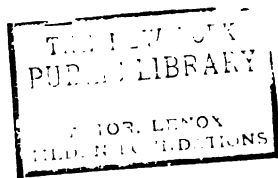
“ As a result of the continual agitation of the South African League three events took place in Johannesburg which Mr. Chamberlain considered the climax of the Uitlander grievances. The three events were: The so-called ‘ Lombard case ’ in connection with the alleged ill-treatment of colored British subjects in Johannesburg, the so-called ‘ Edgar case ’ in connection with the shooting of a British subject by a policeman, and the so-called ‘ Amphitheatre Case ’ in connection with a riotous meeting of the South African League.

“ As regards the Lombard case, Mr. Chamberlain says:

“ ‘ As an instance of such arbitrary action, the recent maltreatment of colored British subjects by Field Cornet Lombard may be cited. This official entered the houses of various col-



DE AMMUNTIE TREIN.



ored persons, without a warrant, at night, dragged them from their beds, and arrested them for being without a pass. The persons so arrested were treated with much cruelty, and it is even alleged that one woman was prematurely confined, and a child subsequently died from the consequences of the exposure.

“ ‘ Men were beaten and kicked by the orders of the Field Cornet, who appears to have exercised his authority with the most cowardly brutality. The government of the republic, being pressed to take action, suspended the Field Cornet, and an inquiry was held, at which he and the police denied most of the allegations of violence, but the other facts were not disputed, and no independent evidence was called for the defense. The government have since reinstated Lombard. Unfortunately this case is by no means unparalleled. Other British subjects, including several from St. Helena and Mauritius, have been arbitrarily arrested, and some of them have been fined, without having been heard in their own defense, under a law which does not even profess to have any application to persons from those colonies. However long-suffering Her Majesty's government may be in their anxious desire to remain on friendly terms with the South African Republic, it must be evident that a continuance of incidents of this kind followed by no redress may well become intolerable.’

“ The answer of the Government of the South African Republic to the accusations on this point was as follows :

“ ‘ As regards the Lombard case, this government wishes to point out that for a full month after the alleged ill-treatment of Cape colored persons had taken place no complaint was made to any one in authority in this republic, and that neither the government nor the public was acquainted with what had taken place. The whole affair was so insignificant that some

of the persons alleged to have been ill-treated afterwards declared on oath before the Court of Inquiry that they would never of their own accord have laid any complaints. But what happened? About a month after the events the so-called South African League chanced to hear of them; they sent some of their officials out to collect the evidence of the persons alleged to have been ill-treated, and with the assistance of Her Majesty's Vice Consul at Johannesburg, who always co-operated with the League in a striking manner, some sworn declarations were taken down. Even then no complaints against the officials concerned were made to the lawful powers of the country, but the case was handed over to the acting British agent at Pretoria. When the attention of this government was called to the allegations, they immediately appointed a commission of inquiry, consisting of three gentlemen—Landdrost Van den Berg, of Johannesburg; Mr. Andries Stockenström, barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, head of the criminal department of the State's Attorney's office, and Mr. Van der Merwe, mine commissioner at Johannesburg—gentlemen against whose ability and impartiality no trace of suspicion had ever existed among the Uitlander population of this republic, and with whose appointment the acting British agent also expressed himself perfectly satisfied. These officials were charged to examine the whole case thoroughly and to report the results of their investigations to the government, and they fulfilled their mandate by listening to and carefully considering the evidence of both sides for several days. Every right-minded person will readily acknowledge that infinitely more weight should attach to the findings of this commission than to the declarations of the complaining parties, who contradicted themselves on almost all particulars and well nigh turned that whole inquiry into a com-



PATRIOTS AT COLENSO.

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edy. Of the so-called facts of ill-treatment nothing was left over in this report; the special cases of alleged ill-treatment were evidently imaginary. It was clearly proved and felt that the complainants had acted contrary to the law, and the commission only disapproved of the arrests and investigations having taken place at night and without a warrant. This government regrets very deeply to see that Her Majesty's government bases its accusations on the *ex parte*, groundless, and in many respects false, declarations of complainants urged on by political hatred, and takes no notice of the report of the commission.'

"The Edgar case is thus represented by Mr. Chamberlain:

" 'But perhaps the most striking recent instance of arbitrary action by officials, and of the support of such action by the courts, is the well known Edgar case. The effect of the verdict of the jury, warmly endorsed by the judge, is that four policemen breaking into a man's house at night without a warrant, on the mere statement of one person, which subsequently turned out to be untrue, that the man had committed a crime, are justified in killing him there and then because, according to their own account, he hits one of them with a stick. If this is a justification, then almost any form of resistance to the police is justification for the immediate killing of the person resisting, who may be perfectly innocent of any offense. This would be an alarming doctrine anywhere. It is peculiarly alarming when applied to a city like Johannesburg, where a strong force of police armed with revolvers have to deal with a large alien unarmed population, whose language in many cases they do not understand. The emphatic affirmation of such a doctrine by judge and jury in the Edgar case cannot but increase the general feeling of insecurity amongst the Uitlander population and the sense of injustice under which they labor. It may be

pointed out that the allegation that Edgar assaulted the police was emphatically denied by his wife and others and that the trial was conducted in a way that would be considered quite irregular in this country, the witnesses for the defense being called by the prosecution and thereby escaping cross-examination.'

"The reply of the government of the South African Republic was:

" 'The Edgar case is then mentioned by your government as the most striking recent instance of arbitrary action by officials and of the support of such action by the courts.' That incident is used as a conclusive test of the alleged legal maladministration of this republic and it is thus important that we should pause a moment to consider it. What are the true facts? A certain Foster, an Englishman, was, without any lawful cause, attacked and knocked down by a certain Edgar, on the night of December 18th, 1898, so that he was picked up for dead and finally died in the hospital. Edgar then escaped into his room, and in answer to the cries of bystanders, some policemen came hurrying upon the scene. Policeman Jones, among others, saw the person attacked lying like a dead man, and then went to Edgar's room to arrest him as a criminal, for he had indeed committed manslaughter and apparently murder. As he had been caught red-handed, the policemen were justified according to the laws, not alone of this republic, but of the whole of South Africa and of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to enter the house by force in order to arrest the criminal. On their breaking into the room, Edgar gave Jones a tremendous blow with a formidable weapon, and in self-defense the latter fired at Edgar, in consequence of which he was killed. The question is not whether Jones was justified in taking this

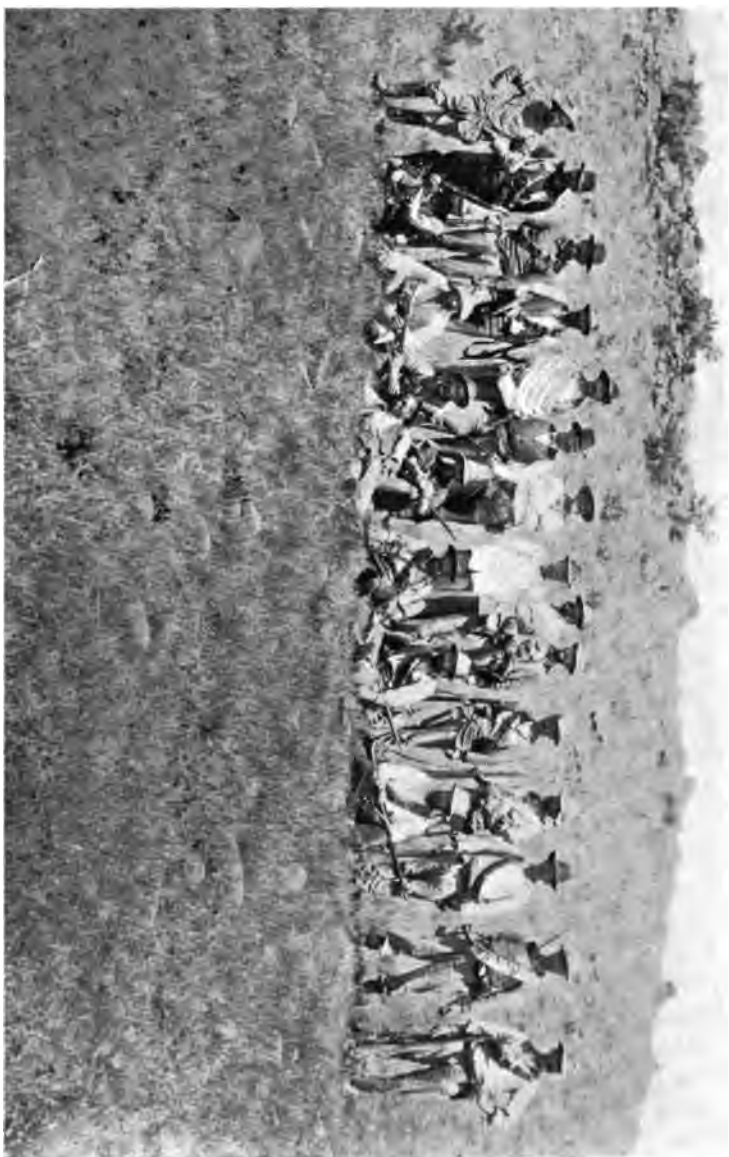
extreme step; the State Attorney of this republic by prosecuting him for manslaughter has already shown that in his opinion this case was one for the jury to decide. The question is only whether any jury in any country in the world would find a person guilty of any crime under circumstances such as these, and whether, if they did not find him guilty, it would be stigmatized as a flagrant and striking case of maladministration of justice. This government feels convinced that the English administration of justice is also full of cases of which the facts are as strong as the facts of this case, and cannot understand why an incident which might occur in any country in the world should specially be used as an accusation against them.

“ ‘ This government does not wish to consider the blame cast by Her Majesty’s government on the state prosecutor at Johannesburg, by whom the prosecution of this case was conducted. The fact that he is of pure English descent, that he received his legal education in London, that he is universally respected by the Uitlander population on account of his ability, his impartiality and his character, will of course not counterbalance, in the opinion of Her Majesty’s government, his monstrous behavior in the calling up of witnesses for the prosecution who had been destined for the defense, and the consequent frustration of an imaginary cross-examination. This government only wishes to point out that the fact that the Edgar incident is the strongest that Her Majesty’s government has been able to bring against the administration of justice in this republic is the strongest and most striking proof possible that, taken as a whole, the administration of justice on the gold fields of this republic compares most favorably with that of other similar gold fields even of old and long established countries. The untrue representations made in the press concerning this inci-

dent prove sufficiently that the newspapers of the Witwatersrand, whose propaganda forms part of the organized campaign against this republic and its government, are obliged to exercise their false criticism on imaginary cases of maladministration which are often altogether unfounded. When the press must resort to such means, the real grievances must be insignificant.'

"Concerning the so-called Amphitheatre case, Mr. Chamberlain says:

" 'Some light upon the extent to which the police can be trusted to perform their delicate duties with fairness and discretion is thrown by the events referred to by the petitioners, which took place at a meeting called by British subjects for the purpose of discussing their grievances, and held on January 14th in the Amphitheatre of Johannesburg. The government were previously apprised of the objects of the meeting and their assent obtained, though this was not legally necessary for a meeting in an inclosed place. The organizers of the meeting state that they were informed by the State Secretary and the State Attorney that any one who committed acts of violence or used seditious language would be held responsible, and in proof of the peaceful objects of the meeting, those who attended went entirely unarmed, by which it is understood that they did not even carry sticks. So little was any disturbance apprehended that ladies were invited to attend and did attend. Yet in the result, sworn affidavits from many witnesses of different nationalities agree in the statement that the meeting was broken up almost immediately after its opening, and many of the persons attending it were violently assaulted by organized bands of hostile demonstrators acting under the instigation and guidance of persons in government employ, without any attempt at inter-



IRISH BRIGADE OF BOER ARMY—MR. DAY'S RIGHT OF THE FLAG.

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ference on the part of the police, and even in some cases with their assistance or loudly expressed sympathy. The government of the South African Republic has been asked to institute an inquiry into these disgraceful proceedings, but the request has been met with a flat refusal.'

" To this accusation the following reply was made :

" ' The Amphitheatre case is used by Her Majesty's government to prove how incapable the police on the Witwatersrand are to fulfil their duties and maintain order. The League meeting was held in the so-called Amphitheatre in Johannesburg with the knowledge of the State Secretary and State Attorney and the accusation now is that in spite of that fact the tumult that took place at the meeting was not put down by the police.

" ' The true facts of the case are these: Mr. Weyburgh and another, both in the pay of the South African League, informed the State Secretary and State Attorney that they intended calling this meeting in the Amphitheatre, and they asked permission to do this. They were told that it was not necessary to receive the permission of the authorities, and that as long as the meeting did not cause disorder and disturbance of the peace they would be acting completely within their rights. Their attention was then directed to the fact that, on account of the behavior and propaganda of the South African League, this body was very unpopular among a considerable section of the population of Johannesburg, and that in all probability a disturbance would take place unless there was a sufficient number of the police present to maintain order. To this the gentlemen replied that since the Edgar incident the police were in bad repute, that the meeting would be very orderly and that the presence of police would contribute or give rise to disorder and that on these

grounds they would rather not have any police. The State Secretary and State Attorney thereupon communicated with the chief of police in Johannesburg, with the result that he also was of the opinion that it would be better not to have an unusual number of police at the meeting. The government, acting on the advice of the officials of the League as well as their own police officials, gave instructions that the police should keep away from the meeting; they did this in good faith and with the object of letting the League have its say unhindered.

“ ‘ The proposed meeting was, however, advertised far and wide, and as the feeling among a certain section of the Witwatersrand population was very bitter against the League, a considerable number of its opponents was also present. The few policemen present were powerless to stop the disorderly proceedings, and when the police came upon the scene a few minutes after the commencement of the uproar the meeting had broken up.

“ ‘ Taken by itself this incident would not be of much consequence, for it is an isolated case as regards the gold fields of this republic, and even in the best organized and controlled society, disorders like this sometimes take place. What makes the case serious, however, is the unjust accusation of Her Majesty's government that the meeting was broken up by officials of this republic and that this government flatly refused to inquire into the matter.

“ ‘ This government would not have refused to institute an inquiry if any complaints had been laid with them or with the local courts, and they said so in reply to Her Majesty's request for an inquiry. This government objects to the systematic habit of ignoring the local authorities and constantly complaining to Her Majesty's representatives about matters which ought

to be decided by the courts of this republic. Instead, however, of complaining to Her Majesty's government only when all other reasonable means of redress have been tried in vain, Her Majesty's subjects are in the habit of ignoring and disregarding the local courts and authorities and of bringing forward all trivial and *ex parte* complaints in the first instance before Her Majesty's representatives, and thus also Her Majesty's government is constantly placed in the ambiguous and unenviable position of interfering in the internal affairs of this republic in conflict with the London convention. If a complaint had been laid with this government or the competent officials or courts, then the facts of the case could very easily have been investigated, and then, too, it would have been proved that a few officials who were present at the meeting as part of the public had done their best to stop the disorderly proceedings and that some of them were even wounded in their attempts to maintain peace.

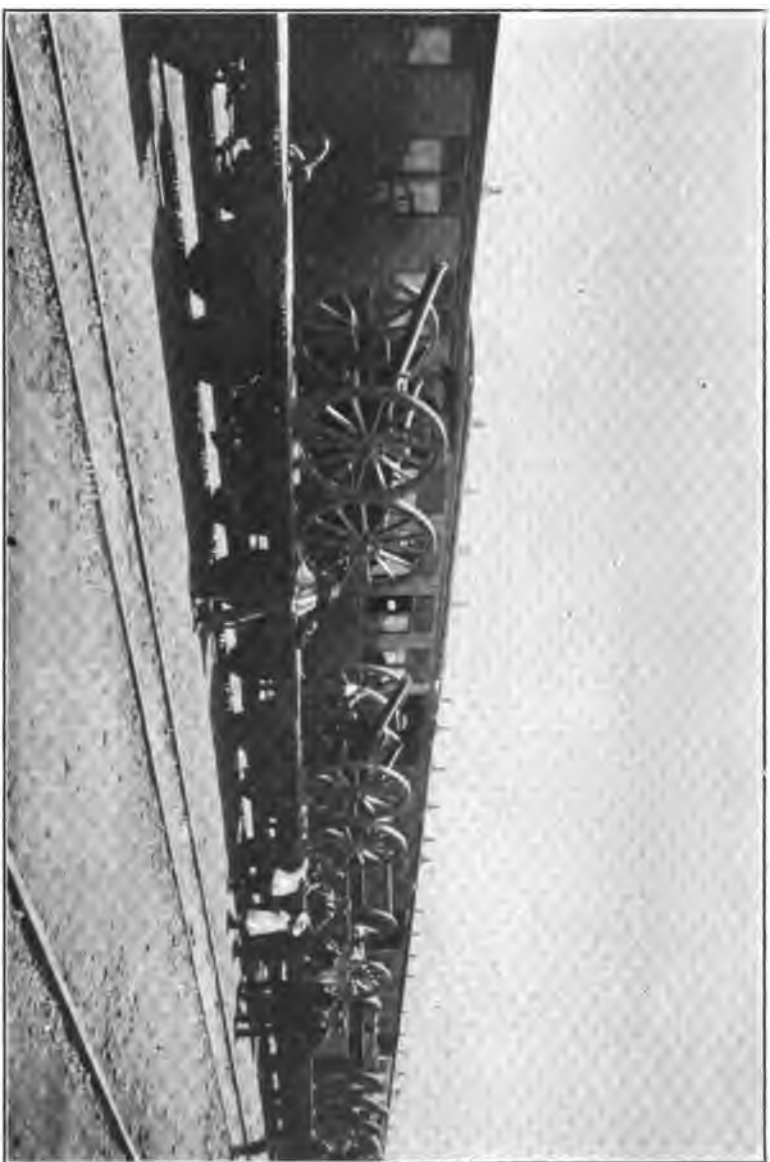
“ ‘ Instead of showing their disapproval of such complaints and directing the complainants to the local courts, Her Majesty's government receives the complaints and then imparts an official character to them by sending them on to this government for notice, and publishing them in due course in bluebooks for the information of the world. Her Majesty's government will readily admit that no state in the world, no matter how weak and small, that possesses any sense of honor can look on such things calmly, and if the relations between the two governments have become strained, then the true cause is to be found in the actions of Her Majesty's subjects which are not censured by Her Majesty's government, and not in imaginary and trivial grievances.’

“ Is there the least semblance of right and justice in assert-

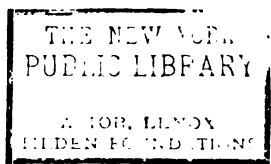
ing that those grievances form a cause for intervention? What crimes have been perpetrated against humanity or the law of nations? Are the grievances and abuses brought up not equalled by events which take place almost daily in the most highly civilized countries in the world? We can with reason apply to the case in question the words with which the Russian government stamped the unlawful intervention of the British government in the internal affairs of Naples:

“We could understand that as a consequence of friendly forethought one government should give advice to another in a benevolent spirit, that such advice might even assume the character of exhortation; but we believe that to be the farthest limit allowable. Less than ever can it now be allowed in Europe to forget that it is not the extent of territory, but the sacred character of rights of each state, which regulates the relations that exist between them. To endeavor to obtain from the government of the South African Republic concessions as concern the internal government of the republic by threats, or by a menacing demonstration, is a violent usurpation of its authority, an attempt to govern in its stead; it is an open declaration of the right of the strong over the weak.’

“Notwithstanding all her hypocritical accusations the British government is very well acquainted with the fact that the administration of the South African Republic is on a sound basis, in spite of the almost unequalled difficulties with which the government and legislature have had to contend, and will stand comparison with that of other countries under similar circumstances; that the grievances by which, in the shape of blue-books, the humane feeling of the British public is worked upon are to a great extent imaginary, and even if they were perfectly true, they yet offer no ground for interference in the



BOER GUNS READY TO LEAVE PRETORIA FOR THE FRONT.



internal affairs of the republic. It has thus become necessary to find some other 'constitutional means.'

"The third and last 'constitutional means' which Mr. Chamberlain used as a pretext for interfering forcibly in the internal affairs of the South African Republic was the claim for equal political rights for all inhabitants of the South African Republic. In demanding this he also followed the inspiration of Mr. Rhodes. For after the Jameson raid Mr. Rhodes had laid down, as a new programme for the progressive policy of South Africa the formula: Equal rights for all white men south of the Zambesi. But with a view to the colored vote of the Cape Colony, Mr. Rhodes afterwards changed that cry to: Equal rights for all civilized men south of the Zambesi. And in due time the echo came from Downing Street: Equal political rights for all persons in the South African Republic.

"As a political aspiration that may be as desirable or undesirable in South Africa as in England, where Mr. Chamberlain is now one of the leaders of the party which has always been opposed to all 'manhood suffrage.'

"Mr. Chamberlain does not, however, confine himself to giving friendly advice, but demands the franchise for all Uitlanders. The South African Republic has already a franchise law by which every person who has already been, or shall yet be, seven years in this republic is entitled to the full franchise. On what grounds does he base his claim?

"He appealed to the discussions which preceded the convention of 1881. In the discussions, however, mention is only made of civil rights, with regard to which all possible equality has always existed since the Sand River convention. For the maintenance of the equality of these civil rights as distin-

guished from political rights, Article XII. of the Pretoria convention stipulates:

“ ‘All such persons (loyal to Her Majesty) will have full liberty to reside in the country with enjoyment of all civil rights and protection for their persons and property.’

“In 1882 the franchise was altered from one year's to five years' residence, without any protest from Her Majesty's government. And in 1884 in the new convention of that year it was stipulated in the most emphatic and unequivocal manner:

“ ‘Article XIV.—That all persons, other than natives, conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic will have full liberty with their families to enter, travel or reside in any part of the South African Republic; they will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops and premises; they may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ; they will not be subject, in respect of their person or property, or in respect of their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon citizens of the said republic.’

“Here, therefore, certain rights were guaranteed specifically to all white inhabitants—the rights of moving about as they wished, of possessing movable and fixed property, of trading and of equal taxation with the burghers. There is no question here of political rights and there was no question of those rights before this year 1899. The government of the South African Republic would thus be acting altogether within the limits of the convention if they informed Mr. Chamberlain that questions with regard to the franchise fell solely within their competence, it being a purely internal matter, and more-

over that by claiming the rights under this convention to force a franchise law upon the government, Mr. Chamberlain is the party guilty of breaking the convention.

“The government of the South African Republic have, however, taken up a much more exalted position. The President himself went to Bloemfontein to discuss even internal matters in a friendly spirit with the High Commissioner and among other things also the franchise, as his only desire was to maintain and promote the peace of South Africa and the welfare of its inhabitants. Sir Alfred Milner had there said that ‘if that question could be settled on a satisfactory and permanent basis the tension would be lessened and everything would come right in time. Lately he has done his best to prove that he never said or meant such a thing, that the franchise law was only one of the burning internal questions in which Her Majesty’s government was so deeply interested and that the favorable solution of the franchise difficulty by no means carried with it the agreement of the parties concerning the other points of difference. The attitude of Sir Alfred Milner on this and other points is of such a nature, however, that I would rather say nothing more about his conduct, but leave him to the judgment of public opinion and history.

“As no agreement was possible between the parties President Kruger left Bloemfontein and improved the franchise law to such an extent that the Orange Free State, the Afrikanders of the Cape Colony and even Mr. Schreiner, premier of the Cape Colony, openly expressed their satisfaction with the improvements made.

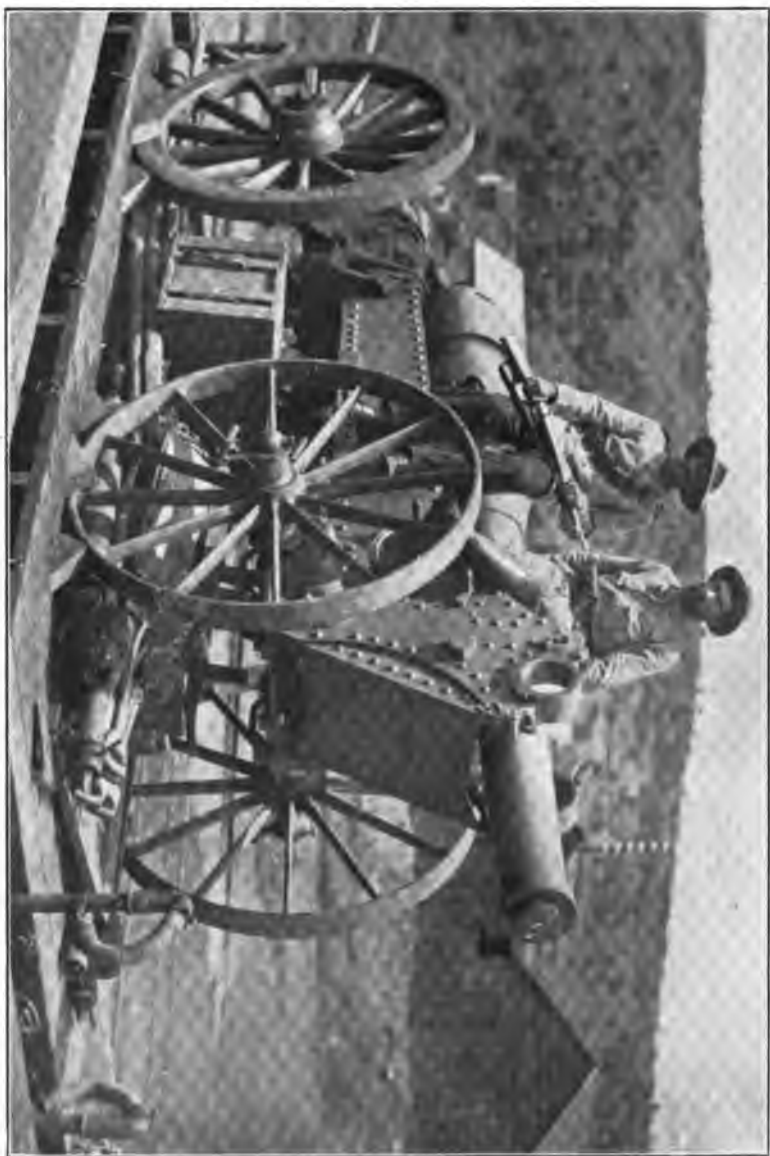
“Mr. Chamberlain, however, now began to write to the government of the South African Republic in a menacing tone and

no longer in the friendly tone he had formerly used, and he finally proposed that a joint commission should inquire into the question and see whether the new law was satisfactory.

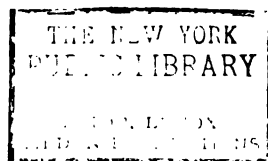
"In the meantime informal conversations between the State Attorney of the South African Republic and the British agent had given rise to the prospect of a speedy and a satisfactory solution of the matter. Thereupon the British government was sounded by the British agent and said that, if the franchise was brought to five years without any complicated conditions, and if the gold fields could elect one-fourth of the members of the Volksraad, it was prepared to consider on their merits the conditions attached, namely, that the claim to the suzerainty should be dropped, that no future intervention would take place and that differences would be settled by arbitration. When this proposal was formally made, however, the British government refused to accept the condition with regard to the dropping of the suzerainty claim, though the High Commissioner had already in a formal despatch declared that the suzerainty question appeared to him to be an etymological and not a political question. Soon afterwards the British government came forward with the same proposal, but with the omission of the condition concerning the dropping of the suzerainty claim. As the government of the South African Republic considered this condition of the greatest importance for the maintenance of its international status, it refused to accept the proposal in this form. It, however, accepted the invitation to the joint inquiry, but the British government replied that it was too late and that it now withdrew its invitation.

"Here we thus see in its clearest light:

"First, that, though the High Commissioner had said that the suzerainty was only of etymological importance, and though



"LONG TOM" IN CHARGE OF BOATS EN ROUTE TO MOTHER RIVER.



the British government has never been able to refute the arguments of the South African Republic concerning the dropping of the suzerainty in 1884, the British government is nevertheless unwilling to sacrifice its present claim thereto and is ready on that ground to begin a war in South Africa.

“Second, that the British government invites the South African Republic to a joint inquiry, and when that invitation has been accepted without it having been withdrawn, that acceptance is declined with every mark of contempt.

“Is there any example in the history of civilized diplomacy of such base deceit and hypocritical trifling with the most important interests of South Africa?

“And is it to be wondered at that South Africa has lost faith in British statesmanship?

“Truly, of all the disgraceful acts which have sullied the British name in this sub-continent I know none baser and more contemptible than this.

“And the consequences of this deceit will be written with the blood and the tears of thousands of innocent persons.

“I have now gone over the facts marking our oppression and persecution during this century. The statements made by me are not imaginary, but are taken from the mouth of the most credible historical witnesses, almost all of British nationality; they are facts which have been declared to be indisputable before the bar of history. As regards the more recent events since 1898, I have been personally acquainted with all the negotiations and differences hereinbefore set forth, and can only affirm that I have confined myself to the facts, which will hereafter appear even more clearly when the curtain is raised, and the occurrences of the last two years in this deeply agitated sub-continent are revealed.

"Hitherto our people have remained silent; the enemy has spat upon, slandered, beaten and treated us with every possible power of contempt and hatred. But with a dignity which reminds the world of a yet more tragic and exalted passion, our people have borne in silence the insults and contempt of the enemy, and under the sense of duty which inspired them have thought it better to remove the errors and abuses which had crept into our administration in moments of less thoughtfulness and care. Even this was accounted to us as weakness and fear. On hundreds of platforms in Great Britain, and by the most influential statesmen, our people have been called incompetent, uncivilized, dishonorable, faithless, corrupt, bloodthirsty, treacherous, etc., etc., until not only the British public, but almost the whole world, has begun to believe that we stand on a level with the wild beast. Amid all this insult and contumely we have remained silent. From formal bluebooks of Her Majesty's government, from despatches of Her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa, we have had to learn that our unprincipled system of government and our unjust, chaotic and immoral administration have been a constantly festering sore by which, as by a contaminating pestilence, the moral and political atmosphere of South Africa has been poisoned. In numberless newspapers we have been accused of every crime against civilization and humanity, and offenses are imputed to us the mere mention of which causes one's hair to stand on end. If the reading public believed only a hundredth part of all the atrocities of which our people and government are accused, then it must necessarily have been forced to the conclusion that this republic was a den of robbers and murderers, a people whose mere existence was a blot on humanity and a nuisance to mankind. To such a depth, according to these accounts, had

the descendants of the moral aristocracy of Europe sunk! Of the enormous sums which we are said to spend out of the secret service funds to secure for ourselves the support of the public opinion of the world, there was hardly any practical effect or trace; but the contumely raged on like an all devouring hurricane. But our people remained silent, partly from stolidity, partly from a feeling of hopeless helplessness, partly because we as a simple agricultural people read no newspapers and were, therefore, not acquainted with the way in which the feeling of the whole world was being worked up against us with malicious fury. The practical effect was that our case went by default before the bar of public opinion.

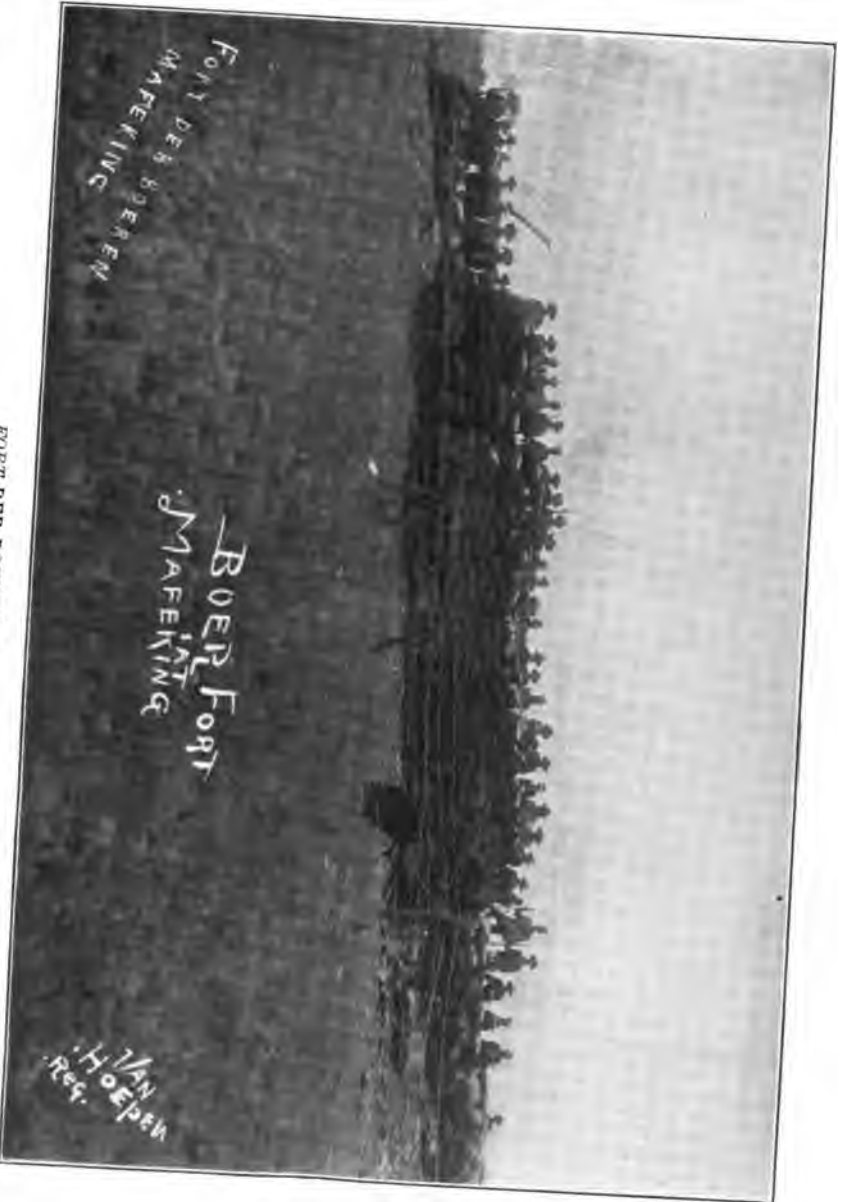
“Naboth’s title deed to his vineyard had to be destroyed, and according to the hypocritical British diplomacy the shortest way to that end was to prove that he was a criminal and Ahab an angel.”

CHAPTER VII.

Legions of troops to "chastise a paltry 30,000 men and youths untrained in the murderous art of modern militarism." England would be in better business endeavoring to administer more just government to her own people than in trying to reform other governments. Depends upon the charity of other nations to feed her starving millions, and her working class is ground down by blunted opportunities and despotic aristocracy.

SUCH, in brief, is the whole story of the trouble in South Africa between the Briton and the Boer—a story of suffering, injustice and wrong without a parallel in the world's history. A careful perusal of all the books written about South Africa, and of all the records extant, will bear out Secretary Reitz in all of his statements, and will furnish unquestionable proof of his principal assertions. The fraud and avarice and cruelty of the British forces of capitalism are responsible for it. Doubtless many of the people of Great Britain lament this condition of affairs and have no sympathy with their government in its outrageous conduct, in its resorting to the forces of robbery and spoliation against a small band of liberty-loving patriots, consisting mainly of farmers, whose only crime is that they love freedom, and settled, unfortunately for themselves, in two little republics whose laps were filled with gold and diamonds.

To crush these people and their republics is a crime, and it will eventually bring the punishment upon the British nation which such sins inevitably entail. When the British nation

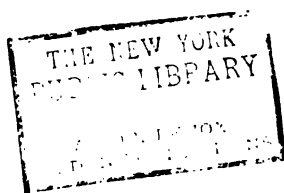


Fort des Boeren
Mafeking

Boer Fort
Mafeking

J. A. N.
Hooper
Reg.

FORT DES BOEREN, MAFKING.



realizes, as it surely will, how the inhuman partnership of Chamberlain, Rhodes and plutocrat journals has drenched the African veldt in the blood of gallant British soldiers and brave Boers, when they learn how Britain's sons were left unburied upon the battlefields of South Africa as food for vultures and wild beasts, when they further realize the awful expense, already estimated at \$900,000,000, to say nothing of the large number of lives lost, of the awful sorrow and suffering in many a British home, they will then realize how foolish their government has been and how unnecessary it was to wage war against a small handful of brave defenders of the two little republics. "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," says England's poet, and stripped of all extraneous arguments introduced by special pleaders, the broad issue of the differences referred to the arbitrament of force is that British politicians, never having seen Africa, much less the Transvaal, wish to govern that country, while the men born in it, whose only home and grave it can be, proclaim their birthright inalienable. That determination would have evoked the praise of England had the now united republics been Switzerland or Servia, Italy or Greece.

Thus is a great nation humbled in its own self-respect and sees itself isolated from the sympathy of the world; for round the globe has echoed the wrong done in the name of justice and civilization. England's hereditary foes in Europe jeer at fifth and sixth and seventh and eighth army divisions being called out to chastise a paltry thirty thousand men and youths, untrained in the murderous art of modern militarism.

It is a crime against civilization, a crime against humanity, a crime against the peaceable progress of the human race.

During the past hundred years, many great British statesmen, in reviewing the insane action of George III. which

brought about the severance of America from the British Empire, have themselves frequently avowed that never again would England make the mistake of endeavoring to force subjection upon an unwilling people. And, notwithstanding these assertions made by England's greatest men, it remains now for scheming men to lead the British nation into the great mistake of violating the pledges heretofore made by their greatest statesmen; and departing from the lofty ideals and the noble principles which the nation loved and followed and cherished during the days of the immortal Gladstone, they have thus permitted the spirit of liberty and justice to be stifled and prostituted to the commission of crimes unheard of heretofore in the annals of nations. And when they sent their sons to kneel side by side in the trenches, or shoulder to shoulder to march in solid phalanx up the hillsides and through the valleys to certain death, they were not simply committing a crime against the brave and chivalrous Boer alone, but, by command of their government, under the superior power that ordered them on, they committed a crime against mankind and outraged freedom throughout the world.

If the aristocracy that rule England and hold the destiny and fate of that empire in their selfish clutches, and who boast of their civilization and humanity, and who pretend to be the greatest civilizers in the world would devote a little more of their time and attention to the welfare and happiness of the unfortunate and suffering subjects of the British Empire instead of wasting so much time and so much treasure in their effort to destroy the two South African republics—in other words, if these selfsame haughty, blood-stained aristocracy were to take some of their millions of gold that is being spent now to crush liberty and destroy republics in South Africa, and carry bread

to the starving millions of their own subjects in India, instead of depending upon the benevolence and charity of other countries—I should think they would be doing a much greater work for civilization and humanity. Moreover, this English aristocracy must take some steps soon toward alleviating the suffering of the millions of working people of England, whose lives are filled with gloom and despair and hardship, and are being crushed to death under the iron heel of British despotism, who are in reality slaves to the wealthy aristocracy, who are but as dogs licking up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table—helpless, sad-hearted, illiterate, living in the dark vale of wretchedness and squalor, while the different grades of society above them are filled with the noxious fumes of tyranny and oppression, while on the hill tops they see this selfsame aristocracy, their hard taskmasters, fat and sleek, with faces wreathed in happy smiles, as adown the mountain side into the shadowy vale they look and laugh at their misery and hopelessness. Instead of destroying the liberties of patriots in distant climes, it would be well for themselves and their posterity to take heed of this. Indeed, there is no spectacle in all the world so appalling as that which strikes the stranger when for the first time he walks the streets of London, especially in the famous East End, and there looks upon the millions of working people on the verge of starvation, and yet in the midst of plenty, eating roots and herbs, as it were, in the unproductive vale of misery and wretchedness, while just across the way are the fields smiling with plenty—but within the guarded walls of the selfish, greedy, avaricious English aristocracy. These millions toil and weep, and weep and toil, watching and waiting for the dawn of a brighter day, looking for an opportunity to go to a freeman's land across the sea to build homes for themselves and little ones.

But, alas, that is impossible on their meagre wages; hence with hearts sad, with eyes bedimmed with tears, they plod on and on with seemingly the workhouse for their goal.

Capital among the aristocracy grows stronger and stronger, vice and luxury are rampant upon every hand, notwithstanding these sufferers at their very doors are eating crusts moistened with their own tears; but yet they have not time to care for these, but can waste untold millions of their treasure to crush liberty, to destroy republics, and thus cast a shadow over England's history and make the name of English aristocracy a stench in the nostrils of God-fearing, liberty-loving, justice-seeking people everywhere. England is a country dying at the top. Her public halls once rang with the cheers of patriotic Britons, as they welcomed home the chivalrous knights of old, but they are now filled with the noise of drunkenness and revelry. Where justice sat enthroned and wielded her majestic sceptre, now vice like a hideous monster grins and laughs at tears and sorrow. Her archives are being filled with faded banners once the proud symbol of the fame and renown of rising republics and with the skulls and bones of countless thousands of men and women and even children who died for liberty and equality. The land that was once the pride of the poet who filled the world with his songs of chivalry is now the home of the millionaire, whose heartless chuckle rings throughout the kingdom as he weighs his hoarded gold and clips his coupons.



GENERAL SNYMAN.

GENERAL BOTHA.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Zulus and Zululand. Topography, scenery, vegetation and animals. Zulu manner of speech and idiomatic peculiarities. Names symbolical of characteristics given to all strangers. Zulu nature; strange customs of tribes; their superstitions and religion; their morality, amiability and kindheartedness.

AMONG the people whom I met in South Africa none was more interesting than Rev. R. Shemeld and his estimable wife, Americans who had been laboring for many years as missionaries among the Zulus. They were very intelligent people and aided me greatly in obtaining information concerning the customs of the Zulus during my visit with them. These missionaries, after many years of experience with the Zulus and the Boers, were ardent friends of both. Notwithstanding the charge frequently made that the Boers are intolerable and will not permit the people of the republic to attend any church but their church, that is, the Dutch Reformed church, I found churches of many other denominations even in Pretoria, the capital, and I think the most enthusiastic sympathizers with the Boers outside of their own people that I met in South Africa were the Rev. Mr. Shemeld and the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Johannesburg—the largest congregation, by the way, in the republic—himself a native of Pennsylvania, and a Catholic priest who was in charge of a flourishing Catholic church in Pretoria. These Americans were all ready to fight on the side of the Boers, and were very bitter in their denunciation of the British govern-

ment, and pronounced the war waged by that government against the Boers as a most outrageous and unholy war.

Rev. Mr. Shemeld and his wife were very popular among the Zulus. They had spent so many years preaching and teaching among them that in consequence they were greatly beloved by the men, women and children of Zululand.

The home of the Zulus, known as Zululand, lies just north of Natal and adjacent to the South African Republic. It is an undulating country covered with mimosa bush, in some parts very densely, alternating with wild and fantastically broken scenery and thickly wooded precipices and ravines. There are many grass clad hills and several large forests in the country. While the mineral resources are yet undeveloped, there are many indications of mineral in various parts of the country. Gold in small quantities has already been found there. The rivers are rapid streams of small volume running over rocky beds. The climate is exceedingly healthful.

Among the various tribes of natives in Africa the Zulus are decidedly the best. They are superior physically, intellectually and morally to all the rest of the natives. They cultivate their ground very superficially, planting maize, various kinds of gourds, and also a peculiar grain from which they make their beer. Many herds of fat cattle are seen grazing in Zululand, and flocks of sheep and Angora goats of the most beautiful variety are found upon every hand. The milk of the sheep and goats is used by the natives, and they seem to thrive and grow fat on it. Some horses are owned by them, and as a rule they belong to the chiefs. Much game is found there, such as antelopes and hoks and a peculiar animal called the koodoo. Hippopotami are quite numerous in some of the rivers, but crocodiles and alligators are seldom found. There are a few

lions, and now and then a leopard is seen. Apes and monkeys are very numerous. Travelers are often amazed by these creatures, who in large numbers stand on the sides and tops of the hills and throw sticks and rocks at the passerby, all the while filling the air with their most humanlike chatter.

Wild flowers and fruits of every variety abound in great profusion.

Zulu is one of the most commonly spoken languages in South Africa, and is said to be very beautiful. One peculiarity about it is that all words end in a vowel, but the most marked feature of the language is its so-called alliterative concord, which has been compared by them to the gender concordance of Aryan and the progressive vowel harmony of Ural-Altaic. Another remarkable feature of this language is the singular development of verbal inflexion, which is both final and initial.

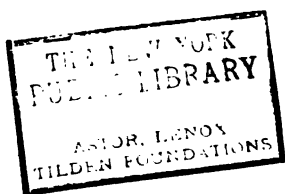
One of the many interesting customs of the Zulus is that of giving white people a descriptive name. Some travelers have called these names nicknames, but a little consideration will show that the Zulus are to a large extent compelled by force of circumstances to give to white people a name which is descriptive of some trait of their character which appears prominent or some striking habit or appearance, so that in speaking of a white person to others in their tribe they will convey somewhat of an idea of the kind of person he or she may be or appear to be. The Zulus base their opinion of white people from what they see of them, and are usually correct. For instance, the name of a white person such as Smith, Jones or Brown does not indicate any trait of character nor describe anything in particular to the kraal Zulu; therefore he cannot see why they have them and looks upon them as unpractical people. They cannot easily pronounce the names so that they can be readily

discerned, and as their friends cannot tell from the name Smith anything of Smith's traits it is necessary that Smith receive a new name, a local name, a descriptive name. Some white settlers have insisted that their Zulu servants should speak of them only by their English names, and many a time the settler who threatened to whip the servant who gave him a new name has exhibited some latent propensity of his nature that has secured for him an undesirable name. I can mention an instance. James Smith had moved into Natal with a herd of cattle. In riding upon his new-bought farm he met a Zulu man who was the owner of a large herd of cattle which was grazing on the farm. Some dispute arose, when James Smith, who spoke the Cape Colony Kaffir language quite fluently, said, "I am a stranger to you, but I am one who divides justly. I split down the center of the marrow in the spine, and will cut you into pieces if you vex me." The Zulu raised his hand in salutation, and on reaching home told his people that "Backsplitter" had bought the farm, but if carefully treated would be just.

The descriptive names of white men are of immense benefit in sending messages to white neighbors, or in making inquiries in a neighborhood, as the Zulu message bearer may perhaps meet some one whose face plainly could be that of a "back-splitter," and by showing him the letter he has for Mr. James Smith is told that he has found the desired person and can now return home. For instance, a boy is called to go fourteen miles with several letters in the hope of his finding the persons in the ordinary manner, but the messenger is told to deliver one to "Wet Hen," another to "Sun Down," another to "Jumping Flea," and the fourth to the "Bird with Heavy Tail," etc., etc. The boy treads on singing out the various names of the persons he is to find, and as he is approaching the village he takes a



ZULU MOTHER AND CHILD.



pinch of snuff, as his eyes rove over an open space near a blacksmith shop where an elderly man is standing. For a few seconds the boy's eyes are riveted on this man, who now starts walking toward the village market square with a peculiar stiff gait, head thrown back, round shouldered, and stooping when walking, which causes his coat tails to project. To a Zulu this man's name is evidenced in his walk, and with a twinkle in his eye the Zulu boy sings aloud, "I have found him. It is he. I need ask no one. It is the 'Wet Hen.' Yes, his name must be Inkuku i Netile. See his head. Behold his walk." And running along, he politely salutes the white man (inkosi), and then hands him the letter addressed to Mr. Brown. Being sure that Mr. Brown is the rightful owner, he goes into the village and finds "Sun Down" (Jones) scolding his boys, telling them they must finish their work by sundown. He is speaking with some other boys, when several white men approach the square engaged in earnest discussion. Two of them step on stones in the water furrow to cross it, but the third one clears it with a bound, and walks with an elasticity of step, which causes the Zulu boy to exclaim, "Surely that must be the 'Jumping Flea.'" He is not mistaken. It is Mr. Smith, who is pleased to receive the letter. Having succeeded thus far, he sits down with some friends to have a social chat and some snuff and is told that Mr. Blank, the "Bird with a Heavy Tail," is not in the village yet, but may come. A little later a young man with the dignity of a monarch comes striding down the path as though he owned half of the universe and would not object to the remainder. The messenger makes an imposing salutation to this would-be important personage, addressing him as the "Heart of the Inner Circle," and, with the greatest humiliation, kindly asking him to whom he can go to

find the gentleman to whom the letter is addressed, and is pleased to learn he is speaking to Mr. Blank. This raw Zulu boy, fresh from his kraal, has experienced no difficulty in finding these white men, simply because his master told him their local names and he recognized the correctness of the description. Some persons may imagine that the boy could remember Smith and Jones and inquire for them, but it must be remembered that names in Zulu have the letter u as a prefix and a vowel at the close; therefore, in inquiring for Mr. Smith, a Zulu would naturally pronounce it U-Samiti, and would get little information—it not being known that he was in quest of Mr. Smith. I need not raise any argument to prove the utility of this custom of giving descriptive names. Its benefits are numerous, as sometimes a messenger is sent off in haste a long distance to bear a message, say to a missionary, that a certain person is dangerously ill. The sender hands the message to a swift-footed boy, giving him the minister's descriptive name, with all particulars, while he, the sender, runs home to be of service at the bedside. As the boy runs over the country he sees a horseman riding at right angles from his path and decides to intercept him. After the usual salutation, the boy asks whether the white man met six black goats of a peculiar description, and he words his inquiry in language that leads the rider to consider all the herds he has met that day. While considering the matter he has changed the reins to his right hand and grips his beard in his left hand in his meditation. That is the sign the Zulu boy wanted, and this is the man he was seeking many miles further on. "He who grips his beard and looks down as he meditates. Then he must be U-Sihetye, and this letter is for him."

Sometimes these names are acquired in childhood. At other

times a single act of a man or woman secures for him or her a name which clearly portrays for either a prominent trait of character. A lady once told her native servants not to turn the oxen too short or they might break their legs in the chains, and in such a case her husband might ask payment for damage done. The boys immediately set a name, "A woman who is admitted to the council of her husband, sees the end from the beginning and is able to judge and inflict a penalty." And from that day the boys said the boss was never absent from that home and none could shirk duty, for had he not left his eyes and mouth at home in the person of his wife?

It is almost needless to add that these descriptive names have led people to be careful of their conduct lest they should receive names which they could not with pride mention when asked by friends the common question, "What is your Zulu name?"

The customs and laws of the Zulus are most peculiar. As soon as a male succeeds in accumulating enough money from his labors to purchase a certain number of cattle he at once visits some powerful chief at his kraal and bargains for the purchase of a wife, for the chief has power to sell him one, and after the man is married the wife usually is supposed to work hard for him, and then when he has made enough money to buy another wife he does so, and thus he continues to purchase wives as his fortune increases until he has a sufficient number of wives to support him and his large family, for they are very prolific. He then takes his ease and refuses to work, for the wives are supposed to do all the work. And the poor creatures seem to be perfectly satisfied to do so. They seldom ever display any jealousy, but seem to be proud of a powerful man, for they think the more numerous his wives the greater the man must be.

They are a very moral race of people. Indeed, they seem to be unsurpassed in this respect. If an unmarried man or woman is guilty of immoral conduct he or she is ordered out of the kraal by the chief and either punished or put to death. If a married man or woman is guilty of adultery he or she is invariably put to death.

The personal property of the Zulu consists chiefly of cattle, and the laws covering the same are very complex. The kraal is under the rule of the head man, and the chief of the tribe rules over all the kraals in his jurisdiction.

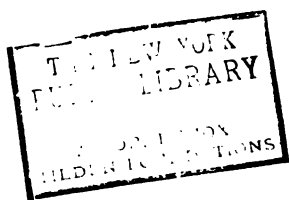
Many of the customs of the Zulus very much resemble the customs of the Jews. For instance, the feast of the first fruits observed at the time the corn is ripe, is similar to the old Jewish custom. On this occasion the whole tribe will gather at the king's kraal to celebrate the event.

One of the most revolting customs or practices of these people is that of hunting out evil-doers by aid of witches. It is called the smelling-out process. For this purpose the people gather together in a large concourse, and some one among them is supposed to have committed some serious offense against the people; and the witch doctor, if he happens to have a spite against some one, will go through many awkward antics and finally smell out the evil-doer, who is at once brought to punishment. It is a shameful and most inhuman practice.

To the average traveler the Zulu kraal is merely a few conical-shaped huts, each one occupied by one of the several wives of the heathen head man. The cattle yard in the centre of the inclosure formed by the huts is often looked upon as simply a cattle yard. The limited time at the disposal of the ordinary traveler does not admit of an extensive inquiry into the beliefs,



NATIVE WOMAN CARRYING WATER.



customs and superstitions of the Zulu people, but those who have done so have found the subject full of interest and have declared themselves well repaid for the pains they have taken. The cattle yard, the huts, the charms on the roofs of the huts, the ornaments and charms worn on the bodies of the people, each forms subject of interest to those who are successful in obtaining reliable information about them. For some years Christian people have been deeply interested in the resemblance of some Zulu customs to certain customs mentioned in the Bible, more especially in the Old Testament. One gentleman in South Africa assured me that although he had loved his Bible for years, it had become still more interesting since he had read it alternately through "English and Zulu spectacles." On one occasion he returned from a journey and was told by his wife that her Zulu servant boy had brought dirty water from the spring and refused to answer any questions put to him by her or her Zulu servant girl. They could not learn from him whether some one had been bathing in the spring, or where the cows and oxen were, nor would he look into their faces for the past two days. The boy admitted to his master the correctness of the charge, but assured him it was through no disrespect or dislike of his mistress, who was as a mother to him. As there was an air of mystery about the whole affair, this Christian man inquired of a native evangelist as to the cause of this singular conduct of his servant. After listening carefully to the recital of all the facts the evangelist calmly replied, "Sir, that boy is afraid to speak to any female just at present lest every tooth in his mouth should turn yellow. I admit, sir, it is foolish, but think it is a remnant of the Mosaic ceremonial law mentioned in the Book of Leviticus. You will not find any mention of yellow teeth in the Bible, but you can

see the resemblance between the passage in Leviticus and our Zulu customs as practiced by the heathen portion of our people."

If this thing had occurred with some employers, perhaps this boy might have been sent to the court and punished.

A few hours later a Zulu girl is seen a hundred yards away, and this moping boy brightens up, looks in that direction, and calls out in Zulu, "Ho, you amiable maiden! To you I open my mouth. To you I call this day." After this salutation the girl is said to be a fortunate person, in having been honored by such an event as being the first person to be addressed after these three days of silence. This boy, say fifteen years old, now chats freely with all, regardless of sex.

This experience was an incentive to the employer to pursue his studies of native customs as observed by the people generations before the arrival of the white man.

It is remarkable, too, that the word Zulu means also the heavens, that is, the sky. The Zulus speak of the Creator of the world by three names, one meaning, "He who was before all things," one meaning "He who created the world," and one meaning "The Great, Great One," the latter name being the most common. In their supplications the Zulus sometimes call upon the "Spirit of Spirits," the head of all ancestral spirits, as the word "Idhlozi" means an ancestral spirit.

They believe the spirits of their departed friends watch over them in the form of a snake, which is treated kindly lest the departed one should be grieved and some evil result therefrom. A lizard which is fond of inhabiting the camel-thorn trees in some localities is accused of having brought death into the world by carrying a message too swiftly, while the chameleon is accused of the same crime by being too late with its mes-

sage of mercy, because it halted to taste the berries of a bush and fell asleep. Having been forbidden to do this, and death having entered the world through the disobedience of the chameleon and the action of the lizard the Zulus consider them both deserving of death.

The various laws pertaining to uncleanness mentioned in the Books of Moses, are observed to a considerable extent by all the Zulu tribes, some being more strict than others. They readily understand the missionary when he speaks of sacrifices, vows, thank offerings and first fruits. For many generations they have killed their cattle, leaving the carcasses for a time for the spirits to take the first meal. In their supplications for the removal of a calamity mention is made of the blood that was shed, because without the shedding of blood they would not dare ask for mercy. Blood is considered necessary to atone for the past, and to avert calamity in the future. Sometimes a father having sons absent from home sacrifices an animal, saying, in the language of Job, "Perhaps my sons have sinned." Two boys traveled with a wagon for some months, and on their return manifested their gratitude by an offering of a few ears of mealies (corn) to their supposed protectors for watching over them till their safe return. Sometimes months may pass before these thank offerings can be made. Before entering upon an important journey an offering is made to secure the aid of the protecting spirits. The custom of the marriageable girls going annually to a high hill to weep reminds one of the daughters of Israel who "went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah."

In watching a Zulu messenger cross a stream one notices that he does not stop at the edge and kneel down to drink, but as he walks through the stream he pitches the water into his

mouth, lapping it in quick succession like a dog. This reminds one of Gideon's devoted band of three hundred men, who "lapped water like a dog," "putting their hands to their mouths."

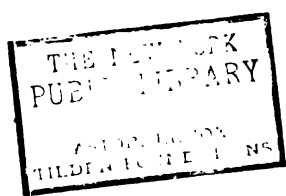
A messenger is passing some friends, but does not salute them, nor does he return their salutation until he has delivered his message, then he turns toward them and salutes them with the words, "Sa ni bona," which means "we saw you." A certain gentleman who noticed this custom said that it reminded him of the instructions given to the disciples to "salute no man by the way." Also the command of Elisha to his servant to "Salute no one, and if any salute thee, answer him not again."

A Zulu woman, who was not renowned for her industry, used to pluck handfuls of thatch from the roof of her hut and light her fire with it instead of going out to gather wood. For several weeks she saw the other women cut thatch grass to repair their huts, but she cut none. When the rainy season commenced the other huts were in good order, while hers leaked badly. A certain lady who knew of the case opened her Bible and pointing to Proverbs, chapter xiv, 1st verse, read, "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands."

In spite of the heathen Zulu's objection to the gospel, because it strikes at the root of certain debasing practices, a missionary who has some knowledge of native customs and traditions is able to interest and enlighten the people far more readily than one ignorant of their views. Such a missionary arrives at a kraal in hopes of being able to deliver a gospel message. A glance at one member of the kraal shows him that their "days of mourning are not yet ended," therefore he does not sing. Seated on the ground, he proceeds for ex-



GROUP OF ZULUS.



ample to assist one of the little boys in the tribe to extract a thorn that may have entered his foot, and turning to the head man of the tribe, who may be sitting near, the missionary asks whether he ever heard what the wisest man of the world said about thorns. Turning to Ecclesiastes, seventh chapter, sixth verse, he reads aloud, "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool," and proceeds to remind them that the unseasoned thorn makes a great noise in the fire, perhaps ending with a loud pop or a miserable sizzle. A few words as to who is really a fool, what he laughs at and how much his laugh is worth, ending perhaps by saying, "His laugh is pop, crack and sizzle without heat." The same wise man speaks of thorns in the hand and another speaks of a road "being hedged up with thorns."

"You can see that even a person who cannot read can understand the teachings of the Bible, for its teachings are so plain, and the Great, Great One who instructed His servants to write this Book knew all things, and as these servants were familiar with the customs of the people, they have related some of them. One speaks of his people praying to the 'Queen of Heaven' and making their offerings so that their gardens might yield abundantly. This servant was named Jeremiah and spoke to his people, exhorting them to obtain the favor of the Great, Great One, but they answered him in just the same words that a native woman answered me yesterday, when I spoke of the folly of putting beer in pots in her garden for the Queen of Heaven to drink. Jeremiah felt so sad that he was unable to weep enough to satisfy his grief, for he knew that the laughter of his people crackled like thorns under a pot. They observed the feasts of the new moon and full moon, they danced with the tinkling anklets, they vowed and sacrificed, but one thing they

neglected, and that was to get the favor of Him who made the heavens, who holdeth the rain in His hand ready for those to whom He chooses to give it. It is He who can protect, for He createth us, our cattle and our land. You know you need protection, and during a calamity you kill an animal, and with its gall you sprinkle each member of your family and the sides and top of your door; then you sprinkle your cattle kraal (on certain occasions). You call upon the 'Spirit of Spirits' and the spirits of your ancestors to protect you. Your women may not enter your cattle yard, for it is a 'Holy of Holies,' so she sends a child in. When I come again I will perhaps read you what the Bible says of sprinkling of blood and the customs of an ancient people. Now, before I go, I think we should thank the 'Great, Great One' that we have been spared and pray that we may be enlightened by Him, so that we choose only the good. Let us pray Him to forgive all the past and to change our desires and aims if they do not please Him, also to grant us His powerful aid at all times, and when He sees we are on a dangerous path, to be willing to have Him hedge it up with thorns. The prayer is in substance an acknowledgment of the right of the Creator over the created."

From the foregoing it will be seen that the study of Zulu customs is one of deep interest to the student of the Bible, for the daily habits of the Zulu people often throw light on some passage of scripture which the student had not paid much attention to and which many learned commentators had passed by without comment. It must not be thought possible for a total stranger to rush in post haste to a Zulu kraal with a camera and notebook to obtain a volume of information in an hour, for the stranger may not be able to discern between Zulu tradition pure and simple and the mixture of theories arising

from intercourse with the white man. Interpreters are not always reliable and persons in search of truth must be exceedingly careful not to jump at conclusions. Zulus are very suspicious and superstitious, but when approached wisely (from their standpoint) they are courteous and communicative.

No one seems to know much about the size of the population of Zululand. It is however known that the Zulu army numbered at one time more than forty thousand well trained warriors.

Zulus differ from other natives in the superior neatness in their method of preparing their food, and are much more cleanly in their persons. They are in the habit of bathing every morning, apparently as an act of devotion. Their chief pride seems to be to keep their hair in order. The women are watched strictly and carefully guarded by the men.

For many years the Zulus waged war against the Boer settlers in Natal and in the Transvaal. During the reign of their most bloodthirsty king, Dingaan the Great, a brave little company of Boers under the command of Piet Retief, fleeing from British tyranny and oppression in Cape Colony, came to Natal, then known as a part of the Zulu country, and bought some land from Dingaan. It is said that Dingaan was induced by some English residents of Natal who hated the Boers bitterly to ambush Piet Retief and his brave little band, and Dingaan did so, and the whole party, consisting of seventy of the leading Boers, were massacred. Two unsuccessful attempts were made to avenge the death of the emigrant Boers. A Dutch commando under Piet Uis invaded the Zulu country, but was compelled to retreat, leaving their leader behind them. The Zulu army under Dingaan was afterwards defeated by the Boers with great slaughter.

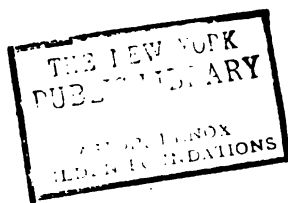
While the Zulus are recognized as the greatest warriors of the black race in Africa, yet they are not equal to the Boers.

While visiting the battlefields near Ladysmith, on the Tugela River, we came to a native kraal. In our party were three Boers and three Kaffir boys, the latter in charge of the mules and camping outfit. The Boers suggested that we enter the kraal and buy a few chickens for our dinner, as we had no meat with us with the exception of a little biltong. The kraal was the home of Nyangi, one of the oldest chiefs, and it was one of the neatest and most attractive kraals in that part of the country. It consisted of some thirty to forty cone-shaped huts of all sizes arranged in a circle around the main hut of the chief located in the center. The huts were made of sticks and mud with thatched roofs. The entrance to each hut was a small opening, so small and low that one could hardly enter upon his hands and knees. The interior was black with smoke, and rows of dried corn, gourds, beans, feathers and dried meat hung suspended from the roof, while upon the earthen floor were some crude cooking utensils and a stone like a druggist's mortar, in which the corn was beaten into meal, and a vessel, supposed to be some sort of a kettle, in which the meal was cooked into mush, called by them mealie pap, which they eat cold, with milk obtained from the cows and goats. Then in addition to these was the cooking stove, which in reality was only two forked sticks of wood driven into the ground with a large stick stretched across from one to the other, from which was suspended over the fire the kettle, and here and there a bunch of dried grass or leaves on which the inmates together with their cats and dogs made their beds.

The kraal was located in a little valley by the side of a mountain stream of pure cold water that came from a spring in the



CROWDING IN CATTLE CARS TO GET AWAY FROM JOHANNESBURG ON FIRST WAR SCARE.



mountains close by. The valley was covered with small patches of corn which was growing nicely under the careful attention of the natives. At some distance away was a herd of fat cattle and a flock of beautiful Angora goats and sheep carefully guarded by a company of boys and young men. It was, indeed, a most attractive spot, and one could not help but wonder if these untutored savages in their simple homes, amid these charming surroundings, were not happier after all than many white people in the more civilized communities of the world whose whole lives are wasted in chasing after the almighty dollar or struggling for fame in a dying world.

At our approach to the entrance to the kraal, for it was surrounded by a fence made of sticks driven into the ground and covered with wild vines growing luxuriantly all over it, and had but one entrance, the whistle of alarm was given and immediately some stalwart Zulus emerged from a hut and saluted us. One of the Boers, who could speak the Zulu language, stated the object of our visit. Forthwith we were conducted to the central hut, where, at its entrance, stood the dignified old chief. He was a man about seventy years of age, six feet three inches tall, and would weigh about two hundred and forty pounds. He was entirely naked with the exception of a small cloth tied about his loins. On his head was a wire band or ring fastened in some manner in his kinky hair, which was supposed to be a crown. In his hand he held a peculiar walking stick which was used as a mace. His ankles and wrists were covered with various kinds of peculiar rings. His ears were also pierced and had brass rings in them. Being introduced to him by the Boer interpreter as a visitor from the great white man's country across the sea who had come to pay my respects to him, he made a profound bow, and then raising his eyes to the

heavens and extending his hand, he said, "Behold all these mountains and valleys, they belong to me and my people. In them the stranger is welcome, and Chief Nyangi proclaims that death shall be the portion of any one of his tribe who dares to offer hurt to the white visitor." Then he extended his hand and warmly welcomed me to his kraal. He then gave a peculiar whistle, which called all the men, women and children from all the huts to assist in welcoming the strangers, and a motley crew they were. Old, middle-aged and young. The musicians brought forth their Zulu instruments, and to their quaint music they began a dance, which I was told was the Zulu dance of welcome to distinguished visitors to their kraal.

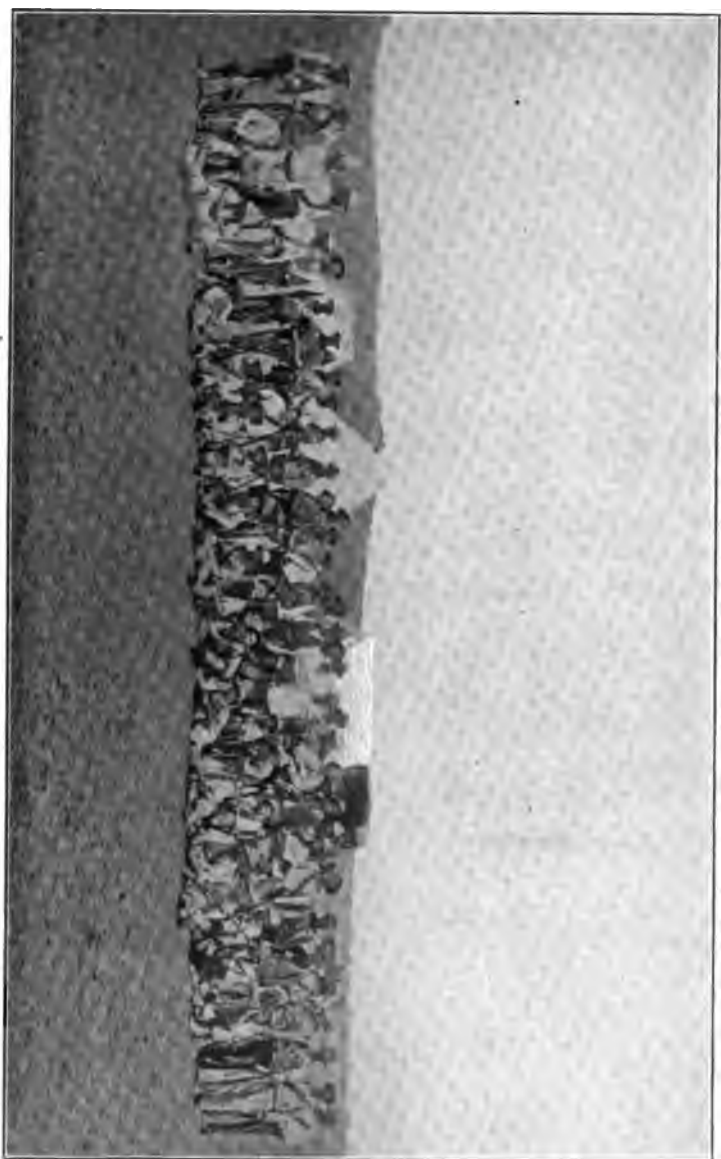
For a few shillings we bought a half dozen nice, fat chickens, and after a short talk with the chief about his tribe and about the country we took our leave. As we started away he called one of his boys to his side and bade him enter his hut and bring out a singular walking stick which the chief informed us had been carved by one of his tribe. This he presented to me with a neat little speech, expressing the desire that I should take the stick with me to America and keep it as a souvenir of my visit to Nyangi, the greatest chief of the Zulus. He and his retinue accompanied us to the entrance of the kraal, and as we started on our journey they sang a peculiar song called a parting song, and for some distance looking back we could see those kindhearted Zulus waving their hands and bidding us adieu, and the queer, weird music sounded strange and peculiar upon our ears.

The mendacious cabals of Great Britain have endeavored in every possible manner to poison the minds of the Christian people of Great Britain as well as of our own country, and thus create an unholy prejudice against the Boers. In fact, some

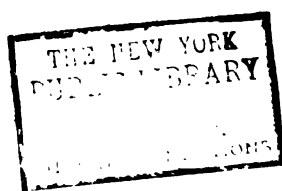
distinguished missionaries and even bishops of some of the churches have visited our own country from South Africa and brought to our people terrible tales about the savagery of the Boers toward the Zulus. It has been alleged by those in position to know that this was caused by money in abundance being contributed by certain citizens of England, and it is a singular thing how easily many of the missionaries from England and America to South Africa are biased by liberal contributions. It is singular how easy it is for these brethren to sympathize with the fat, sleek Britisher who has a fat purse and who is careless about the manner in which he draws those purse strings. A fat purse in the hands of a scheming, liberal Britisher hath performed wonders in South Africa, and among the missionaries in particular. I do not wish it to be understood as my desire to say aught against the great work performed by the religious people of the world along the lines of sending missionaries out to convert the heathen. There have been many good men and women who have toiled from youth to old age in the mission fields of South Africa, and their many deeds of kindness in the interest of humanity in carrying the gospel of the Saviour of mankind to the savages in their native kraals in the dark continent will live on and on, never to be forgotten by the poor black savages, who under their Christian influence and teachings were converted into thrifty, intelligent men and women. These will never cease to remember the glorious work of those humble missionaries. But while this is true of some missionaries, the other fact is true that other missionaries have caused a great deal of trouble among the natives. Many who were once moral, clean and peaceable in their savage state, under the teachings of these evil missionaries have become exceedingly immoral and very warlike, and cause a great deal of un-

rest among the people of their own tribes as well as among the white people who had their homes near to them.

The Boers are a highly civilized and Christian people, and they have always believed that since the savages in their own territory are six times, possibly seven times, as numerous as themselves, the only way to keep the savages in subjection is to look after them themselves, to treat them kindly, yet at the same time firmly, to make them know their place and by all means not to permit them to get the upper hand; in other words, being a great people, they believe in acting as their own missionaries. The Boers are very kind and gentle to the natives. Of course, they compel them to know their place and will not permit them to become domineering and cruel and bombastic, for they know full well in their large numbers if they were permitted to have their own way it would be but a short time before the Boers' wives and children would be murdered and the men probably compelled to flee from the country in order to save their lives. For this reason the Boers have steadily refused to permit missionaries who were sent from England especially into that country to work among the natives within the confines of the two republics, because they look upon these English missionaries as the worst kind of mischief makers. Because of this attitude of the Boers toward the missionaries, the sympathies of the missionaries are with the British. The Boers have not contributed gold to their cause, hence in an awful struggle between a greedy, selfish monarchy and two justice-loving republics, the sympathies of these missionaries as God-fearing men go out to the monarchy with its tyranny, oppression and injustice, rather than to the republics with their love for justice, liberty and equality. Shame, shame! Oh, ye frauds and hypocrites!



THE IRISH BRIGADE—MR. DAVIS DIRECTLY UNDER PEAK OF RIGHT-HAND TENT.



CHAPTER IX.

The battlefields. On the firing line and in the camp of the Boers. A meeting with General Joubert. Boer generals and troops an unostentatious band of mighty farmers. Their wholesome hospitality. Skillful handling of machine guns by Boer farmer boys. Buller at Tugela River greatly harassed and nonplussed by the wonderful skill of the Boers in moving detachments quickly. Their tactics and the necessity therefor. Boer marksmanship. British soldiers handicapped in marksmanship on account of clearness of atmosphere, so unlike that of England, and unable therefore to judge of distances. Some clever horse-stealing. The Boer bivouac.

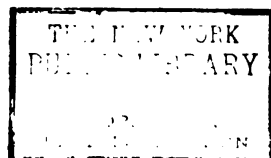
B EING anxious to visit the battlefields and see the Boer in camp and on the firing line, President Kruger's private car was placed at my disposal. It was well stocked with provisions, and the President's private porter was in charge, with instructions to take good care of me until I returned. As the railroad at that time was not in operation beyond Modder's Spruit, a little station about eight or ten miles from Ladysmith, at that point our car was side-tracked, and there it remained until I was ready to return. At Modder's Spruit, I was informed that every arrangement had been made for my visit to all points of interest in the vicinity of the besieged city of Ladysmith and on the Tugela River. These arrangements consisted of horses to ride and a red cross wagon and a Scotch cart to carry our camping outfit, both drawn by mules and in charge of three Kaffir boys. These had been kindly provided by General Joubert at the order of the officials at Pretoria. Three stalwart Boers heavily armed had also been placed at my command to conduct me through dangerous places in safety. After my arrival at that station, my first duty was to pay my

respects to General Joubert at Hoofd laager, which was the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief of the Boer Army. Approaching the laager my astonishment was indeed great when I found myself suddenly in the midst of a lot of covered wagons arranged in a circle around two tents, one large, the other small. It reminded me very much of the manner in which the pioneers of our own western states camped when they crossed the plains and had to protect themselves from the roving bands of wild savages. Entering the large tent with Adjutant-General Amlong, a very courteous gentleman, I was introduced to a number of Boers who were sitting about on boxes smoking. Presently an elderly looking man of medium size entered the tent and I was at once presented to General Joubert. Imagine my surprise when I was informed that this simple looking man, apparently just a farmer, without uniform, simply in clothing like the clothing our farmers wear, without pompous show, or display, not even carrying a sword, was the commandant of the whole Boer army, and the man who won lasting fame at the Battle of Majuba Hill in the long ago. It was such a contrast from what I had seen in the British camps, where brilliant uniforms, bombastic display and all improved paraphernalia of modern warfare appeared on every hand. The general shook hands with me and said he was delighted to have an American direct from America to visit him. He talked English perfectly, and was a great admirer of my country and its people.

After talking for some time of the ordeal through which his people were passing he turned to two of his sons who were on his staff and said: "Tell mother to come here, and also bring some refreshments, for Mr. Davis must be worn out after so long a ride." In a short time they returned to the tent bring-



OFFICERS OF THE BRAVE IRISH BRIGADE, NEAR LADYSMITH.



ing a pitcher of fresh milk and some mealie biscuits. They were accompanied by Mrs. Joubert, to whom I was introduced by the general.

"Why," said I, "Mrs. Joubert, do you accompany the general on his campaigns?"

"Oh, yes," said she, "Piet couldn't get along without me. If I were not with him he would not be properly cared for, and as I have been with him in every battle since Majuba Hill, I shall continue following him around until one or the other of us is killed."

"Yes," said the general, "I try to keep mother at home, but it is useless to try, she will be a camp follower. Why, the other day, during the Battle of Elandslaagte, I was horrified to see her sitting calmly on a huge boulder on a mountain side within range of the British guns with one of my field glasses in her hand viewing the fight. She will surely get killed some day."

But it was the poor old general who died first, a short time after this, and his grand old white-haired wife, his companion through a most stormy life, followed him to his grave and then returned to her home to remain until called upon to join him on the other side.

We then proceeded to the camps of the Boers on the Tugela River. One night we approached a Boer farm, and concluded to ask permission to camp there for the night in order to get water for our mules and horses. An old-fashioned Dutch woman met us at the door of the house, and when we stated our desire, she said: "All the men folks are at the front fighting; only my daughters and myself and a few Kaffir boys are on the farm, but you are perfectly welcome to camp with us over night."

While we were getting ready to pitch our tent one of the daughters came and said that supper was ready and "mother wants you to come in and join us at table." We said no, that we would prepare our own meal, but she insisted that her mother would be displeased if we declined the invitation, and we therefore accepted of this hospitality; and after we had partaken of a most delightful meal of fresh eggs, vegetables, mealie biscuits, fried chicken, fruit and coffee, the good old mother told us the sad story of how she and old Jan, her husband, at an early day had fled from British persecution in Cape Colony, and after purchasing a farm from the Kaffirs had spent many years in developing that farm, in building a home for their children, and how many times during those years they had been compelled to fight against the wild beasts and the wild savages, and now in their old days, Jan, and his sons, now grown to manhood, were compelled to go to fight for their homes against the cruel, grasping British. It was a sad story of suffering and hardship, but nothing unusual, for thousands of other farmers in that unhappy country were passing through the same experiences.

Soon after retiring to our tent to get a little rest, we heard the young girls on the porch of the house singing in plaintive voices that song so dear to every lover of home:

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home!

The next morning, after breakfast with the family, I offered to pay the mother for our accommodations, when she said:



GENERAL JOUBERT AND STAFF AT NEW CASTLE.

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NEW YORK

"As you are a stranger, sir, in our country, you will be pardoned for your indiscretion. But it is regarded as an insult for a stranger to offer pay for a night's lodging for self or beast on any Boer farm."

I could not keep from wondering if these were some of the Boer savages I had read about in British sympathizing newspapers and had heard about from British officials.

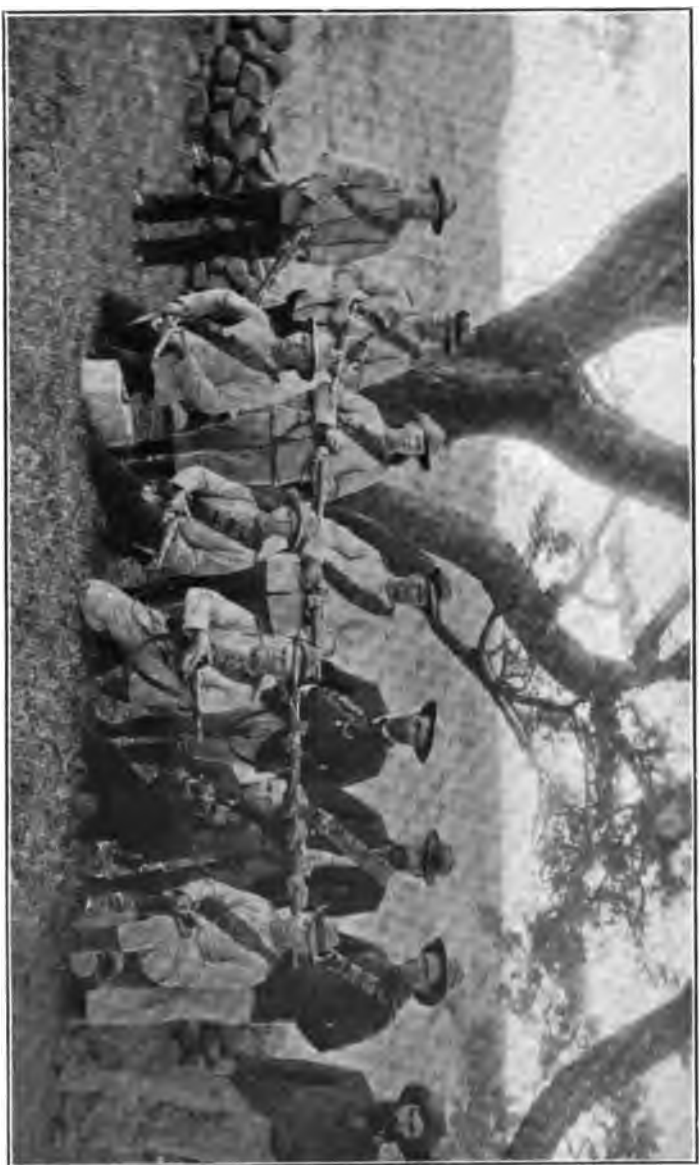
The farmers were scattered in laagers amid the hills surrounding Ladysmith and all along the Tugela River. Some of their forts consisted of bags of dirt and stones piled up one upon the other. On the hills, or kopjes, as they called them, were small squads of country boys manning the cannon and Maxims. I looked in vain for the trained and distinguished artillerymen from foreign lands that the British had alleged were in control of the artillery branch of the Boer army. I failed to find them. But I did find boys from Boer farms handling Long Toms, Nordenfeldts and Maxims in a manner that scattered death and consternation throughout the British army.

One of the chief qualities of the Boers is their remarkable mobility. To-day they appear in one position; to-morrow they may be twenty-five or thirty miles away, occupying another position. They have scarcely any paraphernalia to move about. The fighting Boer is able to move almost anywhere at a moment's notice. All he possesses is a trusty horse, a rifle, two bandoliers filled with cartridges, of one hundred and fifty each, thrown from his shoulders, with a pipe in his mouth, one pocket of his coat filled with Transvaal smoking tobacco, in the other a few mealie biscuits and a few small pieces of biltong. Thus equipped he is ready for war. This lightness for traveling, joined to their management of their horses, enables the Boers to travel sixty miles in a night, and it

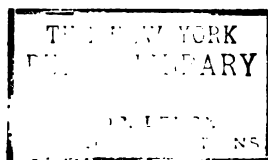
was beyond any doubt that detachments of Boers traveled back and forth between the Modder River and Ladysmith. There can be no doubt whatever that there were not more than thirty thousand Boers under arms at any time, while the British army numbered three hundred thousand, with fully thirty thousand horses and forty thousand mules, and with about three hundred of the greatest cannon in the world, besides numerous Maxims and lyddite guns from the great battleships, which were brought to throw lyddite shells. These lyddite shells, however, did not cause much destruction. It was estimated that there were two thousand of them thrown upon Spion's Kop during the battle there and the two thousand only killed two Boers. I met one old Boer at Helborn laager who had been in the Battle of Spion's Kop. His hair and beard, which were white before the battle, were as yellow as an orange after the battle was over, and the cause of this change of color in his hair and whiskers was that a lyddite shell had exploded within a few feet of where he was standing in a trench and the fumes from the picric acid escaping from the shell saturated his white hair and beard.

The burghers were not much in evidence during a battle. They remained under cover as much as possible.

I do not believe that General Buller, or in fact any of the soldiers or officers under him, saw a single Boer soldier for some time after the commencement of the Battle of Colenso. Buller approached the Tugela River from the south. Right at Colenso was a bridge crossing the Tugela River. The Boers were supposed to be intrenched on the north side of that river and near the north approach to the bridge. It is quite certain that General Buller did not believe there was a solitary Boer soldier on the south side of the river. Hence he ordered his ar-



BOER BOYS—POSITIONS OF THE FIRING LINE.



tillery force up close to the southern approach to the bridge, secure in the belief that the Boers had not crossed the bridge to the country lying to the east of Colenso. But when the artillery came near to the southern end of the bridge, to Buller's evident amazement a heavy fire was opened upon them from some kopjes close at hand, but to the east of the troops and south of the bridge. Then was the first time that the British realized or knew that any of the Boers had crossed the bridge to the Colenso side of the Tugela River. Not a Boer could be seen, yet a merciless fire was poured into the British ranks from the unseen Boers close at hand. General Buller was in range and came very near being killed. He lost some eleven guns and about two thousand men killed and wounded in that battle. This was a splendid evidence of the soldierly ability of the Boers. Evidently the Boers had learned their soldiering from long years of fighting with the natives. They had evidently learned from the natives the trick of hiding behind kopjes and in spruits and of lying concealed and silent in close neighborhood to the enemy, and of reserving their fire, of outflanking movements on both sides at once, of a crescent formation which attempted to close round the enemy and cut off his communications, and of taking advantage of every scrap of cover no matter how small it might be. I have seen Boers and many of them on a battlefield where there were innumerable ant hills lying safe and secure behind the ant hills, each man behind a separate ant hill, or even behind a small stone or boulder no larger than an ordinary ant hill. Yet the Boer kept up an unceasing fire when not even he or his rifle barrel could be seen. In fact there was nothing but his right hand and his right eye exposed at any time and then only for a moment. He did not have to wait for an order to fire in volley nor did he have to

rise up to fire. He was never exposed unnecessarily. The Boer commanders were very careful not to expose a single man unnecessarily, for the reason that the Boer forces were so small in number that, as General Joubert said to me, they did not want to lose a single man from unnecessary exposure. For this reason General Joubert subjected himself to the unjust criticism on the part of many laymen that he was entirely too conservative, that he did not follow up the victories which he won by pursuing the enemy and harassing it to the last extreme. For this reason many British officers and British correspondents in the British press stated that the Boers would not fight in the open, that they were too cowardly to stand up and meet the enemy on equal terms and on the open ground. The truth of the matter is that whenever it has been necessary at any time for the Boers to fight in the open they have acquitted themselves nobly. In proof of this statement I have only to refer to the heroic conduct of the Boers at Majuba Hill and at Spion's Kop, where, on it being necessary to fight in the open and necessary to take those hills, they went up their steep sides against overwhelming odds, displaying as much bravery as was ever displayed in the world's history.

The Boers are natural marksmen; in fact, they are all sharpshooters. They have always been trained from early childhood to be exceedingly expert in the use of the rifle, their only weapon of warfare aside from a few cannon and Maxims. In other years, when the visitor approached the farm of a Boer, after a most cordial welcome, the father of the household would call his young son to his side, a boy but ten or twelve years of age, and saying to him that it was necessary to have fresh meat for the newly arrived guest, he would take down the rifle, and handing it to the lad with just one cartridge, would tell him to



BOERS IN BATTLE.

THE
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bridle the pony and hasten away for a mile or two and bring home a spring bok for fresh meat. The spring bok is a species of small deer very similar to our western antelope, very numerous in South Africa. The boy after being gone a short time, invariably returned with the spring bok, having killed it with a single cartridge. Should he fail to kill the animal and thus waste the cartridge, the lad was sure to receive a sound thrashing for his poor marksmanship. Thus were the boys trained from early childhood to the use of the rifle. I frequently saw boys ranging from ten to fifteen years of age standing in the trenches on the battlefield, side by side with their fathers, using their rifles with as much dexterity and certainty of aim as their fathers.

Another thing in addition to their splendid marksmanship that causes the list of casualties in the British army to be so much greater than that of the Boers is the fact that the British soldiers leave their British homes situated as they are in an atmosphere much more murky than that of South Africa. One who has ever visited London doubtless remembers the fog that falls upon the city, so dark and thick at times that it can almost be cut into slices with a knife, when it is necessary for all the gas and electric lights along the streets to be turned on in full blast in order that the people may get along the streets. When the British soldiers go to South Africa they find an entirely different atmosphere. The sun is bright, the skies clear, the atmosphere so rarefied that they cannot possibly estimate the distance intervening between themselves and a certain object. As an illustration of this I might mention an experience of mine several years ago in visiting Colorado. We arrived in the city of Pueblo in the night from the eastern part of the republic, and when we arose the next morning and looked out of our

window toward the Rocky Mountains, that rose majestically to the westward, it seemed to us that they could only be a short distance off as we looked upon the great seams in the mountain side and the mighty banks of snow and huge boulders thereon, that it would be but a short walk over to the mountains before breakfast; but imagine our amazement when we were informed that those mountains were more than sixty miles away. It is the same sort of atmosphere one finds in South Africa. Objects appear near at hand when in fact they are frequently a great distance away. So when the British soldier takes aim at a Boer and fires he fails to hit him because he has not carefully considered the distance intervening. But not so with the Boer. He is accustomed to his own country, and can tell to a mathematical certainty the exact distance an object is off. He knows where to locate the British soldier; he can tell perfectly when he is in range of his rifle, and he will not take aim until he is certain that the British soldier is within range, then he fires and fires to kill, and rarely misses.

One of the most interesting incidents that came under my observation was the method by which the Boers captured many of the horses belonging to the British soldiers who were locked up in Ladysmith. Three or four Boers, after having noted carefully the feeding ground of the British horses, would take up a covert position within easy range of the British fort above it, and, after sending two or three Kaffir boys and one or two of the most venturesome of their own men to ride stealthily along and cut out as many horses as they thought they could get away with safely, they would defend their comrades so well with their Mauser rifles that the British soldiers could not effectively interfere. Then the captured horses were brought up to the main party of the Boers and were immediately rushed out of



BRITISH PRISONERS FROM NICHOLSON KOP ARRIVING AT PRETORIA.

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

rifle range. In two or three days of this sort of work two brothers in one of the big laagers were said to have secured over thirty fine large horses from the British soldiers. Frequently a lively skirmish would occur between the soldiers of the two armies on occasions of this sort, but the Boers nearly always got away with the horses in safety. By this means many a Boer soldier was able to ride a fine horse from one battlefield to another when otherwise he would probably have had to walk.

Just before leaving the Boer army for Pretoria, I visited the camp of the famous Irish Brigade. This was a body of three hundred Americans, mostly Irishmen, from almost every state in the Union, who had been working in the mines at Johannesburg, but when the war began, believing in the justness of the Boer cause, they enlisted in the Boer army and selected as their commander Colonel J. Y. F. Blake, a native Missourian, and a graduate of West Point. It is impossible for me to describe the warmth of the welcome extended to me by these fellow countrymen. Their enthusiasm was boundless. Some of them laughed and some cried like children, and some shouted like Comanche Indians, when they realized that an American was in their camp direct from home. They were heart and soul in sympathy with the Boers, and begged me upon my return home to do everything possible to acquaint our countrymen of their stand taken on the side of right. Before leaving their camp I was forced to stand with them in a group and have our picture taken beneath their only flag, and that was a faded banner of the Stars and Stripes. Of the many pathetic incidents of my trip to South Africa none was more affecting to me than the separation from these American boys, who, I believe, should be enrolled among the world's greatest heroes, for they were

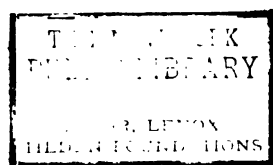
not risking life for their own country and their own liberties, but for the salvation and perpetuity of free institutions of other lands and for the liberties of other peoples. Those of that little band who still live will be honored by all who love liberty, and the names of those who died shall never be forgotten

While fame her record keeps
And honor guards the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

I believe had the Boers been more aggressive at the commencement of hostilities, and, instead of besieging the British at Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking, had marched like a conquering host down through Cape Colony direct to Cape Town, the result would have been that the Dutch of Cape Colony, who outnumbered the British residents six or seven to one, but who were not so well organized and so well armed as the Dutch burghers of the two South African republics, would then have been encouraged to take up arms and join the two republics in a mighty effort to drive the British government forever from South Africa, and upon its ruins erect a new republic embracing the territory from the Zambesi River to the Cape of Good Hope. Had this been done, there is no doubt in the world that the British government would have had to content itself with simply retaining a coaling station at Simonstown or Cape Town. The failure of the Boers to do this is the great mistake that has been made. It may result in a lasting loss to humanity and to civilization, for, had this been done the Boers would have won, and the fires of liberty would have been kindled on mountain and veldt, and the temples of liberty would have been erected throughout the southern part of that great dark and mysterious continent, and liberty-loving people from



BOERS AT COLLENSO.



every land where tyranny and oppression hold sway would be invited to come to that land and build homes for themselves and their loved ones, a land where the white lily of peace would spring up in the future in the soil where once bloomed the red blossom of war. It does seem to me that every Christian man and woman in the United States ought to deeply sympathize with the Boers, and I believe they would do so if they could but enter the Boer camps and there behold the farmers clad in their simple farmer's garb, with no gaudy uniforms, no tinsel, no flags, no bunting, no swords, no pistols, no tents, no comfortable hammocks or cots, no paraphernalia whatever of modern soldiery, only plain farmers with a few covered wagons, lying with their heads pillowed on their saddles, smoking tranquilly their pipes filled with good wholesome Transvaal tobacco. There they lay, talking of the deeds of heroism and valor performed by their fathers in the long ago, when, at Majuba Hill, at Bronkhorst Spruit and Lang's Nek, they wrested liberty from the grasping hand of Great Britain; and after talking for some time over their hardships and sufferings, one would lead in prayer, the others would join him, and they would offer up their prayers to God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of Moses, aye, the God of the old Boers, the God of Piet Retief and all the old fathers who fought and died to lay the foundation stones of the two young republics which they and their children were now ready to fight and die for. And then they would sing the psalms which were dear to them, and I cannot conceive of anything more pathetic than the sweet music that was wafted out on the night winds from the Boer laagers as those plain, God-fearing farmers sang their sweet psalms and songs, usually closing their devotions with this, their national anthem:

John Bull's Crime

What realm so fair, so richly fraught
With treasures ever new,
Where nature hath her wonder wrought,
And freely spread to view!
Ho, burghers old! Be up and singing,
God save the folk and land,
This, burghers new, your anthem ringing
O'er veldt, o'er hill, o'er strand,
And burghers all, stand ye or fall
For hearths and homes at country's call.

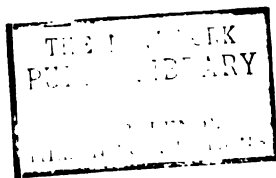
With wisdom, Lord, our rulers guide,
And these, Thy people, bless.
May we with nations all abide
In peace and righteousness.
To Thee, whose mighty arm hath shielded
Thy folk in bygone days,
To Thee alone be humbly yielded
All glory, honor, praise.
God guard our land,
Our own dear land,
Our children's home, their fatherland



BOERS IN TRENCHES AT MAFEKING.



WHAT THE DIAMOND AND GOLD FIELDS COST.
BRITISHERS UNBURIED EIGHT DAYS AFTER BATTLE OF SPION KOP.



CHAPTER X.

Johannesburg, the centre of the mining region of the Witwatersrand.

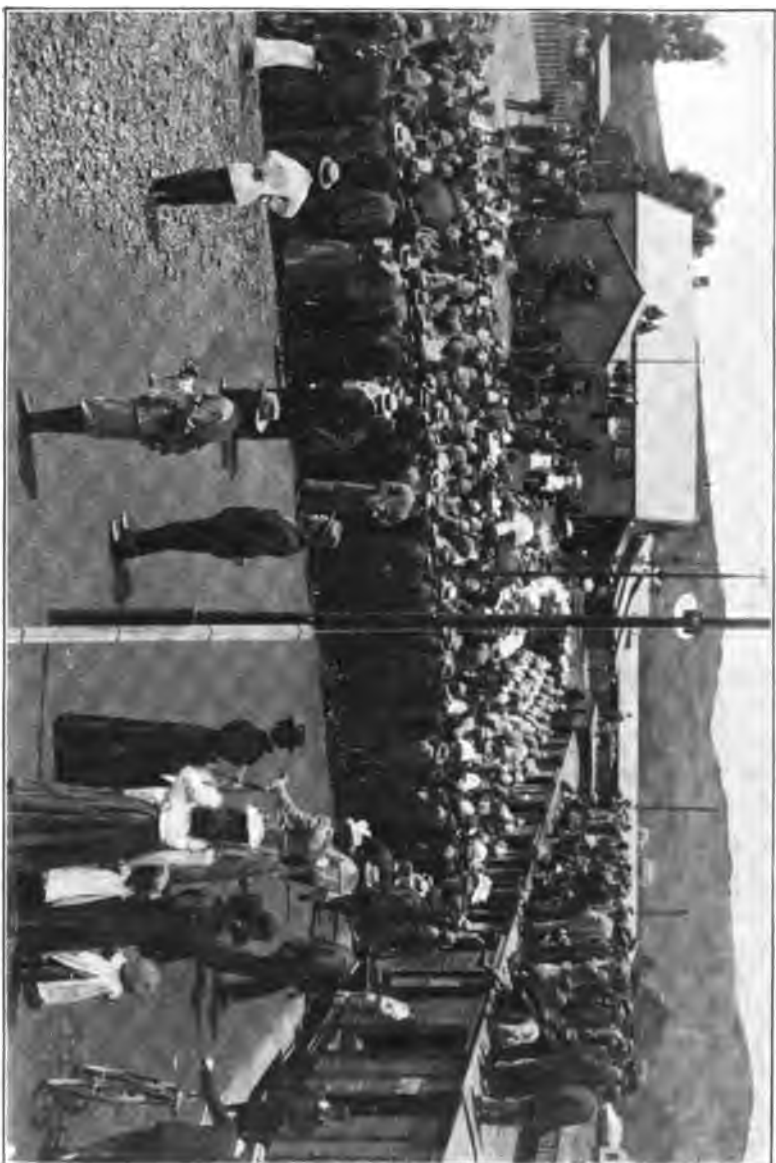
Farewell to officials at Pretoria. Citizens of the little republics tearfully implore that the people of the United States be told the truth concerning their struggles against their oppressors. Macrum-Hay incident. A promise to do all possible to enlist American sympathy for the Boers. Return to America. Resignation of office.

ON my return to Pretoria from the visit to the battle-fields and camps of the fighting Boers, I had the pleasure of meeting United States Consul Hay, who had just arrived. His predecessor, Consul Macrum, after having made his complaint to his government that his mail had been opened by British officials through whose hands it had passed, was relieved of his office and Mr. Hay appointed in his place. During the time intervening between Mr. Macrum's dismissal and Mr. Hay's arrival, Mr. W. J. Hollis, United States Consul at Lorenzo Marquez, was stationed in the consulate at Pretoria. He and his wife were very popular among the residents of the capital city. Mr. Hollis was just and fair to all persons with whom he came in contact, and Mrs. Hollis especially endeared herself to all humanity-loving people by her many kind acts toward those in distress. Many a suffering man and woman will doubtless long remember the brief sojourn of this generous, noble-hearted couple in their country. Before Consul Hay's arrival the newspapers contained many references to his alleged conduct in England while he was on his way to his post of duty. It was asserted that he had called upon the officials of the British government in order to get his instruc-

tions as to what he should do when he arrived in South Africa. It was also claimed that he had been wined and dined by the officials in London who were responsible for the war, et cetera. Because of these stories the officials of the South African Republic were about determined not to receive Consul Hay as a representative of the United States government. When I heard of this determination, I called upon Secretary Reitz immediately and urged him to receive Consul Hay in the proper manner as the representative of my country. I said that Mr. Hay was a young man and I believed he was an honest, fair-minded man, and when he saw the actual condition of things in Pretoria, I felt sure his demeanor would be that of a true American. After considerable discussion it was decided to receive him in an official capacity. He was accordingly given a most cordial reception. Secretary Reitz gave a magnificent dinner in his honor, to which all the consuls of the various countries represented in Pretoria were invited and presented to Consul Hay.

Before preparing to return home I concluded to make a brief visit to the City of Johannesburg, the center, as is well known, of the mining region of the Witwatersrand, the most famous as well as the richest mining region in the known world. The city under normal conditions had a population of about fifty thousand, but at the time of my visit it seemed like a deserted village. When the war scare first came on the people of that city crowded even into cattle cars like so many cattle in their efforts to get away.

The city is very beautiful. It extends over an area of about six square miles and has over eighty miles of roads and streets, many outlying suburbs having been created for the benefit of those who may desire to live a little way from the center of the town. Great sums of money have been expended on buildings



UNLOADING BRITISH PRISONERS FROM TRAIN AT PRETORIA.

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public and private. And this is the more remarkable when it is remembered that the cost of every pound weight of timber, iron and imported building materials has been increased considerably by transport and by customs duties. The beauty of some of the shops and the size of the plate glass in some of the windows are most striking. The public parks and gardens are exceedingly fine, and the churches and schools are numerous and extremely costly. In fact these buildings, as well as the public buildings generally, and also many of the private residences, would compare very favorably with like structures in any city in the United States or in any other part of the world.

Our own government was represented there by an exceedingly pleasant gentleman by the name of W. D. Gordon.

On my return to Pretoria it became necessary for me to take leave of the officials and people who had treated me so kindly during my brief stay among them, in order to hasten to Lorenzo Marquez to catch the German steamer *Kansler*, which was about to sail for Naples. When it came to saying farewell, it was like taking leave of people whom I had always known. At ten o'clock on the morning of the day when our train left Pretoria some two thousand people, men, women and children, were gathered to see me off. Many of the women and children were of families whose husbands and fathers had shared with me their food and their blankets in camp on the Tugela River and in the vicinity of Ladysmith—some of them I had seen dying in the hospitals, and some of them I had helped to bury on the battlefields—and when these wives and mothers and children came to me with tearful eyes to say good-bye and asked me to tell the American people when I got home just what I had seen in South Africa, to tell the people of my grand republic how the people of their little republic were suffering and dying for their rights, I

could not keep from saying that if God would spare me to return to the land I love I would do everything in my power to arouse the American government and the American people to sympathize with the Boer patriots, and to assist them in every way to save their liberties.

Standing on the platform of the car as the train departed from the station, my heart ached in sympathy with those people, and as my train sped on, through my tears I watched the neat cottage homes, the majestic public buildings and the tall church spires of the beautiful capital city of the South African Republic fade away from sight forever. And I wondered if the God of our fathers, He who controlleth the destinies of nations, and who holdeth the fate of the people in the hollow of His hands, the God of the Boers, the God of Majuba Hill, of Spion's Kop, the God of Bunker Hill and of Yorktown, would not surely in His own good time save the two little South African republics as a bright oasis in the great South African desert of tyranny and oppression.

Boarding the steamer Kansler at Lorenzo Marquez, we started for Naples, touching at Biera, Mozambique, Madagascar, Zanzibar, Aden, Suez and Port Said.

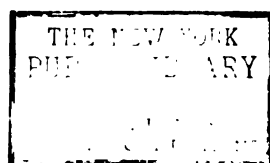
At Naples we changed to the steamer Aller, and landed at New York April 1st, 1900.

There I was besieged by newspaper men seeking interviews, but I carefully refrained from giving any expression of my views until I had first reported to my superior in Washington.

After learning the actual state of affairs in the capital city, I concluded to lay aside all political prospects and all personal ambitions and follow the dictates of a conscience that never yet had betrayed me, and tendered my resignation as Assistant Secretary of the Interior in order that I might say or write what I



FUNERAL OF GENERAL KOCH, KILLED IN BATTLE.



pleased in behalf of the Boers without reward of any kind whatsoever. It became with me purely a matter of heart and conscience, and a perfect knowledge of being in the right. Hence I determined to stand up for the Boers and do everything in my power for them until the end of the struggle, even though I were the only man in America that dared to do so.



BOER FATHER AND TWO SONS—SCOUTS.

CHAPTER XI.

Orations at Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Kansas City (before National Democratic Convention), St. Louis and Omaha.

IMMEDIATELY after my resignation was accepted, a committee of citizens of Washington, D. C., waited upon me and extended an invitation to address a mass meeting in the Grand Opera House on the evening of April 8th, subject "The Boers of South Africa." I accepted the invitation, and the address as delivered will appear in full in the following pages. Within a few days after the delivery of this address, invitations were received from every State in the Union to address mass meetings in behalf of the Boers. I accepted more than two hundred of these invitations, and was everywhere greeted by large audiences who were very enthusiastic in their sympathy for the struggling Boers of the two South African republics. Extracts from a few of these addresses will follow.

The following is the address delivered at the capital city:

Ladies and Gentlemen—The Boers of South Africa are among the pioneers of freedom—heroes of civil and religious liberty. They were the torchbearers who blazed the pathway for civilization through the primeval forests of the southern part of the great "dark continent" which has been the marvel of the ages. No country in all the world contains a nobler race of men and women. The descendants of the pious Huguenots, who were the victims of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the cream of France, who were obliged to flee from their coun-



FUNERAL OF GENERAL JOUBERT AT PRETORIA.

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try in 1685, in order that Madame de Maintenon might become the wife of a king. The descendants, too, of the heroic Netherlanders, who, under William the Silent, wrested the independence of Holland from the hand of the Spanish tyrant. No people in all the world's history have made a more valiant effort to secure liberty for future peoples than they. And no people have endured more hardships in the cause of liberty and equality of rights than they. Indeed, it was and is their unconquerable love for liberty that has caused all their troubles. Of course, they are stubborn and strong. Otherwise, how could they have done so much? A giant race of men and women, accustomed to hardships and toil, of heroic statures and broad shoulders, with clear eyes, strong brains and noble hearts, these plain, common people of the mountain and veldt have struggled together in a common cause. In the hard school of experience they received their only education. In the Holy Bible they received that instruction and consolation from the God they love that guided them through the trials and tribulations of the centuries, and that made them courageous and strong enough to be able to defy the nefarious tricks and schemes of greedy, selfish, grasping millions of their fellow men, and to combat successfully with the wild beasts and ferocious savages, as they trekked through the African wildernesses hitherto untrodden by the foot of the white man. The pioneers abandoned their homes, sacrificed whatever of property they could not carry with them, and leaving the fatherland many years ago, settled in the fertile valleys of the Cape of Good Hope. There they planted the seed of liberty which they hoped would eventually develop into a great tree that would spread all over that beautiful country and furnish a delightful home to every worthy, deserving pilgrim who might seek a resting place beneath its peaceful branches. In

spite of the oppressive bonds of the East India Company, that young settlement, comprising all that was noble in the blood and all that was exalted in the aspirations of ancient Europe, grew and flourished with such vigor that when the colony passed into the hands of England, in 1806, a strong national spirit and local patriotism had already developed itself. In fact, there grew up out of the two races of Hollanders and French Huguenots one people, one in faith, one in tranquil respect for the law, and with a feeling of liberty and independence as great as the veldt was wide and broad, which they had by degrees recovered from the wilderness of nature or the wilder natives. It was against the wish of the people of the infant colony that they passed under the control of the English government, and very soon thereafter their Afrikaner spirit was seriously wounded by the British government taking sides with the natives as against the colonists in many ways. The farmers were deprived of their guns and ammunition, and as a result, in a short time their cattle were stolen and their homes destroyed by the savages. The British government organized their police force by the appointment of Hottentots, the most contemptible of the natives, to the positions of policemen. This action infuriated the Boers, for they regarded the Hottentots as much lower than themselves in the social scale. As a result a part of the Boers revolted in the year 1815 and six of them were tortured in a most horrible manner by the British at Slaughter's Nek. In the presence of their wives and children, who were compelled to be present, the poor, unfortunate Boers were first inhumanly half hanged, and when the scaffold broke, they were again hoisted in a dying state and strangled to death. Such was the conduct then of the representatives of that great nation that now boasts of its humanity and civilization, and which is



ARRIVAL OF RED CROSS TRAIN AT PRETORIA WITH BOER WOUNDED.

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wont to refer to the Boers as uncouth savages feeding upon mealies and wild bok, and who are unfit for the solution of the great problem of civilization that belongs to the most refined and æsthetic nations. That tragedy was the first blood beacon raised to mark the division line between Boer and Briton in South Africa, and it will ever remain a dark spot upon the pages of British history, a marker as it were for cruelty, injustice and dishonor. After that event the next step taken by the British government was to send missionaries from England to visit the natives of South Africa who were to send back to England the most slanderous stories about alleged monstrous cruelties of the Boers toward the natives. These stories were read in England and caused philanthropic people everywhere to heap abuse and calumny upon the heads of the Boers, and they were subjected to all kinds of insults and accusations before the criminal courts. Some of these missionaries had married black women, as in the case of Dr. Vanderkemp.

But the Boers stood the test magnificently, for a perusal of the court records will show that no people exist in the whole world who are more just, humane and kind-hearted than the Boers of South Africa. It is true that slavery did once exist in South Africa, but those slaves to a large extent were sold to the Boers by Englishmen. But the fact that the Boers once owned slaves is not very extraordinary, for slavery has existed in many parts of the world, among nations that boast of their civilization and humanity. To-day the Boers do not believe in slavery, yet they do not think that the British government treated them in an honorable and just manner in the way in which the emancipation of the slaves was applied to them. About six million dollars was set aside by the British government for compensation to the slave owners when their slaves

had been valued by British officials themselves at fifteen million dollars. This money was made payable in London, and as the Boers could not go there themselves they were compelled to sell their rights to English agents at a great discount. And the small sum which they eventually received for their slaves was so delayed in reaching the owners that many men and women who were once living in plenty actually died in poverty and want. This treatment at the hands of the British government sank deeply into the hearts of the Afrikanders and has never been forgotten, for, instead of emancipation, it amounted almost to confiscation. Froude, the English historian, acknowledged this injustice when he wrote: "We have treated the Boers unfairly as well as unwisely, and we never forgive those whom we have injured."

But this was not all. At the time Cape Colony became a British possession its eastern border was the Fish River. The Kaffirs had frequently made inroads into the colony, had robbed and murdered the colonists, burned their homes and driven off their cattle. Finally the British governor was compelled to expel the Kaffirs by the aid of the Boers. But Lord Glenelg, the Secretary for the Colonies in England, in return for this assistance, gave back the whole district to the Kaffirs and maligned the Boers as badly as the irresponsible London missionaries had done. Thus the British government took the side of the savages as against the Boers, who had recaptured their cattle which the savages had stolen from them. But after all this the patient Boers were compelled to suffer the unheard of humiliation of seeing their own cattle, bearing their own brands, which had been stolen from them by the savages, sold by British officials at public auction in order to cover the expenses of the expedition to expel the savages from British territory. Thus were the

Boers oppressed and their rights violated as regards their relations with the natives. Petitions to the British government in their native language complaining of these bitter grievances were not even received.

In addition to these insults and abuses the British government took away from the Boers their right to the use of their own native language, which had been guaranteed them when the Cape passed into British hands, and thenceforth the English language must be used. It is difficult to understand why the British government should treat this simple pastoral people so differently from the people in other parts of the British Empire, as, for instance, the Scotchmen, Welshmen and French Canadians are permitted the use of their own language. The Boers were even excluded from juries because their knowledge of the English was too defective, and they were compelled to appear before English juries with whom they had nothing in common. In addition to all these, the Boers had to endure the alteration of their system of land tenure, the redemption of their paper currency at only thirty-six hundredths of its nominal value, and the abolition of the Courts of Landdrost and Heemraden which were so dear to them. Thus, after thirty years of British government by military and civil officials who did not understand the people or their language, and who treated them with harshness and contempt, after thirty years of malicious hatred and singular abuse and insults, after thirty years of dishonor and injustice as black and damnable as appears on any page in the history of any people of any land in the annals of time, after thirty years of insecurity of life and property, of robbery and murder, of oppression and tyranny, the brave little band of liberty-loving, God-fearing Boers, gathering their wives and children about them, trekked again to the northward, beyond

the Orange River, and preferring the dangers of the wilderness to the hardships of British tyranny, purchased from the Kaffirs a stretch of land, and there resolved to establish an independent state. Like the followers of Abraham and Moses in the long ago, they left everything behind and went out into the great unknown. Their history surpasses all fiction in its vicissitudes, successes and tragedies. They fought and worked and starved and died for their land of promise, that land where they might hope to live alone, where they might build homes for their loved ones, where they might enjoy all the blessings of civil and religious freedom, where the old father and mother might in after years sit on the porch of the old farmhouse and look out over their green fields, blossoming orchards and herds of cattle grazing on the broad veldt, while in the distance rise the blue mountains looking like sentinels grim and bold as behind them Afric's sun sinks peacefully to rest. In the English historian Theal's history of South Africa we find a declaration of Piet Retief, one of the ablest of the Boer leaders, who led the people out of Cape Colony into the country beyond the Orange and Vaal Rivers, which assigns their motives as follows:

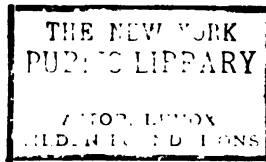
“First, we despair of saving the colony from those evils which threaten it by the turbulent and dishonest conduct of vagrants who are allowed to infest the country in every part, nor do we see any prospect of peace or happiness for our children in a country thus distracted by internal commotions.

“Second, we complain of the severe losses which we have been forced to sustain by the emancipation of our slaves and the vexatious laws which have been enacted respecting them.

“Third, we complain of the continued system of plunder which we have for years endured from the Kaffirs and other



ARMED BOERS AND OFFICIALS OF PRETORIA AND FUNERAL PARADE OF GENERAL KOCH.



colored classes, and particularly by the last invasion of the colony, which has desolated the frontier districts and ruined most of the inhabitants.

“ Fourth, we complain of the unjustifiable odium which has been cast upon us by interested and dishonest persons under the name of religion, whose testimony is believed in England to the exclusion of all evidence in our favor, and we can foresee as the result of this prejudice nothing but the total ruin of the country.

“ Fifth, we are resolved wherever we go that we will uphold the just principles of liberty. But, whilst we will take care that no one is brought by us into a condition of slavery, we will establish such regulations as may suppress crime and preserve proper relations between master and servant.

“ Sixth, we solemnly declare that we leave this colony with a desire to enjoy a quieter life than we have hitherto had. We will not molest any people nor deprive them of the smallest property, but, if attacked, we shall consider ourselves fully justified in defending our persons and effects to the utmost of our ability against every enemy.

“ Seventh, we make known that when we shall have framed a code of laws for our guidance, copies shall be forwarded to this colony for general information, but we take the opportunity of stating that it is our firm resolve to make provision for the summary punishment, even with death, of all traitors without exception who may be found amongst us.

“ Eighth, we purpose, in the course of our journey and on arrival at the country in which we shall permanently reside, to make known to the native tribes our intentions and our desires to live in peace and friendly intercourse with them.

“ Ninth, we quit this colony under the full assurance that the English government has nothing more to require of us and

will allow us to govern ourselves without its interference in future.

"Tenth, we are now leaving the fruitful land of our birth in which we have suffered enormous losses and continued vexation and are about to enter a strange and dangerous territory, but we go with a firm reliance on an all-seeing, just and merciful God, whom we shall always fear and humbly endeavor to obey.

"In the name of all who leave the colony with me.

Signed,

"P. RETIEF."

Certainly this does not indicate that the author of such a document and his followers were savages, as the British government would have us believe. Thus the pioneers went into an unknown land. But they went as free men and women, subjects of no earthly monarch. Then began what the English member of parliament, Molesworth, has styled a "strange persecution,—that of the trekking Boer pursued by the British colonial office, the strangest persecution ever seen by mortals." The world will never know the full extent of their sufferings and hardships. Of one party, consisting of ninety-eight persons, twenty-six only survived—three women, their twelve children, seven orphan children, and four youths, one of whom is now Colonel Trichardt, commander of the Boer artillery forces, whom I met near Ladysmith. Not a single grown man of that expedition survived. Another party led by the brave Piet Retief met with a similar fate. Finally the Boers triumphed over the treacherous natives and founded the Republic of Natal. As soon, however, as this young republic was found to be a land of glorious promise, the British government annexed it, and again the Boers were driven over the mountains, the Boer women even declaring that rather than submit to

British authority they would walk barefoot over the Drakensberg Mountains to freedom or to death. Then in the territory known as the Orange Free State war broke out between the Boers and Moshesh, the great Chief of the Basutos. And after the savage natives had murdered the women and children, stolen the cattle, burned the homes and spread devastation and violence everywhere, then it was that the British interfered in favor of the Basutos, and this, too, after they had faithfully promised not to interfere in the struggles of the Boers against the savages. And this interference occurred, too, after the Boers had once saved a body of British soldiers from being annihilated by the Basutos. But the real cause for the British thus taking sides with the natives is in the fact that diamonds had been discovered in this country of the Boers.

One day a young negro working on a farm between the Orange and Vaal rivers found a little white stone which he showed to a traveler who was passing through the country. The traveler bought the stone for a trifle and sold it again for twenty-five hundred dollars. That was the first diamond discovered at Kimberley. From that moment the British government was determined to possess the richest diamond mines in the world. Under the cloak of hypocrisy the plea was resorted to that the ground belonged to a native. Yet this assertion was proved and adjudged to be false, even in the British law courts. Afterwards, when the President of the Orange Free State went to England, the government acknowledged the wrong, but nevertheless compelled the President to accept the paltry sum of ninety thousand pounds sterling as compensation for diamond fields that have yielded in twenty years nearly fifty million pounds sterling. For cupidity, dishonor and injustice, that transaction on the part of Great Britain stands without a par-

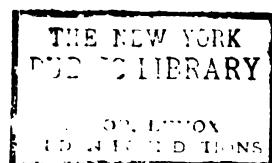
allel in the history of civilized or uncivilized nations. Another breach of the contract made with the colonists of the Orange Free State was in the British government permitting four hundred thousand guns to be shipped from Cape Colony to Kimberley and sold to the natives over the protest of the Boers, both of the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal. And when some of the wagons containing guns were seized by the Boers they were forced to give compensation to the British government. This was another evidence of the alleged humanity and civilization of the British government.

After the annexation of the Republic of Natal by the British government some of the Boers crossed the Vaal River and located in a new country which they called the Transvaal or South African Republic. This they did after indescribable struggles and hardships with wild beasts and savages. In a short time thereafter, on account of the belief on the part of the British government that the Boers would in a short time be extirpated by the savages, a treaty of peace and friendship was entered into between the British government and the Boers called the Sand River convention, which was :

“ First, that the assistant commissioners guarantee in the fullest manner, on the part of the British government, to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River, the right to manage their own affairs and to govern themselves according to their own laws without any interference on the part of the British government, and that no encroachment shall be made by the said government on the territory beyond to the north of the Vaal River, with the further assurance that the warmest wish of the British government is to promote peace, free trade and friendly intercourse with the emigrant farmers now inhabiting, or who may



PRESIDENT KRUGER ON THE PORCH OF HIS COTTAGE.



hereafter inhabit, that country, it being understood that this system of non-interference is binding upon both parties.

“Second, that should any misunderstanding hereafter arise as to the true meaning of the words, ‘the Vaal River,’ this question, in so far as regards the line from the source of that river over the Drakensberg, shall be settled and adjusted by commissioners chosen by both parties.

“Third, that Her Majesty’s assistant commissioners hereby disclaim all alliance whatever and with whomsoever of the colored nations to the north of the Vaal River.

“Fourth, it is agreed that no slavery is or shall be permitted or practised in the country to the north of the Vaal River by the emigrant farmers.

“Fifth, mutual facilities and liberty shall be afforded to traders and travelers on both sides of the Vaal River, it being understood that every wagon containing ammunition and fire-arms coming from the south side of the Vaal River shall produce a certificate signed by a British magistrate or other functionary duly authorized to grant such, and which shall state the quantities of such articles contained in said wagon, to the nearest magistrate north of the Vaal River, who shall act in the case as the regulations of the emigrant farmers direct.

“Sixth, it is agreed that no objection shall be made by any British authority against the emigrant Boers purchasing their supplies of ammunition in any of the British colonies and possessions of South Africa, it being mutually understood that all trade in ammunition with the native tribes is prohibited both by the British government and the emigrant farmers on both sides of the Vaal River.

“Seventh, it is agreed that, so far as possible, all criminals and other guilty parties who may fly from justice either way

across the Vaal River shall be mutually delivered up, if such should be required, and that the British courts as well as those of the emigrant farmers shall be mutually open to each other for all legitimate processes, and that summonses for witnesses sent either way across the Vaal River shall be backed by the magistrates on either side of the same respectively to compel the attendance of such witnesses when required.

“ Eighth, it is agreed that certificates of marriage issued by the proper authorities of the emigrant farmers shall be held valid and sufficient to entitle children of such marriages to receive portions accruing to them in any British colony or possession in South Africa.

“ Ninth, it is agreed that any and every person now in possession of land and residing in British territory shall have free right and power to sell his said property and remove unmolested across the Vaal River, and vice versa; it being distinctly understood that this arrangement does not comprehend criminals or debtors without providing for the payment of their just and lawful debts.”

This convention or treaty was approved by the British colonial secretary on June 24th, 1852. It was also, in a short time thereafter, recognized by Holland, France, Germany and Belgium. It was especially recognized by the United States of America. The Secretary of State for America wrote from Washington, November 19th, 1870, to the President of the South African Republic that “ the government of the United States heartily recognizes the sovereignty of the Transvaal Republic and is prepared to take any measure which may thereby be rendered necessary.” But England's undying love for territory soon brought about the annexation of the Transvaal. The per-

secution of the Boers was to continue until not a foot of the territory would be left free from English rule. On April 12, 1877, the Transvaal was annexed against the almost unanimous protest of the Boers. Gladstone, the greatest statesman produced in England for a century, expressed his sorrow at that and acknowledged that, in the Transvaal, "England was placed in the position of the free subjects of a kingdom coercing the free subjects of a republic to accept a citizenship to which they were averse." In his birthday speech on the twenty-ninth of December, 1879, he said: "We have undertaken to govern despotically two bodies of human beings who never were under our despotic power before, and one of them was in the enjoyment of freedom before. We have gone into the Transvaal territory, where it appears—the statement has not been contradicted—that there were eight thousand persons in a condition of self-government under a republican form. Lord Carnarvon announced, as Secretary of State, that he was desirous of annexing their own territory if they were willing. They replied by signing to the number of six thousand five hundred out of eight thousand a protest against the assumption of sovereignty over them. We have what you call 'annexed' that territory. I need not tell you there are and can be no free institutions in such a country as that. The utmost, I suppose, that could be done was to name three or four or half a dozen persons to assist the Governor. But how are they chosen? I apprehend not out of the six thousand five hundred, but they are chosen out of the small minority who were not opposed to being annexed. Is it not wonderful to those who are freemen, and whose fathers had been freemen, and who hope that their children will be freemen, and who consider that freedom is an essential condition of civil life, and that without it you can have nothing great and nothing

noble in political society, that we are led by an administration, and led. I admit, by parliament, to find ourselves in this position, that we are to march upon another body of freemen, and against their will to subject them to despotic government?"

But the Boers, determining to have liberty and independence, or death, took up arms again in 1880, and at Bronkhorst Spruit and Lang's Nek, at Ingogo and Majuba Hill, they defeated the British troops, though far outnumbered by them, and compelled Great Britain to acknowledge their independence. A peace treaty was again signed in March, 1881, which gave the Transvaal absolute control of all its internal affairs, with the distinct reservation of the suzerainty, which was to the effect that the Transvaal should not make treaties with foreign countries hostile to British interests. Should it do so, that treaty may be vetoed by England six months after its completion. In all other respects the international status of the Transvaal was to be the same as the Republic of the United States of America. This treaty, known as the Pretoria convention, was, however, not entirely satisfactory to the Boers, hence they soon thereafter sent a republican deputation to London in order to get a new treaty which should give them better terms. This resulted in the Transvaal being given its old name of "The South African Republic," and the suzerainty clause, which was so much objected to in former treaties, was absolutely eliminated. After this, for more than a decade the Boers of the two South African republics were permitted to pursue the even tenor of their way unmolested in happiness and peace, devoting themselves to the upbuilding and development of their country, cultivating their fertile fields, planting and harvesting wheat, corn and oats, with orchards and gardens wherein all the fruits and vegetables of the



ANOTHER PART OF SPION KOP—DEAD BRITISH SOLDIERS.

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tropics were produced, while the expansive veldt was covered with their herds of cattle and horses and flocks of goats and sheep. Cities, with all the modern improvements, sprang up on the veldt and in the valleys as if by magic, and everywhere the church and school house told the story of the people's progress. It is no wonder the Boers became intensely proud of their homes in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and well may they feel that pride, for they have their homes in one of the grandest belts of valley, mountain and plain that the world possesses. With a territory larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales combined, more than twice as large as France, much larger than many older kingdoms, empires and republics that have filled the world with the story of their prowess and grandeur, with mountain scenery rivaling the splendor of the Alps and the Rockies, with valleys as fertile as the valley of the Nile, with grazing lands unsurpassed, with a climate that is the clearest and most healthful in the world. with flowers and birds and pure air, with building stone unlimited, with coal and iron and lead and copper and salt without end, together with diamonds and gold unequalled in all the known continents of the universe, with a people unsurpassed in strength and vigor, men and women who love justice and right, men and women who long to be as free as the mountain air they breathe, who long to dwell in their simple homes, surrounded by their children, with no one to molest them or to fill them with fear. In the light of the past history of the rise and fall of empires, of the sad wrecks of proud and haughty nations who hated justice and honor and right, but loved tyranny, oppression and wrong, that are strewn along the pathway of the centuries, I cannot but believe that God has in-

tended that in the two South African republics liberty and equality of rights shall prevail and the rugged, brave-hearted, God-fearing Boers shall be forever free.

But finally this period of peace and rest was broken by the discovery of gold in the Transvaal. Then it was that the British government determined to secure a pretext for obtaining control of the richest gold fields in the world, as it had before secured the richest diamond fields. That this is the real cause for the present war no one can doubt who will but listen to the frequent remark made by Englishmen in South Africa as well as in England, that "the gold mines in the Transvaal are worth fighting for, and we are going to keep on fighting until we get them." But the British love for gold is proverbial. Wherever gold has been discovered, there the British have turned a wistful and longing eye. When gold was discovered in Alaska, only a few years ago, it will be remembered how quickly an effort was made to extend the Canadian line far enough westward to take in the gold fields. And no doubt, had the British government not been anticipating the present trouble over the gold fields in the Transvaal, there would have been trouble on the part of the United States government in keeping control of the gold fields in Alaska.

The first sign of the conspiracy on the part of the capitalists, treaty breakers and empire builders to destroy the South African Republic was the Jameson raid. Arms and ammunition were shipped into Johannesburg concealed in machinery and gold mining appliances by the conspirators. Arrangements were then made with Doctor Jameson, of Rhodesia, the British land to the north of the Transvaal, to raise a force of fifteen hundred men, fully equipped with rifles and Maxims. He was then to march to Johannesburg, where the other conspirators were to

be armed with five thousand rifles and a million rounds of ammunition. It was then intended to march to Pretoria, the capital, and seize the forts there, wherein it was supposed that ten thousand rifles and twelve million rounds of ammunition were stored. It is not necessary to go into details, for it is well known that the conspiracy failed. Jameson and his followers were captured by the Boers and handed over to the English government, and the capitalistic co-conspirators of Johannesburg were tried, found guilty and then pardoned by the government of the South African Republic. The Boers treated all the prisoners with the greatest consideration. They fed the starving soldiers who had come into their country to ruin them, and in every way acted with admirable self-restraint and dignity in a position such as very few are called upon to face. When the prisoners were being tried some one happened to bring to Pretoria, as a relic for the museum there, the old beam of wood on which the six Boer martyrs were hung at Slaughter's Nek long years ago, and some one suggested revenge by hanging the prisoners to the same beam. But President Kruger severely reprimanded him, and said: "We are not a barbarous people, but must comply with the law." As a further evidence of President Kruger's magnanimity to a vanquished foe, we have only to read the address which he made to the people of Johannesburg after the failure of many of its citizens to destroy his government.

"Now I address you with full confidence!" he said. "Strengthen the hands of the government, and work together with them to make this republic a country where all inhabitants, so to say, live fraternally together. For months and months I have thought which alterations and emendations would be de-

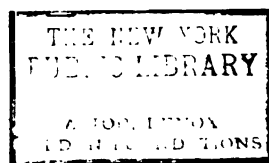
sirable in the government of this state, but the unwarrantable instigations, especially of the press, have kept me back. The same men who now appear in public as the leaders have demanded amendments from me in a time and manner which they should not have dared to use in their own country out of fear of the penal law. Through this it was made impossible for me and my burghers, the founders of this republic, to take your proposals into consideration. It is my intention to submit a draft law at the first ordinary session of the Volksraad, whereby a municipality with a mayor at its head be appointed for Johannesburg, to whom the whole municipal government of this town will be intrusted. According to all constitutional principles, such a municipal council should be appointed by the election of the inhabitants. I ask you earnestly, with your hands upon your hearts, to answer me this question: Dare I and should I, after all that has happened, propose such to the Volksraad? What I myself answer to this question is, I know that there are thousands in Johannesburg to whom I can with confidence intrust this right to vote in municipal matters. Inhabitants of Johannesburg, make it possible for the government to appear before the Volksraad with the motto, 'forget and forgive!'

“Signed, S. J. P. KRUGER, State President.”

Balfour, a member of the British Parliament, said: “President Kruger showed himself to possess a generosity that is to be admired in his treatment of Jameson and his men.” This generosity and magnanimity is all the more remarkable and commendable when it is remembered that prior to that time President Kruger had been insulted and maltreated in a most shameful way by the people of Johannesburg. On one occasion when he visited that city in 1890 and made a speech by invita-



HEAD OF GENERAL JOUBERT'S FUNERAL PROCESSION.



tion from the pavilion of the Wanderers' Club, he was surrounded by a howling mob who tore the flag of the republic into shreds and threatened him with personal injury. They called him an old baboon, and cursed him, and following him to the private house where he was lodging, surrounded it, tore the fence down, crushed through the windows, like savages crying: "Down with old Kruger and death to the Republic!"

On another occasion the enemies of the republic insulted him in a disgraceful manner. It arose out of the war with the native chief, Malaboch, who declined to pay the small taxes that were due from him to the Transvaal government. Among the men called upon to assist in bringing the rebel chief to terms were five Uitlander Englishmen. They refused to contribute to the support of the government that was affording them protection, and immediately appealed to Lord Loch, the British High Commissioner located at Cape Town. When Lord Loch reached Pretoria, on his visit to settle the matter, he was met at the station by President Kruger with his own carriage and an escort to convey him to the hotel. On the way thither the escort were pushed aside by the enemies of the republic, the horses were taken from the carriage, and it was drawn to the hotel by the enthusiasts to the music of "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia." A union jack was fastened to a bamboo and thrust into the President's face. At the hotel the President was left sitting in the carriage until some of his burgher friends drew the carriage to his home. Such was the conduct of men who had come to the Transvaal from Great Britain and her colonies and who, after getting rich in the gold mines of the Transvaal, under the protection of the Transvaal government, sought to insult its chief executive and planned to rule or ruin the people and the government who had been their friends.

One day one of the burghers complained to President Kruger of that treatment by the Uitlanders, when he good naturedly replied: "The Uitlanders remind me of the old baboon that is chained up in my back yard. When he burnt his tail in the Kaffir's fire the other day, he jumped round and bit me, and that just after I had been feeding him."

And yet, after all this, the patient, peace-loving old President pardoned the conspirators, and said to them, "Let us forget and forgive."

How long would the people of our republic stand it if foreigners from any country in the world were to come here and, after getting rich in our gold mines, would undertake to control our government, and failing to do so would endeavor to destroy it and insult and abuse our President?

No flimsier pretext for robbery and murder ever emanated from the wickedest cabinet in Europe in its palmiest days than the British demand for a five-year franchise in the South African Republic. If this demand were granted, not an Englishman in the Transvaal would renounce allegiance to the queen and swear eternal allegiance to the government of the South African Republic as against the British government. The idea was to obtain the power to control the government of the republic and at the same time remain British subjects. Who ever heard of such a proposition? Would the citizens of the United States be willing to allow British subjects or the subjects of any other power to come here and control our own elections and our own government and at the same time not renounce their allegiance to their own countries? In this connection I cannot better set forth the causes of the present troubles in South Africa than to call attention to an appeal recently made to the Afrikaners by the greatest scholar and one of the greatest states-

men in Africa, State Secretary of the South African Republic, Mr. F. W. Reitz, who writes eloquently as follows:

“ The catastrophe with which we have so long been threatened has at last overtaken us and our country is to be bathed in blood.

“ And why?

“ Let the murderers, the peace and treaty breakers who are attacking us answer the question.

“ With their usual unblushing effrontery they will now declare that not they, but we, are the aggressors.

“ We the aggressors!

“ Who is it that has answered all our attempts for a peaceful settlement with contempt and even threats?

“ Who is it that for months past has been mobilizing troops on our border from all parts of the world to enforce their ‘ friendly advice?’

“ Who is it that has for years past accused us of being oppressors and tyrants?

“ Who is it that, while hypocritically declaring that they did not wish to impair our independence, yet continually attempted to interfere in the internal affairs of our country? That also entrapped us, and even their own representative, in a mean and despicable manner into making certain proposals which they would be willing ‘ to consider on their merits’ even while they were ready as soon as these proposals, made undeniably at their own suggestion, were formulated to reject them as an insult to the British nation put forward with the object of making mischief?

“ Who is it that under the pretext of obtaining the redress of the supposed Uitlander grievances have ranged themselves with

the capitalists and rebels with the object of possessing themselves of Naboth's vineyard?

"Who is it that have supported and aided that traitorous and rebellious organization, so-called the League, notwithstanding the warnings of their own Acting High Commissioner, Sir William Butler, an honorable, famous and highly respected general, and of Mr. Schreiner, the premier of the only South African colony of any standing?

"Who is it that openly accepted a false petition filled with thousands of forged signatures and others obtained by fraud without attempting to prove any of those signatures?

"Who is it that not only let the instigators of the shameful Jameson raid practically go unpunished, but even condoned the raid and allowed the prime movers, with the aid of Her Majesty's High Commissioner and Her Majesty's Colonial Secretary, to insult, defraud and libel the Afrikaner nation in every possible way, backed by all the influence which cannon can subvert and control to the undying disgrace of our times? Who are these people?

"Is it Sir Alfred Milner, Her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa?

"Is it Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary?

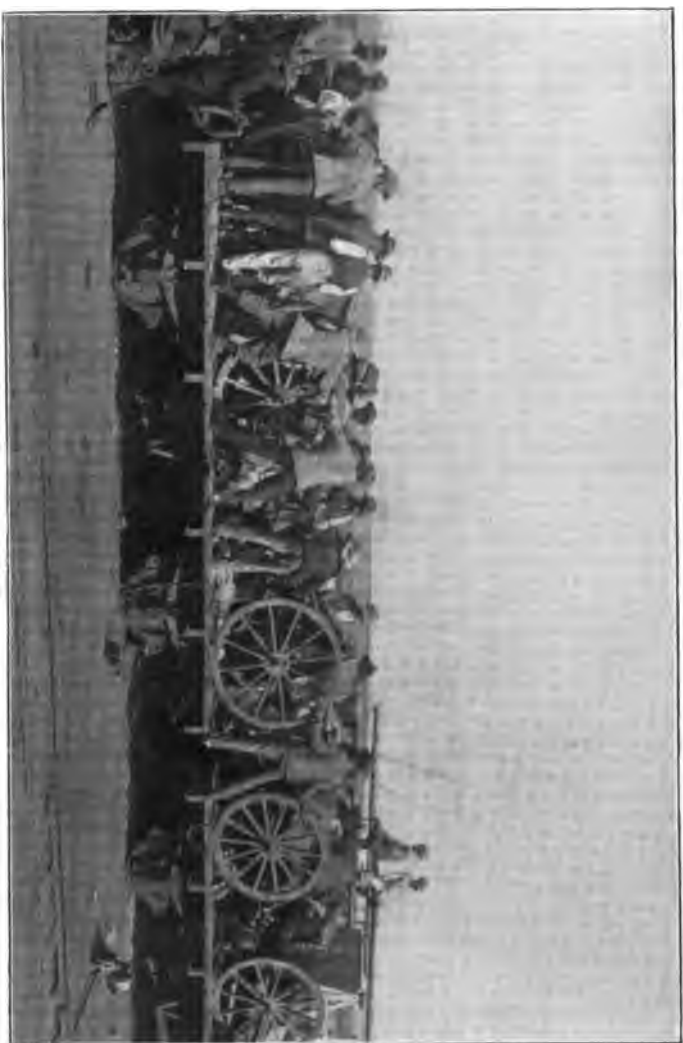
"Is it Lord Salisbury and the rest of the British cabinet?

"Is it Her Majesty, the Queen of England?

"Is it the British nation?

"Alas, we had hoped to be able to answer the last two questions in the negative, but we cannot!

"The British cabinet—the British nation—the noble, peace-loving and aged sovereign, honored and respected by us all till now, they have all either condoned the injustice which is being done to us or they have allowed themselves to be misled by



CAPTURED BRITISH CANNON.

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a man like Chamberlain in a manner that a just God will not allow to pass unpunished.

“ If nations must be punished like individuals for condoning an offense as well as for committing one, then this Prime Minister, this nation, this sovereign, will not be able to defend themselves at the bar of the Great Judge for their unrighteous and unjust deeds.

“ The nation that has encouraged race-hatred, their prime minister and their anointed queen who have allowed such a disgrace, have made themselves equally guilty with the evil-doers, and if it should happen in South Africa, as was the case in North America a hundred years ago, that ‘ Ichabod ’ become the password of the British Empire, on whom will the blame rest?

“ ‘ If the blind lead the blind they will both fall into the pit,’ and we shall be able, who knows how soon, to declare of our enemies, ‘ that whom God wishes to destroy He will first make insane.’

“ The statesmen of England, the warriors, the press, aye, even the preachers, have so often declared to us and the whole world that the British Empire is a mighty empire, but we know that whosoever may be mighty the Lord our God is Almighty.

“ Brother Afrikanders, the great day is at hand! The God of our fathers will be with us in our struggle, the Lord whose arm has not been shortened so that He cannot help those who call to Him in their time of trouble. Let us lay aside our trust in princes and raise our eyes in supplication to God, our Banner. By His help we will do great deeds.

“ Even as the mighty Spain with her bloodthirsty Alva and her invincible armada had to swallow the bitterness of defeat, so too will God give our enemies into our hands. Who are

we that the mighty England should send her thousands of mercenary troops against us? A young and weak nation, small in numbers and insignificant in military strength.

"Tempted by the wealth of our mines, the enemy have cast about for an excuse to attack us. Let them deny that if they are able. Who in South Africa will believe them? The cry is 'the Uitlanders in South Africa are oppressed, and they are debarred political rights!'

"Only after seven long years of waiting can they obtain the longed-for franchise and not after five years—what an unheard-of injustice!

"They are eager to forget that there are thousands of the so-called oppressed ones for whom it is possible on account of the retroactive force of the seven-years franchise law to obtain the franchise at once, but decline to take it.

"In England—that free England—the new comer must wait twelve years before he can vote for the House of Commons.

"Of the House of Lords they will prefer to say nothing, because are not the members of that body rulers by birth? But in our republic it must be five years or—war!

"According to their Colonial Secretary, England has constituted herself champion of all the Uitlanders. And what do we find?

"On the borders, side by side with our burghers, we find these same Uitlanders in hundreds—Hollanders, Americans, Irishmen—ready to lay down their lives in order to rid themselves of these self-constituted champions.

"Verily, a fine champion of the oppressed is that nation which has ever since the birth of our nation been the oppressor of the Afrikaner and the native alike.

"From Slaghter's Nek to Lang's Nek, from the Pretoria

convention to the Bloemfontein conference, they have ever been the treaty-breakers and robbers. The diamond fields of Kimberley and the beautiful land of Natal were robbed from us, and now they want the gold fields of the Witwatersrand.

"Where is Waterboer to-day? He who had to be defended against the Free State is to-day without an inch of ground.

"Where lies Lobengula? In his unknown grave to-day, and what filibusters and fortune hunters are possessors of his country?

"Where are the native chiefs of Bechuanaland now, and who owns their land?

"Read the history of South Africa and ask yourselves, 'Has the British government been a blessing or a curse to the sub-continent?'

"Brother Afrikanders, I repeat, the day is at hand on which great deeds are expected of us! War has broken out! What is it to be? A wasted and enslaved South Africa or a free, united South Africa?

"Come, let us stand shoulder to shoulder and do our holy duty! The Lord of Hosts will be our Leader!

"Be of good cheer! (Signed) F. W. REITZ."

Such an appeal should touch the heart of every person who loves right and fair play.

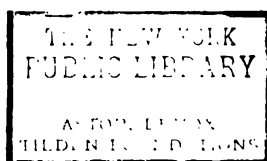
The simple truth of the matter is that the British government forced President Kruger into a quarrel after he had done everything in his power to avoid it. While negotiations were pending British troops were being massed in South Africa. The basis of the negotiations meanwhile were ingeniously shifted so that as the British preparations for war had grown more complete the acceptance by the Boers of the so-called British terms would

mean an ever-increasing measure of submission and humiliation on the part of the Transvaal.

The British demands are trumped up and without a sound basis either in morals or in law. It is a sad spectacle of the strongest empire in the world bringing domineering pressure to bear upon a tiny republic to influence a change of certain domestic policies which are in no sense a part of the business of that empire. For the Boers to comply with the demands of the British government would have meant the sacrifice of every vestige of essential sovereignty belonging to the Transvaal as an independent republic. The question of the naturalization of foreigners in the South African Republic is no more the business of the British government than are the naturalization laws of the republic of Mexico a matter of concern to the Republic of the United States of America. It is one of those questions of internal policy that pertains only to the Transvaal government. In this war with the Boers it took almost as much trouble for Great Britain to force it on as it often has taken to preserve the peace. Every principle the recognition of which marks a fresh stage of human progress has been trampled under foot by the British government. The Boers have been greatly abused by the British because it is alleged they began the war. In other words, the Boers were too hasty; they would not wait until all the British troops had arrived in South Africa. Whoever heard of such nonsense? That great civilized nation of four hundred millions of people are complaining because the people of the two little republics, who do not number, all told, more than three hundred thousand people, including men, women and children, insisted upon issuing their ultimatum and then proceeded to give battle before the British hosts from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Natal,



FUNERAL OF GENERAL KOCH.



Rhodesia and Cape Colony to the number of three hundred thousand soldiers, one for each man, woman and child in both republics, should arrive, together with hundreds of marines from the English navy, and hundreds of cannon, howitzers, Maxims and great guns from the battle ships, in fact the best guns to be found in the world—while on the Boer side all told there were not more than thirty thousand men, and these had but a few inferior cannon and no bayonets or swords at all. Practically the only arms they had were Mauser rifles. One Boer to ten British! And yet the Boers were not trained soldiers, only simple farmers like the thousands of rugged farmers in our own country. They are just plain, common people, precisely the same kind of people that Abraham Lincoln loved.

During our visit to the country surrounding Ladysmith we saw much of the Boer army. They had fifteen thousand British soldiers shut up in Ladysmith. Some fifteen or twenty miles away was the Tugela River, and just across that river, close to Cheveley and Colenso were more than forty thousand British troops under General Buller. From the tops of the hills the tents of the British could be seen distinctly and they covered many acres of ground. It was, indeed, a mighty and imposing army. General Buller was recognized as one of England's greatest commanders, and was sent to Africa with much display to put an end to the war in a few weeks. But, alas, his splendid army undertook to break through the Boer army five different times for the relief of Ladysmith, each time being driven back across the Tugela River with fearful losses—while, at the same time, the Boer army kept General White and his men securely imprisoned in the besieged city. Indeed, it is estimated that as many as sixteen thousand men were lost to the British army on the Tugela River and in Ladysmith. And how many

Boers do you suppose caused this loss—hurled Buller and his forty thousand men five times back across that blood red river and at the same time held the fifteen thousand British in Ladysmith, where many of them succumbed daily to fever and hunger? Not over seven thousand Boers did all this. Think of it, my countrymen! Only seven thousand farmers fighting and willing to die for home and loved ones, for right and liberty! Seven thousand patriots, fighting for two little republics, and holding their own against more than fifty-five thousand trained soldiers of a selfish and grasping monarchy trying to destroy those republics! As citizens of the greatest republic in the world, with which side should we sympathize? I say our sympathies should go out to that brave little band of patriots who are struggling to keep alive forever the fires of liberty upon the altars of these two young republics! We have seen many charges made by British officers and British correspondents that the Boers have frequently outraged the white flag and the Red Cross flag. Upon investigation, not only among the Boers themselves, but among the officers who were at Pretoria when we were there, we learned that these charges were absolutely unfounded.

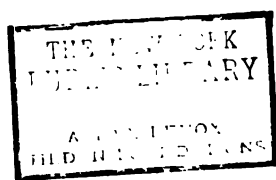
On the contrary we did learn that this was a set up job to deceive not only the people of Great Britain at home, but to deceive the peoples of other civilized countries. The truth is that the British soldiers themselves are the parties who outraged many of the rules of civilized warfare and frequently ignored the white flag and also the Red Cross flag. On the top of Spion's Kop, when that wonderful battle was almost over, a young Boer soldier not more than sixteen years of age was passing by a wounded British soldier, and the British soldier asked him for a drink of water. As the tender-hearted Boer

lad was kneeling down by his side to let him drink water from his own canteen that British soldier thrust a bayonet into the poor boy's side. During the Battle of Dundee there was a lull in the firing for a time, on account of the Boers seeing a buggy approaching them rapidly and floating a white flag. All waited its arrival. At a distance of about six hundred yards from them the buggy stopped, wheeled about, dropped the white flag, and that innocent looking buggy was suddenly transformed into a murderous Maxim gun which felled nearly a dozen Boers! I talked with the man who captured that flag and saw it myself. It was a white flag, with a small black stripe through the center, but at a short distance away it seemed perfectly white. That flag is now in the possession of Colonel Blake, the brave American soldier who commands the Irish Brigade, and "no braver men than the Irish Brigade are in the Boer army," said General Joubert to me. For instance, at the Battle of Elands-laagte six hundred Boers, all told, with two old cannon, were surprised by three thousand British with eighteen cannon. The battle begins; it rages; the cannons roar; the shells burst upon the little hills; the shrieks of the rifles, the groans of the dying fill the air. The six hundred patriots for liberty are enveloped in the clouds of smoke and fire. Nobly they stand up against most fearful odds, against eighteen cannon, three thousand rifles, countless swords and bayonets. The British lancers charge them with murderous lance, the cavalry surge against them, their sabres flashing in the light. The brave six hundred give way a little before the fearful charge of the three thousand, then stand firm again. Then it is a hand to hand struggle raging fierce and strong. Boer and Briton falling fast, side by side, now on top of each other, grasping each other by the throats. After an awful death strug-

gle the six hundred Boers yield to the three thousand Britons—five to one. Then the cables carry to England and to the world the account of the great victory of the civilized Briton over the uncouth, savage Boer. After that awful storm of battle had passed away there came a strange calm over the field of carnage. Then it was that the civilized British lancer began to play his part in that bloody drama. With lordly mien and lance in hand he rode over the battlefield inspecting the dead, wounded and dying. He halted on approaching an old white-haired Boer who was seriously wounded and begged for a mouthful of water. "There it is," the lancer replied, as he thrust his lance through the dying Boer's side. Another thrust quickly followed, and the old man prayed for the third thrust to end his agony. A second lancer came along just then and gave him the third, and all was over. Thus the lancers played their role with the wounded and dying Boers. There was one case of an old Boer shot through the lungs who was lying prostrate on his back. Eleven lance wounds were inflicted upon him, then he feigned death, and when the British left the field he was picked up by some of the Red Cross workers, and he is alive to-day to show his ugly wounds, which were given him, not by the Boer savages, but by the British civilizers. It is also claimed by the British that the Boers will not fight in the open, that they are too cowardly to fight unless they are well protected and fortified. It is true that the Boer commanders will not permit their men to hazard their lives foolishly, for the reason that their force is so small they can ill afford to lose a single man, but whenever it is necessary to fight in the open they have few equals and no superiors in the world. Those who are familiar with the fight at Majuba Hill in the long ago remember how a handful of Boers climbed the side of that



RECEIVING BRITISH PRISONERS AT PRETORIA.



famous hill and plucked the laurel of victory from the hands of an overwhelming British force upon its blood-besprinkled crest. And who that witnessed the Battle of Spion's Kop can doubt for a moment that the Boers will fight in the open whenever it is necessary. For several days General Buller with his legions had been trying to force a passage over the Tugela River in the vicinity of Spion's Kop. Thousands of mounted men and foot soldiers were in movement on the flats in front of Colenso and the artillery bombarded the Boer positions with great vehemence. During the night a small number of Boers took up their position on Spion's Kop as sentinels, as it was a hill that commanded a view of all the surrounding country. This was on the night of the twenty-second of January. The following night this hill was ascended by about three thousand British soldiers and the handful of Boers were driven off, as they seemed not to realize at that time the value of this hill to the enemy. On the next morning it was impossible to take immediate steps to drive the British from the hill, especially as everything was hidden in a thick mist. When the mist cleared away, a little later in the morning, General Burger, who was in command, received a heliograph message from General Joubert, from his camp beyond Ladysmith, that Spion's Kop gave the enemy a splendid advantage over all the country surrounding Ladysmith, therefore it must be retaken by the Boers at any cost. Then it was that the storming of that hill was begun by the Boers. Forty or fifty of them started up the steep side of that hill. The British to the number of three thousand were intrenched upon its summit, yet this small band made the start. They leaped like wild beasts from boulder to boulder, sheltering themselves with the rocks as best they could and firing carefully with their Mausers as they advanced—not clad in daz-

zling uniforms—simply the farmer's garb—without bayonets or swords, simply with trusty rifle and two bandoliers of cartridges. Thus they advanced, followed closely by others, as they arrived in small bands from neighboring laagers located amid the surrounding hills. Up they went, slowly, but surely. Not over five hundred Boers engaged in the battle at any one time. British cannon and Maxims roared. Great lyddite shells to the number of two thousand flew through the air and burst over and among the Boers, so that the air was filled with dust, broken stones and poisonous acid fumes from the exploded lyddite shells. Step by step, however, that brave band of patriots advanced. The British once endeavored to make a charge with bayonets, but the sure fire of the Boer Mausers held them back. The fight continued until two o'clock in the afternoon. During all this time the Boers were continually advancing, but carefully feeling their way. Finally, in the heaviest part of the fight, some of the Boers charged with the cry, "Hands up, weapons downs!" Immediately the British fusiliers in the foremost fortifications threw up their hands as a sign of surrender, but as soon as the Boers raised themselves from behind the rocks the British fired at them again, and had it not been for that British act of treachery not a dozen Boers would have been killed in that wonderful battle. But onward and upward the Boers advanced, brave and intrepid men, the old, the middle-aged and the youth, all bravely fighting against wonderful odds, for home, for liberty, for native land. When the fight began a giant Boer in the prime of strength and manhood was seen carrying a small Boer flag. In a short time he fell to rise no more. Then an old white-haired veteran picked up the fallen banner, and waving it urged his comrades on. With flowing hair and flashing eyes the old man rushed on,

but suddenly a shell laid him low. Ere the little flag touched the ground, however, a barefooted lad, only thirteen years of age, who had been fighting in his shirt sleeves, leaped like a panther to the old man's side and, snatching the flag from his grandfather's nerveless hand, raised it aloft and pushed on. A mighty shout arose from the Boers as they saw that gallant deed, and with renewed courage they made a fearful charge. Following the flag, they rushed like an avalanche over the British trenches, and Spion's Kop was won. After the British survivors retired over the Tugela River, it was discovered that fully two thousand British soldiers were lost in killed, wounded and missing, while the Boers lost only forty-six killed and about one hundred wounded. Empty cartridge shells could be picked up by the bucketfuls in many places on the top of the hill, showing the great amount of ammunition that had been used by the English, but they seemed to fail to hit the Boers with much of it. The British were lying dead and wounded, two, three and four deep in the trenches. In one trench were more than one hundred and twenty-five dead bodies.

Some seven days after the battle, hearing that the British had not buried their dead, I went to visit the battlefield. We arrived at the foot of the hill late in the afternoon, at Helborn laager. There we met General Burger, who told us to wait until the next morning before attempting to ascend the hill, as he thought it would be safe then to go up. "For," said he, "I have just sent General Buller a letter saying that many of his troops are yet lying unburied on the top of Spion's Kop, and that if he will send some one to bury them I will protect them. If he does not wish to do this, if he will keep his artillery from firing on to the hill, my men shall bury them, and," added General Burger, "this is the third letter of this

kind I have written, but I hope I may have an answer in the morning. If I do, you can go up without danger of being shot." We camped that night near the Boer laager and early next morning the expected reply to General Burger's letter was received, written and signed by General Buller himself, to the effect that he was glad to receive the letter and would be glad if General Burger would bury the British dead, and while doing so the British artillery would cease firing upon the hill, and if General Burger would send him the amount of expense he would see that the bill was paid. General Burger regarded this reply as an insult, but nevertheless concluded to bury the British dead. Then I visited the top of Spion's Kop and saw there the most terrible sight that could be imagined. Upon every hand were helmets, belts, canteens, bayonets and wearing apparel scattered about covered with clotted blood. Here and there were small ridges of fresh earth and stones thrown up, and along those ridges at intervals of ten or fifteen feet were heaps of writhing worms, each heap about two feet in circumference. I could not imagine what this awful sight meant, when a Boer who was with me took a stick of wood and scraped the dirt away, when to my horror I saw the body of a man lying upon his back, his stomach having swollen and protruded through the thin coating of earth. In other places we passed along and saw feet and hands protruding through the ground, all swollen and skin bursting asunder, while the rest of the body was covered with a thin coating of earth. The explanation was that these poor British soldiers had been buried by their comrades under only a few inches of dirt. In other places we saw scores of dead British soldiers lying on the top of the ground just where they had fallen, no attempt having been made to bury them. Their bodies in that hot country,



BODIES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS ON SPION KOP.

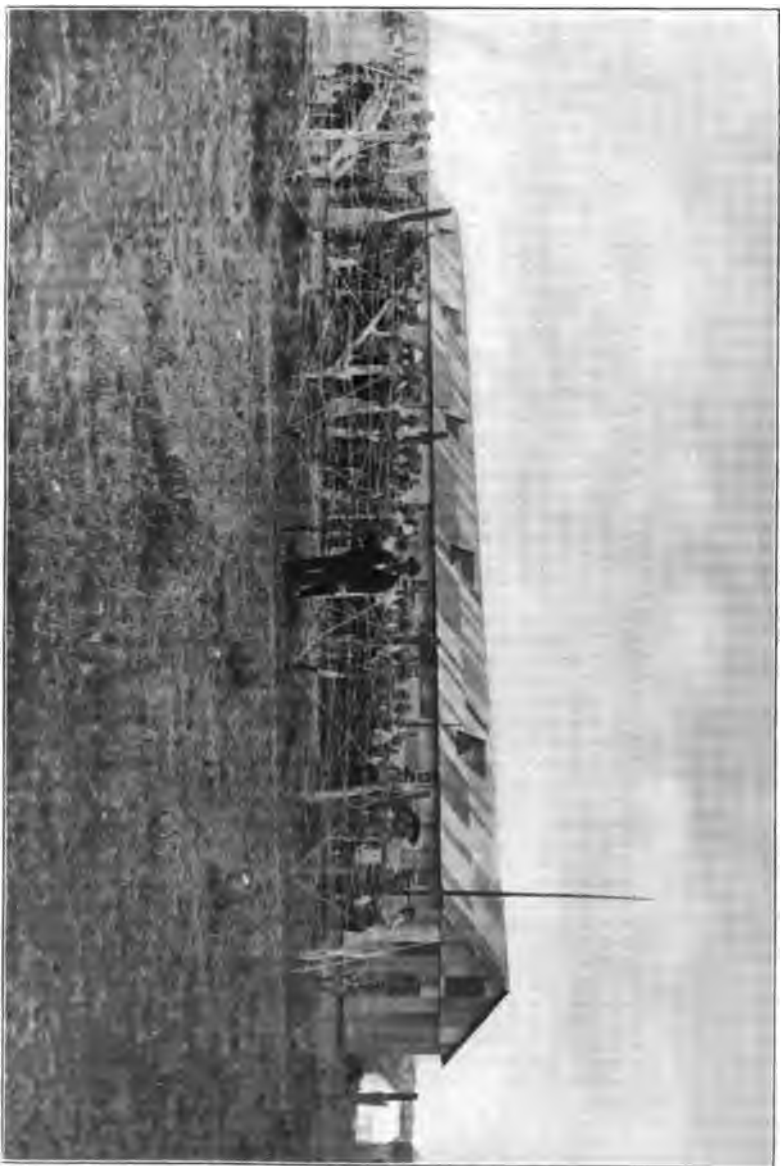
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under that burning sun, were in a horrible state of decomposition. The vultures had been feeding upon them. I saw three boys lying side by side, one with his comrade's wrist clasped in his hand, while the ugly earthworms trailed over their putrid cheeks seeking a hiding place in their matted hair. As I looked upon them I thought if the mothers and fathers in Great Britain and her colonies could but know the sad fate of their boys through the cruelty and savagery of their commanders, who were responsible for it, they would rise at once and demand that that unholy and unnatural war should cease and cease at once. As we descended from the hill we met the Boers going up to bury the British dead, who had been so sadly neglected by their own comrades and commanders, who amuse themselves by calling the Boers savages. Brave were the ancient Greeks of Athens and Sparta, who with their allies stood up to battle and to die to defend themselves against Asiatic invasion; brave were Alexander the Great and his Macedonians on the battlefield of Issus, where they won a victory against overwhelming odds; brave was the struggle of the Tyrolese against the legions of Napoleon; brave the stand made by the Switzers for liberty against the Hapsburgs; brave the wonderful charge of Pickett's men and equally brave the defense of the Union troops on the crimson heights of Gettysburg; brave were the heroic dead who fell at Salamis and Marathon; brave, indeed, were the famous three hundred at Thermopylae; but equally brave, gallant and chivalrous are the humble peasants of the veldt, who defended the passes of the Drakensberg and sought death climbing the rugged sides of Spion's Kop, willing to die, if need be, to save their beloved republics from the British yoke of oppression. These men have the same spirit that prompted the farmers to face death for liberty at Lexington Green, that nerved the arms

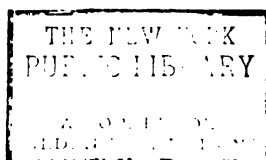
of Americans at Saratoga, Bunker Hill and Brandywine, that warmed the hearts of Washington and his shivering patriots at Valley Forge, and at New Orleans where Jackson and his men taught old England that easier were it to hurl the rooted mountain from its base than to force the yoke of slavery upon men determined to be free.

Then why should we not sympathize with them? Why should we not, the greatest republic in the world, assist the smallest of republics? Is the word "liberty" to become obsolete in our national lexicon? Shall the fair name of this great republic, whose prowess on land and sea has been the marvel of the century, be used in Europe by the British officials and the British press as a menace to other European powers who are anxious to assist the Boers in their brave struggle for freedom and independence? Let us not drift away from the principles and doctrines of our fathers. Let us listen to the cry for help from all who struggle for liberty and justice. Let it not be said by future historians that this great republic arose in splendor and grandeur that made the world stare, but it hated justice and liberty, it halted on its bright and shining march—it fell, and, as it was going down, the despotisms of earth, grinning from the tops of bloody thrones, shouted, "We told you so, we told you so!" Oh, may the eighty millions of American freemen see to it that the world may know that their sympathies are not with Great Britain, but with the struggling Boers, and let it be known that they believe the cruel war waged in South Africa should stop and stop at once.

Oh, spirit of freedom, on!
Oh, pause not in thy flight,
Until South Africa is won
To worship in thy light.



BRITISH PRISONERS SURROUNDED BY BARBED WIRE AND GUARDED.



Still onward be thy way,
And wake those sleeping lands.
Thousands are waiting for thy ray
And lift to thee their hands.
Still onward be thy cry,
Thy banner on the blast,
And as thou rushest by,
Despotic Britain shall shrink aghast.
On, till thy name is known
Throughout the peopled earth;
On, till thou reignest alone,
Man's heritage by birth;
On, till from every Orange Free State vale,
And where the Transvaal mountains rise,
The beacon lights of liberty,
Shall kindle to the skies!

Long live liberty! Long live the Boer republics!



At the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, on the night of April 9th, five thousand school boys of that city assembled for the purpose of placing a message addressed to President Kruger of the South African Republic, which had been signed by nearly thirty thousand school boys in the city of Philadelphia, in the hands of James Francis Smith. American District Messenger 1534, to be delivered to President Kruger in person. The meeting was addressed by W. Bourke Cockran, Edwin Markham, the poet, and myself. I spoke in part as follows:

During my recent visit to South Africa, I visited the principal cities and nearly all the battlefields in both republics, mingled among the fighting burghers on the march, in the laagers and on the battlefields, and was able to study them and to learn much of their character and many of their national characteristics. I also saw much of the Boers who remained

at home on their farms, in the cities and villages. I am convinced that no people have ever been so maligned as they. A more rugged, honest and kind-hearted people never lived. Enter their homes and every effort is made to make you comfortable. All they possess is yours for the time you are under their roof. Every man is a hero. And every woman is a heroine.

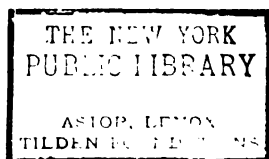
In Pretoria I saw Mrs. Reitz, the charming wife of the secretary of state for the South African Republic, and Mrs. Groebler, the wife of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and many other prominent women, day and night, in all kinds of weather, going to the railway station with food for the Boer soldiers who were on their way to the front. And these noble women were continually caring for the wounded soldiers in the hospitals and for the widows and orphans at home. I met one old lady, aged, wrinkled and white-haired, sitting by the side of her husband, who was wounded and lying on a cot in one of the hospitals. She was nursing him and trying to help him recover sufficiently to return to his commando as soon as possible. She told me her husband had taken part in nine wars in South Africa. One day riding along the veldt, I met a Boer heavily armed and a boy twelve years old riding by his side. He said he was going to the prospective battle on the Tugela River. I asked why he was taking his little son with him. He replied that his wife wanted him to do so, so that if he was killed the boy could take his place. I said to the little fellow, "Can you shoot?" "O, yes," said he, "I can shoot almost as well as father, and if he is killed I will take his gun." Such are the Boers and such the wives and mothers of the Boers. Surely such women were not born to suckle slaves.

I met President Kruger and found him a most remarkable



DRIEENSLAGTEN IN DEN CORLOG.
(The three generations in arms.)

*"Freedom's battle, once begun,
Beguathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."*



man. When we called upon him at his home he was sitting on the porch of his cottage, smoking his pipe and chatting with a couple of old friends from the country, whose sons were at the front. They had called to inquire for news concerning them. After shaking hands we were conducted to the parlor, where we had a little chat. The old President expressed himself as being a great admirer of our republic. He said he thought the greatest republic in the world ought to feel friendly toward the smallest of republics, and he hoped God would continue to bless the Republic of the United States and its splendid people. He said he and his people were struggling for liberty and independence against the greatest empire in the world, that they were forced into this unholy war after yielding to nine-tenths of the unjust demands made upon them by the covetous colonial office of the British Empire, that British troops continued to arrive in Africa and were a menace to the peace and prosperity of their country, so that they were compelled to go to war to fight for their rights. He said the Boers did not ask for mercy, but for justice and right. After seeing President Kruger conducting public affairs in his office in the government building for several days, listening to hundreds of people with all kinds of requests and looking after the minutest details of government affairs, I made up my mind that he was a great statesman. And when Secretary Reitz informed me that the President himself, at his own home, planned the Battle of Colenso, where the British lost eleven guns and many men killed, wounded and taken prisoners, I then concluded that he was a warrior. When I entered the Dopper church on Sunday morning and heard the President deliver a sermon that roused his audience to remarkable enthusiasm, I concluded that President Kruger, though a man of no education in the schools, was yet

an orator of singular force and power. Like Abraham Lincoln, he is a plain, homely, kind-hearted man—a child of the common people.

It was also my pleasure to see President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, who in appearance is a typical Boer. He is, indeed, a magnificent specimen of manhood. Educated in the universities of England, he is able to hold his own with any of the English statesmen. An ardent admirer of our republic, he longs to see both of the South African republics take it as their model. He said the Boers would never give up the fight until the last one of them went to sleep forever beneath the veldt they loved so well, and after the old Boers are gone the young ones will continue the fight after they grow up to be men.

I also met Generals Joubert, Botha, De Wet, Cronje and Burger, all of whom were recognized as able commanders. When we visited General Joubert at Hoofd laager, near Ladysmith, we were surprised at the total absence of pomp.

At night, before lying down to sleep, the Boers gathered together and prayed for help from the God they love, and sang psalms. One night as we camped on the banks of the Klip River, and listened to the roar of the cannon that sent the deadly shells from Lombard Kop into Ladysmith, the music from the Boer laager not far away could be heard whenever there was a lull in the firing, as the Boers sang:

Lord, where will we go?
To Thee alone.
Thou wilt not despise us.
Thy only Son, to Thy holy throne,
The way for us has opened.

The most popular commander among the Boers was General Louis Botha. He is a young, vigorous man, a man of splendid physique and of great courage. During one of the battles of the Tugela River he was passing along the trenches, when he noticed an apparent weak place in the line where a number of Boers were killed. Leaping into the trench, he picked up the rifle of one of the dying Boers and began firing at the enemy, and at the same time giving the order to shoot, in Dutch. This act encouraged the Boers all along the line, and they fought with renewed strength until the British retired again across the Tugela River.

At the Battle of Spion's Kop was an old man with hair and beard as white as snow, fighting by the side of a stalwart man of forty-five and a barefoot boy of twelve years. It was the grandfather, son and grandson—three generations fighting side by side in the cause of freedom and independence. This reminded me of a famous picture I had seen when a school boy, and which afterwards appeared so attractive to me in the art gallery of the Chicago World's Fair, which represented an old white-haired man with a blood-stained bandage around his head, playing a bass drum. By his side stood a middle-aged man, also wounded, playing the fife. By his side was a little lad beating a snare drum. They were leading the farmers of the Revolution on a battlefield against the same British enemy that is to-day fighting the Boers. The picture was entitled, "The Spirit of '76." As I looked upon it, it caused the blood to rush through my youthful veins. And when I saw the three representatives of three generations fighting side by side in the Transvaal I thought the spirit of 1900 in the Republic of South Africa was identical with the spirit of '76 in my own beloved republic.

When starting on our return to Pretoria from Ladysmith, our car was attached to a hospital train, which was bearing the wounded Boers from the battlefields to the hospital at Pretoria. Among them was a veteran seventy-three years of age, who died soon after the train started. There was also among them a lad of fifteen years who had been fearfully wounded. Sitting by his side I talked with him, and tried to encourage him by saying that he would get well, and, finally, when he became a man he would be proud to look back to the time when he fought so nobly for his country. He smiled sweetly and said he believed he was going to die. Turning to the noble Boer woman sitting by him as a Red Cross nurse, he said: "Tell mother and grandmother that I have done my duty, that I die for my country, and I die happy. Please tell them good-bye for me." In a short time thereafter he died, and the nurse clipped two curls from his beautiful curly head—one for his mother and one for his grandmother. Then she told me the lad's name was Paul Kruger, Jr., the favorite grandson of President and Mrs. Kruger. A few days after this sad occurrence, in the company of Mrs. Secretary Reitz, I visited Grandmother Kruger. We found her an old-fashioned, motherly woman, just like thousands of old mothers who live in our own country, and when she received the message sent her by her favorite grandson before he died she said: "God bless the boy, he was an honor to the mother who gave him birth, and if I had a thousand grandsons, and loved them all as dearly as I loved little Paul, God knows I would give them all, if need be, to my country."

The valor of little Paul Kruger, who fought and died for his country, should be an inspiration to these thousands of school boys assembled here to-night in this great city of brotherly love,



SOME WHO DO NOT SHARE IN THE PROFITS OF CONQUEST—UNBURIED EIGHT DAYS AFTER BATTLE.

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which was the cradle of our own youthful republic. Here in this city our ancestors were the boys of the Revolution, who toiled and struggled for freedom and for justice, and here they laid the foundation of this ideal republic of history, and passed through the same ordeal that the boys as well as the men are passing through in the Republic of South Africa. Is it any wonder that our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the struggling patriots of South Africa? Is it any wonder that our hearts bleed for those brave patriots who laid down their lives as a willing sacrifice upon their country's altar? Ah, yes, they do love liberty just as our fathers loved liberty!

The love of liberty is a passion that has been wont to spring in the hearts of men since time began. So soon as their minds began to expand under education, however crude, in their breasts the fires of liberty began to burn. In all ages and in all lands that passion has lived and defied chains and dungeons and rocks to crush it. It has strewn the earth with its monuments and shed undying lustre on a thousand fields whereon it has battled through the night of ages! Even the wild beast in its lair, in the tangled jungle or the mountain glen, will fight and die for liberty! The eagle loves liberty as it flies from crag to crag on the summit of the Rockies! Liberty, sweet word, is heard in the song of the birds as they sing amid the spreading boughs of the palmetto and magnolia of the sunny southland! The love of liberty is in the hearts of the mountaineers as they joyously call to each other from cliff to cliff on the Alpine heights! 'Twas the love of liberty that filled the hearts of the rugged pioneers of the long ago, as they left their homes in northern Europe to plant the germs of civilization in the wilds of South Africa! The same love of liberty prompted them to flee from British tyranny and oppression into the interior parts

of that unknown continent. And in a hand to hand struggle with wild beasts and still wilder savages, they founded the two South African republics. And poor old Cronje, sitting on the barren Isle of St. Helena, doubtless sighs for liberty and a future republic. And many a stalwart Boer, as he lies at night on the veldt of South Africa, with head pillowed on his saddle and his face turned up toward the southern cross, dreams of liberty. And the lonely Boer mother on the farm on the veldt longs for liberty as she sings the sweet lullaby that soothes her babe to sleep. The same love for liberty has prompted our own soldiers in all the battles of our republic to perform deeds of valor unsurpassed in the annals of mankind. Because of this undying love we have built the altars of liberty and equality of rights on our hill tops and in our valleys and on our spreading plains and amid God's wondrous temples in our picturesque woodlands, and have invited the genius of the earth to worship at their shrines. And to-night the prayer of every true American patriot should be—

Great God, we thank Thee for this our home,
In this bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may Thy flowers untrampled spring,
Thy harvests wave, Thy cities rise,
And yet till time shall fold his wing,
Remain, O remain, our cherished paradise!

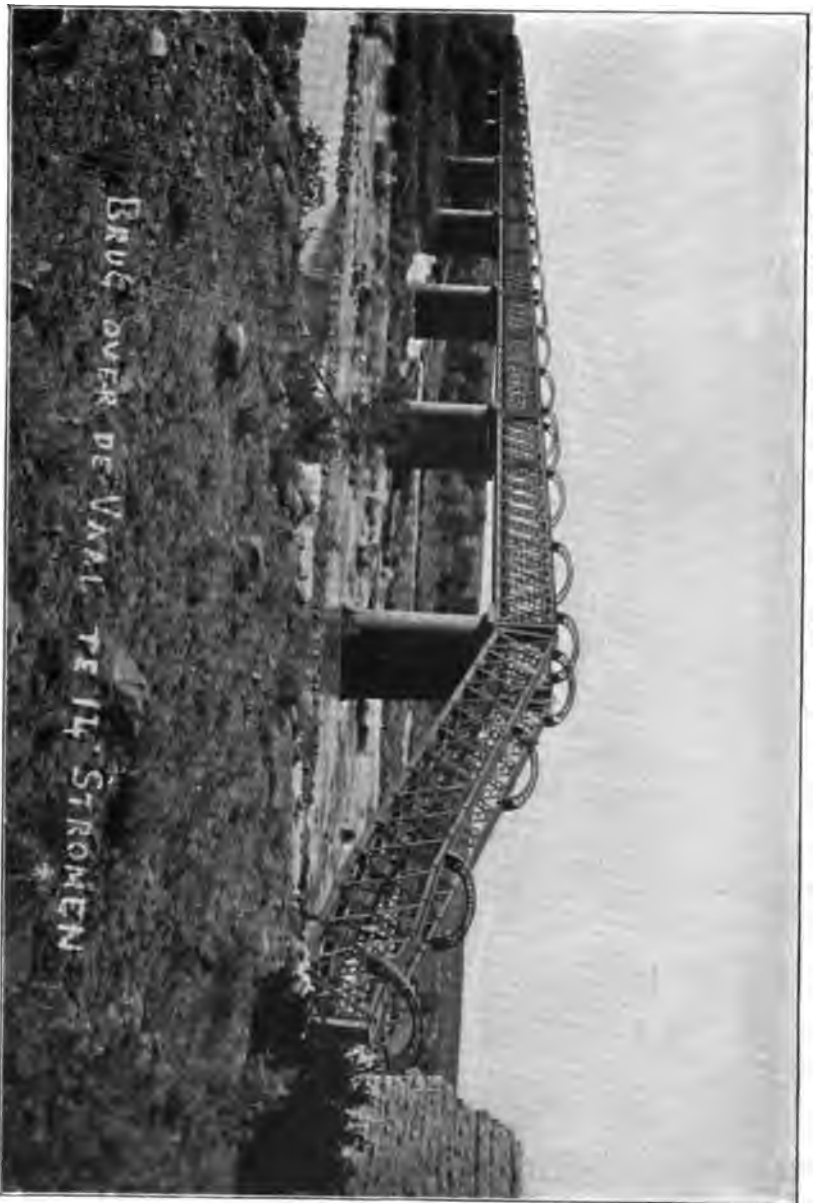


Address delivered at a Boer mass meeting at the Academy of Music in New York City on the night of May 6th, 1900:

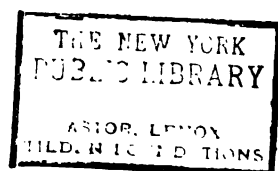
Until the commencement of the present war in South Africa but little had been written concerning that most interesting part

of the world. But now the eyes of all civilized people are turning toward it, and all seem anxious to learn more about it. The questions that naturally arise are, What are the natural resources of the country? its physical aspects? its climate? its prospects for future development? its solution of the native question? and especially its chances for good government in the future, when justice and liberty shall prevail, and when there shall be some unity of action on the part of the forces of Christianity and civilization toward the culmination of the fond ideal of the Afrikander, namely, the ultimate rule of the whole of South Africa as one mighty republic with a glorious sisterhood of states? A United States of Africa like a United States of America—a U. S. A. south of the equator as well as a U. S. A. north of the equator. Such certainly is the only hope for the highest civilization and the greatest possible development of that country's natural resources. The part of the great Dark Continent usually referred to as South Africa embraces about one and a quarter million square miles and takes in all the country south of the Zambesi River. This immense territory is now divided into the following divisions: Cape Colony, Natal, Zululand, Basutoland, British Bechuanaland, The Protectorate of Bechuanaland, and The Chartered Company's Territory in Mashonaland, Zambesia and Nyasaland, all of which are regarded as British possessions. Then there are several quasi-independent native territories, such as Pondoland, Swazieland, Anatongaland, Matabeleland and Ugandaland. Then the Portuguese possessions, including Gazaland, stretching on the East African coast from Delagoa Bay to Mozambique. Then on the West African coast are the territories of Great Namaqualand and Damaraland under the acknowledged protectorate of Germany. And last, but by no means least, are the divisions

known as the Orange Free State and the South African Republic. These constitute the southern portion of the most mysterious continent known to mankind. A continent that has been the birthplace of the oldest and greatest civilization known to the world and yet is to-day in its interior parts the darkest and most benighted part of the universe. Were all these divisions fused into one republic, that republic would be almost half as large in extent as the United States of America, and more than half as large as the Great Russian Empire, while Great Britain, France, Spain, Germany, Austria and Italy could be placed in it, and then there would be enough land left to make a state almost half as large as Norway and Sweden combined. This extensive territory consists of majestic mountains with scenery of marvelous beauty and with valleys unsurpassed in fertility. Indeed, in gazing over the country from the summit of the Alps, or in looking out over the plains of Lombardy, one scarcely sees anything approaching the view to be had from the top of the Drakensburg mountains. In this territory also are tablelands or inland plains that are especially well adapted to cattle grazing or agricultural purposes, and yet at the same time in parts of it are to be found sandy deserts absolutely barren and worthless. Much of these, however, may in time be transformed into fruitful fields, for it has already been demonstrated that as increased efforts are made to irrigate the soil and to increase the area of cultivated land the rainfall is thereby increased, and this soil has been found to be marvelously productive when it has received sufficient moisture. Almost anything that is grown in tropical and in temperate latitudes can be grown in this territory. Flowers of every variety and fruits of every description prevail upon every hand. Vegetables of every variety and cereals of all kinds can be produced in great



TEGEL RIVER BRIDGE AFTER IT WAS DESTROYED BY BOERS.



quantities. It could in reality become a land of corn and wine, and of milk and honey. With a climate that is delightful, a clear atmosphere, pure air and most brilliant sunshine. Under the soil all kinds of minerals are found, while its diamond and gold fields are unequalled in the known world. Had it not been for the discovery of diamonds and gold in that country, it is quite certain that the attention of but few people from other continents would now be directed toward it. The white people of South Africa are, of course, greatly outnumbered by the negro race in every division. The white population is composed of almost all races, the Dutch, however, being largely in the majority, and, as they are a very prolific race, likely to continue the dominant force among the white peoples. In the Orange Free State and South African Republic and in Cape Colony the Dutch greatly outnumber the Britons, and they are indeed a sturdy race. Physically they have no superiors. In morality, temperance, honesty, frugality and generosity they are unsurpassed. It is true that they are somewhat stubborn, tenacious and jealous of their rights. Their love for liberty is as strong as that of our own revolutionary fathers and mothers whose deeds of valor and suffering challenged the admiration of the world and made the name "America" the symbol everywhere for freedom and equality of rights. As Dutch men and women originally, the British yoke is chafing to them. They feel that as they are the dominant white race in South Africa and have endured so much for liberty, and through unexampled hardships and trials have planted the earliest germs of civilization there, that in consequence they are justified in demanding self-government. And they feel that they, in conjunction with all native Afrikanders regardless of ancestry, should be permitted to govern themselves independent of Great

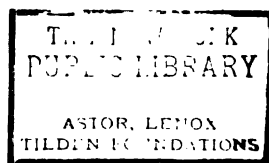
Britain or any other foreign power. The country is their country. Theirs by right of discovery, theirs by right of possession, theirs by right of justice, theirs by all rules of equity and civilization. In the interest of humanity and civilization we believe there should be a free fusion of all elements in South African life, a free economic and social fusion. This would certainly be better for all the people and better for the country. It would settle for all time the various questions arising out of the different tariff regulations in the different divisions as at present constituted under the various governments. It would also result in lessening the burdens of taxation, for it would do away with numerous governments and substitute therefor one government of much greater strength and stability. Thus would the country become not only much richer commercially, but a thousand-fold stronger politically. The Dutch have the strongest grip upon the soil of South Africa and are much more closely assimilated with the natural environment, and the proper civilization can never be brought about by the process of the British race making war upon the Dutch continuously and trampling them under foot. As Père Hyacinthe said in Notre Dame: "The Little States—they are the radiating centres of the most splendid civilization from the days of ancient Greece, which gave us an Æschylus, a Sophocles, an Aristides and a Plato, down to those republics of modern Italy, to which we owe the revival of learning." So from the two little struggling republics of South Africa will come the mightier republic which shall take its place by the side of its sister republics in the great competitive race of nations. A republic wherein freedom and equality of rights shall prevail and have a lasting abiding place, a republic wherein manhood reigns alone and every citizen is king. A republic with one people, one flag and one destiny. In it life,

liberty and property and all personal rights will be amply secured to all citizens and protected by just and stable laws, where public and private credit will be thoroughly established, and in all of its interests and concerns it will partake of the improvements and progress of the times. Then will the future historian on pages bedewed with generous tears tell of the heroic struggles of the men and women who founded that republic. They whose ancestors stood firm and courageous before the Spanish Inquisition when they began their great struggle for freedom and right, and whose brave spirit was unbroken by the cruelties and hardships heaped upon them by Louis XIV., and how after many years of trials and tribulations the new republic of South Africa grew to be not a dream, but an established fact. We are told that in the pious and magnificent structures of the great temples of Mohammedan faith the indestructible and infinitely divisible fragrance of the attar of roses was mixed by the builders with the mortar with which the mass was held together; and annually ever since thousands of worshippers have worn the stone pavement of the structures for a hundred generations and yet find their prayers still imbued with the undying fragrance of this unexhausted and inexhaustible perfume. Then will the citizens of that new South African Republic, as they view its great masses of wealth, its teeming population and its growing power, realize that it is the structure that their fathers built, but which they occupy, and that it is but the assemblage of the great material structure that built up to the visible eye a temple. But the cement that holds it all together is perfumed by the great virtues and the sweet influences of the men and women who laid the foundation of this moral structure, and they must not and will not lose that perfume. for, if they do, that cement will

crumble and the structure be destroyed. Should the British by overwhelming numbers succeed in conquering the Boers in the present struggle, it will avail nothing, for freedom crushed to earth will again rise, and the Afrikaner spirit will live on and on until finally success will crown its efforts. Future generations will take up the burden where their stricken fathers laid it down, and the outcome is certain. The world's history is full of the records of the rise and fall of empires and kingdoms—of the dazzling pomp and splendor of the march of kings and queens, who hated liberty and justice, but who loved tyranny and oppression, who went down into oblivion—and to-day the antiquarian digs and delves amid the ruins of their capitals to find some token of remembrance worthy of transmittal to succeeding generations. But in all nations wherein the altars of liberty were erected the fires glowed thereon as beacon lights along the pathway of the centuries to guide liberty-loving people back to the lines whereon their fathers stood when they reddened them with the crimson tide of their lives. When Frederick the Great seized a province loosely attached to the Austrian Empire all the monarchies of Europe were shocked. And yet at that time those monarchies had never heard of the principles of the French Revolution. If that was true then, how could it be possible now, in this glorious evening of the Nineteenth Century, for democratic America to have any feeling but that of the deepest indignation for an attempt to destroy the lives and liberties of the brave people of two of its sister republics? The great masses of our people do sympathize with the Boers to-day. They stand for liberty, for civilization, for self-government and for peace. And every effort possible should be put forth by them to bring the unholy war in South Africa to a close. Since our country's splendid



PRETORIA CITIZENS WELCOMING TRAIN BRINGING BOERS WOUNDED AT SPION KOP.



prowess was proved in the late war with Spain, and our navy sent the boasted Spanish fleets to the bottom of the sea without the loss of any of our own ships, all foreign countries have learned the important lesson of looking upon this new republic as one of the greatest powers in the world, as an important factor, indeed, in the march of nations along the highway of civilization and progress. In truth, when the guns of our warships sent their awful missiles crashing through the Spanish ships, then it was that this great Republic of the West burst like a young giant through the barriers of centuries and ushered itself into the council chambers of the world's greatest powers, where it will demand a seat at that council table if it has to make one for itself. In consequence of all this, to-day many foreign countries are slow to act in any cause in which they are led to believe by the British press and British officials that this country is supporting Great Britain in any of her greedy, selfish schemes. In foreign countries to-day the representatives and sympathizers of the British government are striving to create the impression that there is a secret understanding or a secret alliance between our government and the British government. This must not be. We cannot, as American freemen, whose ancestors on many battlefields gave their lives for liberty and independence, withhold our sympathies from the farmers of the Transvaal and Orange Free State as they chastise those who in mockery of Britain's great principles and in disgrace of her great fame seek to exterminate a civilized people and to destroy their precious liberties. This republic was once moved by a generous desire to aid a young ambitious country and it took the first step and leadership in the movement to revise the treaties, and thus Japan made a lofty stride upward and onward. But even then Great Britain

hastened to antedate our country and tried to rob it of the credit that was its due. By our treaties with China we were so considerate and fair that had she followed our unselfish advice, to-day, instead of being on the verge of dissolution, she might have been one of the greatest empires in all the world. In Korea, too, our republic has exerted a helpful influence and stimulated and encouraged her, while Siam continually looks to our nation for encouragement and moral support as she struggles on in her honest efforts to make a respectable showing in the realms of progress. We should be ready to hear the cry for help from the struggling people of the two little South African republics, for Chamberlain has attempted to dominate and dictate in their internal affairs just as George III. interfered in the affairs of our own colonies. Indeed, England has trodden truth under foot and trampled honor and good faith in the dust. And were she to conquer the Boers, there is no doubt in the world that they would be compelled to suffer as the people of Ireland have suffered for centuries. There, the country was given over to fire and sword, and men and women, old and young, and children, were murdered indiscriminately. Indeed, there is nothing blacker or more despicable in the annals of nations than England's treatment of the unfortunate people of the Emerald Isle. British greed and lust for gold hath made countless millions mourn. And British cruelty is proverbial. And yet the British nation poses before the world as the great civilizer whose mission in life is to subdue savage tribes and disseminate the germs of civilization among them. According to their theory the Boers are savages and must be civilized, even if they have to shoot civilization into them with lyddite guns and dum-dum bullets. During one battle on the Tugela River two thousand lyddite shells

fell among the Boers, and though at the Hague Convention dum-dum bullets were condemned by the representatives of the civilized world as fit only for the guns of savages, yet I have now in my possession three unexploded dum-dum cartridges that I picked up on the top of Spion's Kop in the trenches that had been occupied by the British troops, and I have also two exploded dum-dum bullets that were given me by a surgeon as he extracted them from the bodies of two dead Boers. To my mind this is sufficient proof that dum-dum bullets were used to some extent at least by the aforesaid alleged civilizer's troops in that engagement. Numerous have been the instances of British cruelty on the battlefields of South Africa, such as the abuse of the white flag and the firing upon the Red Cross. And the conduct of the British troops, especially the lancers, has no parallel in modern warfare. In proof of this we have only to quote from descriptive letters written home by the troops themselves. Also from letters written by war correspondents in English newspapers. As an illustration let me quote from Mr. H. W. Nevinson, special war correspondent of the Daily London Chronicle, in his account of the Battle of Elandsplaagte, published November 20th, 1899. He says:

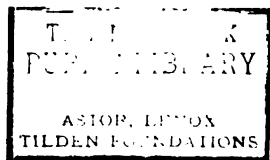
“ ‘Cease fire!’ had sounded several times on the summit, but the firing did not cease. I don't know why it was. Perhaps the Boers were still resting in parts. Certainly many of our men were drunk with excitement. ‘Wipe out Majuba!’ was a constant cry. But the Boers had gone. The remnants of them were struggling to get away in the twilight over a bit of rocky plain on our left. Then the Dragoon Guards got them, and three times went through. A Dragoon Guards corporal who was there tells me the Boers fell off their horses and rolled among the rocks, hiding their heads in their arms and

calling for mercy—calling to be shot—anything to escape the stab of those terrible lances through their backs and bowels. But not many escaped. ‘We just gave them a good dig as they lay,’ were the corporal’s words. Next day most of the lances were bloody.” Such was the conduct of the soldiers of the great empire that boasts of its civilization, and which is wont to refer to the Boers as cruel, bloodthirsty savages. The Uitlanders of the South African Republic claimed that the franchise was their sole desire, but afterwards they failed to accept a fair franchise when it was offered them. They declared that they desired the mining industry as well, and also desired the prosperity of the masses, but afterwards they made frantic attempts to acquire monopolistic control and to crown the capitalist king, to the detriment of the multitude and the injury of the republic. They protested that they coveted no man’s lands and yet they organized Jameson’s raid, and started the war which is now being waged at the instance of the wealthy and for the satisfaction of their golden lusts. They said they sought assimilation and participation, not authority and power, yet they hurled abuse at the people of the Republic and its government, invented stories of oppression and heavy burdens, of atrocities and barbarities. Their plan was to possess the land of the Boer and everything that is his. But that plan so far has failed, and to-day the world is beginning to learn that their schemes were covetous and unholy, and that their woeful story of the grievous lot of the dweller in the Transvaal was but a tale of their own imagining, meant to move the world to tears and indignation, while they crept in under cover of sympathy and seized the land they so deeply desired.

Oh, my countrymen, let the whole world know that our sympathies are not with monarchies and not with tyranny and



WOUNDED BURGHERS IN PRETORIA RED CROSS HOSPITAL.



oppression, but with republics, and with freedom, justice and equality of rights. For, as in the olden times, when the imperial eagles looked upon a consolidated empire from the Orient to the Occident, "all roads led to Rome," so now, in this evening of this marvelous Nineteenth Century, in this new world of vast extent and varied interests, all roads lead to this republic. Whatever there is elsewhere of thrift, of energy, of prosperity, whatever of intellect and of culture, this republic gathers tribute of the harvest. Here, indeed, is the reservoir of the world's wealth and of the world's energies. Here are collecting the mightiest forces of all nations. Oh, may our beloved banner ever be the symbol of justice and equality!



Speech delivered at the Democratic National Convention at Kansas City, Mo., July 5th, 1900:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—I appreciate very highly the honor conferred upon me by inviting me to say a few words at this time, and I shall detain you but a moment. I have been honored highly by another party than this in the past. I have served that party well, and have rendered services as good as the honor I received, and the account is balanced now. Life, human life, is but a narrow span between two great unknown eternities, and life is too short for a man to sacrifice his principles or his love of country for money or for office in this republic. I have never yet read or heard a platform that was so intensely American as the platform read here in this convention. Old conditions have passed away, old questions have passed and gone, many of them, and new questions are now before the American people. I care not a snap of my finger

for public or private criticism. I care nothing for office, for I have voluntarily given up one better than any you can give me, and the man or newspaper that makes the statement that I was forced to leave the administration against my will absolutely, unqualifiedly and maliciously lies.

I love liberty. I love equality of rights, and I love justice. And when the party that I belong to has been too cowardly to take a stand for liberty, and for a republican form of government as against the British aristocracy and monarchy, I leave it and leave it for good.

In every part of Europe and Africa the charge is made by the British press and the British officials that there is a secret alliance between this country and Great Britain to the effect that, in case of any foreign nation attempting to interfere in behalf of the poor Boers, this republic will stand by Great Britain with its army and its navy. I have yet to hear of the administration denying that report. I defended the administration in every address I made in behalf of the Boers since my unfortunate visit to their country—for me, I say unfortunate financially and politically—but I say now I will never defend it again, because it has not taken the opportunity at its national convention to tell the American people that we are for liberty and a republican form of government. Liberty—we all love the splendid word—the sweetest word that ever blossomed upon the tongues of men, and as one great Republican Senator said recently in the United States Senate, it has come to pass that we must whisper the word liberty in Washington.

Is it a fact that liberty is to become obsolete in the American lexicon? Is it a fact that this great republic must chain itself

to the chariot wheels of the British Empire in its mad race for land and gold?

I sympathize with people struggling for liberty everywhere. I sympathized with those who struggled for liberty in Greece and Armenia; I sympathized with those who struggled for liberty in every country.

And when the war broke out with Spain, we said then that it was not a war for conquest, not a war for glory, but a war to carry liberty to people who were crying for help at our feet. And the boys marched up from the northland, whose fathers once marched in tattered blue, with the song their fathers loved upon their lips, "My country, 'tis of thee we sing;" and the boys came from the southland, they whose fathers once marched in tattered gray, to the music of "Way Down South in Dixie," and they all followed the man who once led the northern and southern armies down to Cuba, to Porto Rico and into other islands of the sea. They marched under one flag, in behalf of one country, to the music of one splendid melody, as they felt in their hearts the song that inspired the men in the days gone by—

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea;
'As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!

Up until that point the war was right, but when we passed beyond that point the administration went too far. But it was another indication of following in the footsteps of Great Britain. When our flag rose over the flag of the rotten Spanish monarchy the American Republic could not resist the temptation then of following in the footsteps of Great Britain, and it

thirsted for land and gold, and that is where the mistake was made. We should have stopped at the end of the Spanish victory, when we brought liberty to the people who were being ground to death under the heel of Spanish tyranny.

We do love liberty. The masses of the American people stand for the blessed idea of liberty, justice and equality of rights, and I dare say to-day if it were possible to get the news over the British cables to the farmers in the two South African republics that these representatives of seven million American voters send a word of sympathy to them, many a Boer would shout for joy in the hills of the Transvaal. A grander struggle for liberty was never made in all the world's history than the struggle now being made by the republicans and democrats in South Africa. Let us sympathize with them. I am glad that you have adopted a strong resolution in their favor to-day. At the polls in November follow it up. Let American principles ever live. Let them go down for years to come as an inspiration to generations yet unborn. Liberty, love of liberty, one flag, one country, one splendid destiny! I stand upon this platform and support for president William Jennings Bryan!



Extract of speech delivered before the Fusion Convention at Fort Scott, Kansas, July 25, 1900:

Not long ago in the capital of our republic I took occasion to tell of the heroism and chivalry of the fighting Boer, when a British sympathizer sarcastically remarked, "O, he is only a farmer and nothing more." Then I thought of the man who in the long ago planted the first germs of civilization in South



HOW ENGLAND ANNEXES GOLD AND DIAMOND FIELDS.

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Africa, whose fathers followed William the Silent when he wrested liberty from the hand of the Spanish tyrant, and I remembered they were only farmers and nothing more. And who was it that fought the wild beasts and the still wilder savages of that mysterious land in order to lay the foundation of two splendid little republics for the happiness of their posterity? It was only farmers and nothing more.

Ah, yes, it was only a farmer and nothing more who climbed the steep sides of Majuba Hill to drive from its summit the soldiers of British tyranny and oppression, and who at Bronkhorst Spruit and Lang's Nek fought like chivalrous knights of old for liberty, justice and equality.

It was only a farmer and nothing more who at Spion's Kop performed deeds of valor unsurpassed in the annals of war, who, leaping like a panther from boulder to boulder, ascended that hill amid a fearful storm of leaden hail, and covered its summit with wounded and dying British, and drove the survivors back across the Tugela River.

It was only a farmer and nothing more who in the embankments of Modder River, with but three thousand comrades, with only four cannon and two Maxims, for six days held in check the flower of the British army, consisting of forty thousand men, under command of the greatest general of the British empire, with one hundred of the greatest cannon to be found in all the world, but finally yielded to overwhelming numbers and now lies dreaming at St. Helena of liberty and a future republic.

I remember, too, that in our own land it was only a farmer and nothing more who poured out the crimson tide of his life on Lexington green as a willing sacrifice on liberty's altar, who suffered with Washington amid the snows of Valley Forge, and who, at Saratoga, Monmouth, Bunker Hill and Brandy-

wine, performed deeds of valor that wedded his name to glory and undying fame.

It was only a farmer and nothing more who stood with brave old Andrew Jackson behind the cotton bales at New Orleans and taught old England that easier were it to hurl the rooted mountain from its base than to force the yoke of slavery upon men determined to be free, and who at Chepultepec, Palo Alto, Cerro Gordo and Buena Vista carried the banner of the republic to triumph and glory.

It was only a farmer and nothing more who climbed the sides of Mission Ridge over shrieking muskets, belching cannon and valiant men to pluck the flower of victory that blossomed upon its crest, and who walked above the clouds on Lookout mountain, swept down the valley of the Shenandoah and marched as a conquering host from Atlanta to the sea.

It was only a farmer and nothing more who stood like a granite wall at Gettysburg as the mightiest tidal wave of war in all the world rolled against him and receding left him the victorious defender of the Union he loved so well.

Ah, yes, it was only a farmer and nothing more who in all the battles of the past fought bravely for the old flag until finally upon its staff the God of our nation brought the eagle of victory to nestle with the sweet dove of peace.

And in the future, as in the past, it is only a farmer and nothing more that will be the safeguard of our nation and will protect our republic from the clutches of agents of selfish, greedy monarchies, and still more selfish, greedy trust owners, and will let it be known of all men, that liberty has erected its altars upon our mountains, in our valleys, on our spreading plains and amid our picturesque woodlands, and the weary, deserving pilgrim from every land and clime may come to worship

at those shrines as long as chivalry girds on a sword, shrines where patriotic knees will bend in all the years that are yet to be.

I believe that soon we shall hear a mighty host from the northland and the southland, from valley and plain, shouting their jubilee that shall be heard by tyrants upon foreign thrones and by peoples in the islands of the sea, as they proclaim the victory of the champion of the people's rights and liberty's devotee. Shall we ask then, who are they of the mighty host that sing of victory, the answer shall be: Only farmers and nothing more.



Extract of a speech delivered on September 15th, 1900, in the Coliseum, St. Louis, Mo., the occasion being a great mass meeting in honor of William J. Bryan, candidate for President of the United States, who also delivered an address.

The colonial system of Europe must not be established in this country. And we are compelled now to put ourselves on record at the coming election as either favoring or approving the English colonial system. The Philippine war involves the colonial idea, and hence the colonial question arises in both cases. If it is right for us to subdue the Philippine Islands, it is also right for the British to subdue the Boer republics. On the other hand, if the acts of the British in South Africa are wrong, then our acts at Manila are also wrong. The colonial tendency, which is the cause of both wars, must be checked. It is plain to every liberty-loving American patriot that the British war in South Africa is a war of conquest most wickedly waged against an innocent, civilized, God-fearing and liberty-loving people, citizens of two little republics so small that any

self-respecting nation would have allowed them to live in peace. It is false to represent that the Boers brought on the war. Those peace-loving people, who many times before had been driven from their homes and their property confiscated by the British, well knew that there was no other object in the British government massing troops near the border of the South African republics than to make a war of conquest and to annex the republics and to murder men, women and children who dared to fight for home and independence. The British government also claims to be waging war against the Boers in the interest of humanity and civilization, just as our government claims to be waging war against the Filipinos in the interest of civilization and humanity.

The bond of sympathy that seems to exist between our government and the British government in the unholy South African war is emphasized by the action of the officials of the Department of the Interior in permitting the bureau of education to be prostituted to the purpose of issuing therefrom certain pamphlets which were issued by the Imperial South African Association in London to the school teachers of the country for the purpose not only of prejudicing their minds, but the minds of the children under their instruction in the interests of Great Britain in its iniquitous warfare against the Boers, and thus trying to make it appear that their war against the Boers is a war of civilization. The object of the interior department officials in permitting this infamous scheme to be carried on through their department was for the purpose of creating sympathy for the British nation as against the people of the two South African republics. The object evidently was to attempt to justify the attitude of this administration in its secret friendship for the British government. This conduct on



BOER MOUNTAIN GUN.

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the part of the interior department should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every American patriot who loves his country and who loves a republican form of government rather than a monarchy. If our government officials are permitted to continue these practices, as sure as fate England will drag our people into her jingo adventures, if we do not by one blow cut asunder the whole Anglo-American humbug, which has already cost our people so much. What is needed for the welfare of generations yet to be and the welfare of this greatest republic in all the world is a series of death blows to English imperialism. The brave, heroic Boers in South Africa are doing excellent work to that end against the rotten monarchy of England, by all odds the worst and most dangerous of the so-called great powers of all Europe. Let us do our part toward adding additional glory and honor to our republic that will be a blessing to succeeding generations and that will win the everlasting plaudits of peoples struggling for freedom and independence everywhere throughout the world.



Address before the Jacksonian club at their annual celebration August 25th, 1900, at Omaha, Nebraska. An address was also delivered by William Jennings Bryan on that occasion.

The stream of time is strewn with the wrecks of many republics. Some of them arose in splendor that made the world look amazed and astonished, but, finally yielding to the influences of the natural enemy of all republics, they halted on their march and went down into oblivion, and now live only in song. The antiquarian digs and delves amid the ruins of their historic capitals to find some relics for the pastime and instruction of succeeding generations. And as we to-day watch the progress

of events and note the strange and unholy influence exerted over our own republic by the greatest enemy of republics in all the world, may we not be afraid? and may we not be anxious about the future? By this enemy I mean England and the English aristocracy. They have no use for republics now, and never have had in all the past centuries. The only excuse to-day that the British government has for sending three hundred thousand soldiers to South Africa is to crush the life out of the poor little republics and to rob and murder a mere handful of brave men and women and helpless children who dare to fight for liberty, justice and independence. Yet notwithstanding all this, certain citizens of the greatest republic in all the world cringe and fawn before this selfish, greedy English bully, and like servile curs, lick his boots, bespattered as they are with the blood of men who died fighting that two little sister republics might live on to bless mankind. Ask these American-British sympathizers why they bend the knee to arrogant, haughty John Bull, and their reply is that he was "so friendly to us in our recent war with Spain." The facts are that the British government knew full well that the Spanish army and navy were no match for our own army and navy and they wanted to be on the winning side. Again, the British government was planning to crush the South African republics and steal their diamond and gold fields, and without the friendship of this republic the British government knew full well that it could not carry out its hellish schemes. At Cape Town a short time ago I met Sir Edward Chichester, who commanded the British warship *Immortalite* at Manila Bay, and I asked him, "What did you do for us at the Battle of Manila?" He answered, "Not a thing but to keep absolutely neutral." When he said that, I could not keep from thinking that if our own

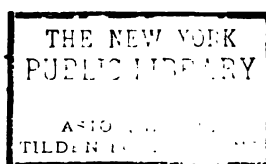
government had maintained absolute neutrality between the contestants in South Africa the war there would be over now, for certainly some foreign power would long ago have intervened in behalf of the heroic defenders of the republics. It is singular how it was possible for the hollow pretension of friendship on the part of the British government toward our country to fool some of our people so easily. That friendship was not sincere. For did not the Englishmen in Cape Colony, many of them sons of the nobility, gather together in clubs and public places and drink Scotch whiskey and soda, their favorite beverage, to the success of the Spanish arms at the time war was declared between the United States and Spain? But as soon as they heard of the Battles of Manila and Santiago, they then forthwith drank to the health of the United States. And did not our consul general at Cape Town give a dinner to the American residents of that city on the Fourth of July before our war with Spain? and to that dinner the great British empire builder, the man who had boasted that the republics of South Africa shall be erased from the map and that the British flag shall wave from Cairo to the Cape, Cecil J. Rhodes, was invited. But that noble lord of creation, he whose heart is harder than the diamonds stolen from the Boers, did not so much as acknowledge that invitation on the part of the representative of this great republic. But, after our victory over the Spaniards was known, then this same empire builder and republic hater hastened to tell the American consul what a great country he represented. The truth of the matter was that he knew the British programme in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal could never be carried out if the same American army and the same American navy that shook the Spanish throne to its very foundation should speak through their com-

mander-in-chief and say that the republics of South Africa must not be destroyed, but that they must live on and on and that in them liberty, equality and fair play shall and must have an eternal abiding place.

But someone asks, "Shall we make war against England in behalf of the two South African republics?" I answer, No; that would not be necessary. It would have been sufficient long ago had our government made known to the world that the British boast of a secret understanding between our government and the British government in case of intervention in behalf of the Boers by any of the great foreign powers was a wicked and malicious lie. But this was not done. On the contrary we have remained idle and quiet while Joseph Chamberlain of England has made the statement frequently in public addresses that there was an understanding between his government and ours. And the British officials and the agents of the British press in Europe and Africa have frequently made the same boast and have held our country up as a menace to foreign powers. These facts, together with the fact that many ship-loads of mules, horses and food stuffs have been sold from this country to the British army, while the seizure of one ship-load of food stuffs consigned to the Boer army by the British war vessels was suffered and endured without scarcely a murmur on the part of our government! And when we remember that the British press contained a glowing account of how, when the gallant Boer General Cronje, with less than four thousand farmers, with only four old cannon and two Maxim guns, after bravely holding out for six days against the flower of the British army, consisting of more than forty thousand men with one hundred of the finest and most powerful cannon in the world, and commanded by the greatest general in the British Empire, was com-



MORE BRITISH PRISONERS ARRIVING AT PRETORIA.



pelled to surrender, then it was that the American flag, according to British journals, was unfurled upon the British government building at Durban, in the British colony of Natal, by the side of the British flag, to celebrate the surrender of poor Cronje, the champion of liberty and the heroic defender of two republics. All these things, when considered in connection with the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which meant the surrender of American rights and interests, have a tendency to make us feel that our government has not maintained absolute neutrality between the contestants struggling in South Africa. It will not be forgotten by the millions of loyal Irish people of this country whose ancestors starved and died for liberty in their beloved land, their Emerald Isle. They will not forget the countless helpless women and children who suffered under the iron heel of English tyranny. Nor will it be forgotten by the countless throng of German-Americans who sympathize with their brethren, the Dutch of South Africa, who hate militarism and imperialism and love justice and liberty. And it will not be forgotten by our citizens whose ancestry was the same with that of the Boers. Upon the cheek of every American patriot, native or naturalized, the blush of shame must appear as he contemplates this strange attitude of our government, and realizing that this great country is his country, and that he has a personal proprietorship in the honor of its name and the glory of its free institutions, he must feel it a duty to rise above the slimy vale of partisan prejudice, hate and malice, up to the higher level of patriotism and love of country and boldly stand forth a free man, and with a freeman's ballot—the most powerful weapon known to man—enter the lists as the fearless champion of liberty, equality and justice. Let human justice reflect divine justice as the quiet lake the star.

The liberty-loving Boers are just as good as our people, the British subsidized press to the contrary notwithstanding. And I rejoice to know that every political party in America except one has had the nerve and courage to sympathize with the people of the two republics as against a selfish, grasping monarchy. When the three distinguished men from the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic came to this country as an envoy to represent their republics, for the purpose of showing our government how badly their people had been misrepresented by the British government, how only the British side of the controversy had been published to the world, and how the British government by reason of the fact that it had control of the cables and the mails, and by the most inhuman censorship, had kept everything pertaining to the Boer side of the controversy from getting into the public press, they called at the state department in Washington for the purpose of apprising the Secretary of State of the actual condition of affairs. The envoy was composed of men who occupied the same positions in their republics that our cabinet officials do in this country, men of integrity, and men of splendid ability, true men—patriots, lovers of liberty and justice. How were these representatives of two sister republics received by the representative of the greatest republic in the world? I will tell you. Soon after they were ushered into the presence of the Secretary of State and before they could possibly tell their simple story of British cruelty, inhumanity and injustice, before they could tell their mission in the interest of men, women and children who were fighting and dying for liberty and a republican form of government, the Secretary of State drew from his pocket a typewritten document and proceeded to read it to the astonished

Boer representatives as the course the administration had determined to take in their cause. While he was doing this the British ambassador at Washington sat peacefully and contentedly in the adjoining room. Is it any wonder that great tears stood in the eyes of those republicans from South Africa when they returned to their hotel in Washington? Is it any wonder if multiplied thousands of American freemen who love justice and fair play will turn against a party that will not even place a word of sympathy for liberty-loving people in their platform, and will not even so much as maintain absolute neutrality between a selfish monarchy and two little republics? Absolute neutrality would mean like treatment for both contestants. In the language of one of the Boer leaders, "Against the farmers of the South African republics are arrayed the power of numbers thirsting for blood and revenge, all the forces which the spirit of robbery and spoliation alone can muster. The cordon has been drawn closer and closer around them. As the wounded buck soon notices the approach of the lion, the fox and the vulture, so they see themselves surrounded by the deceit, the revenge, the hatred and avarice of their enemies. Even Xerxes marching with his millions against little Greece presents to astonished mankind no stranger spectacle than this great brutal British bully in all his power and wealth, with a countless horde of bloodthirsty minions, approaching with gleaming knife this little babe crawling in the dust—the infant republic. This is not war; it is child murder. And as the reason of the spectator stops dumfounded at this spectacle and his brain refuses to think, there rises before him as in a dream the scene of Bantu children playing in the gardens and ruins of the sunny South, around thousands of graves in which the

children of Europe's heroes of faith and freedom sleep forever. And the marauding bands of the Bantu roam once more where the homestead of the white man had stood for awhile. And as he asks why all this has happened, why the heroic children of a hero-race, to which civilization owed its most priceless treasures, have been murdered in this far-off continent, an invisible mock spirit replies: 'Civilization is a failure; the Caucasian is played out.' And then he awakens with the sound of the word: Gold! Gold! Gold! in his ears.

"The orchids of Birmingham are yellow.

"The traditions of the greatest empire of the world are faded and yellow.

"The laurels which British legions seek in South Africa are yellow.

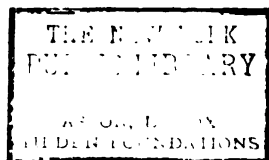
"But the heavens which spread their firmament over South Africa remain blue forever. That justice to which Piet Retief appealed when our forefathers bade farewell to the Old Colony, to which Joachim Prinsloo appealed in the Volksraad of Natal when England illegally annexed it, to which our burghers intrusted their cause at Paardekraal in 1880, abides unchangeable as a rock against which the raging waves of British diplomacy only dash themselves to pieces.

"According to eternal laws this justice works on, unmoved by human pride or passion. As the old Greek tragic poet expressed it, this justice allows the tyrant in his arrogant insolence to rise ever higher and higher and to gain even greater honor and power until he reaches his fatal summit, and then he dashes down into the unfathomable abyss!

"Our forefathers did not blanch before the Spanish Inquisition, but began the great struggle for freedom and right, even



BODY OF GENERAL JOUBERT BEING RECEIVED AT PRETORIA.



against the mighty Philip, regardless of all consequences, and in full faith in the cause for which they fought. Even the torture and the bloodhounds of Louis XIV. were unable to tame or break the spirit of our forefathers. Did Alva or Richelieu succeed in making the spirit of tyranny triumph over their aspiration for freedom and independence? Still less will Chamberlain succeed in establishing the tyranny by capitalism over us, their descendants.

"If it is our fate in spite of our insignificance to be the first among the nations to commence the struggle against this new world tyrant of capitalism, we are ready, even though that tyrant is backed up by all the force of jingoism.

"The hope which in 1880 burned in us, and in which we prepared ourselves for the great struggle of liberty, remains now also inextinguishable in our hearts, and is to us a beacon of light on the path which leads through blood and tears to the goal of a truly United South Africa.

"Even as in 1880, 'we lay our whole case with full confidence before the world. Whether we conquer or whether we die, freedom shall rise in South Africa as the sun rises from the morning clouds, as freedom rose in the United States of North America. Thus shall it be from Zambesi to Simon's Bay.'"

Should not such words as these appeal to all who love fair play and who admire courage and chivalry? Should they not stimulate us to noble efforts in behalf of those brave people who love independence and freedom well enough to risk every hazard in their defense?

How often in this life do we realize its brevity? Money and power soon pass away. Fame is but the will-o'-the-wisp of an overheated imagination. The sweet lullaby heard by the baby

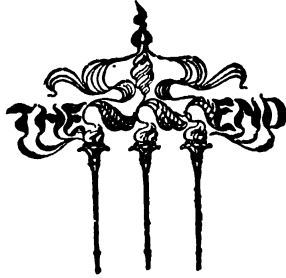
boy upon his mother's knee is soon replaced by the solemn funeral dirge for the old white-haired man as he is laid to rest in the quiet cemetery. And in this world each fond ideal that gleams like a star on life's wave is soon wrecked on the shores of the real and soon sleeps like a dream in a grave. This being true we have only time in this life to do something for our country's glory, and something, however small it may be, for the betterment of the conditions of our fellowmen. Then let us sympathize for people struggling for liberty not only in South Africa, but in Cuba, Porto Rico and in the far away Philippines. Let us also do all we can for those who suffer in our own republic—the republic of our fathers. Let us so live and so toil that the world will be better for our having lived in it. And let the sincere prayer of every American patriot ever be:

Wheresoever our destiny sends forth
Its widening circles to the south or north,
Where'er our banner flaunts beneath the stars
Its mimic splendors and its cloudlike bars,
There shall free labor's hardy children stand
The equal sovereigns of a freeman's land.

Patriotism is a virtue that should spring eternal in the breast of every true American. And whenever the perpetuity of our free institutions is endangered, whenever those in power seek to follow after strange gods, and, yielding to the fulsome flattery of foreign tyrants, imitate the policies of rotten monarchies, it is high time for all patriots old and young who love the land of their fathers—the republic of Washington and Jefferson, of Jackson, of Lincoln and of Grant—to stand together, and, catching the spirit that breathes upon them from the battlefields of the nation, resolve that though men may come

and men may go, yet the republic goes on forever. Hail, all hail! the glorious day when the proudest boast of men heard in all the world shall be, "I am an American," for—

Among the nations born,
Greater than them all we stand,
More rich in wheat and corn, .
More blest by God our Father's hand,
And none titled nobler than the man
Who is but an American.



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